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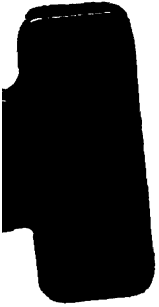
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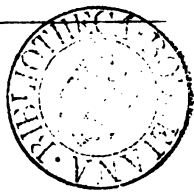
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THE
METROPOLITAN.

SAVINDROOG.*

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SUTTEE.

THE heart that loves most fondly, and finds itself at last betrayed, is the quickest moved to revenge, or the soonest shaken by despair. When inspired by revenge it feeds upon the secret fire that gave the richest glow to its affection, seeking, with the most intense anxiety, the means of wreaking its vengeance on the object of its once most ardent flame. Too often, however, the soul, yielding to the influence of the opposite passion, preys upon itself, if its happy days are blighted, with the same uncalculating self-abandonment that shed a halo over its too confiding affection, until death at length brings the only relief of which it is susceptible.

This was the hopeless situation of the too sensitive Meena Bhye, who was doomed, like too many others, to verify the proverb, that the lamb who would be mated by the lion must die of love. Devotedly attached to Kempé Goud, she had long experienced the bitterness of neglect, and often wept over the dissipated dream of happiness, in which she had indulged with all the enthusiasm of youth and innocence; until her mind, unnerved by the too fascinating anticipation of joys too often imaginary, became at length unfit to struggle with the cares of life, or to treat its cruelty and wickedness with salutary indifference. The infidelity of her lord was a death blow to her affectionate heart from which it never recovered; and the reckless career of vice in which he had long been plunged killed every budding hope in her breast, and left her nothing to look forward to but a gloomy and a desolate hereafter.

There was, however, one verdant spot in the desert of her existence, on which her sinking soul hung with an intensity of affection that excluded all other considerations, and even made her, in a certain degree, indifferent to the great cause of her domestic unhappiness; this was her only child, the inheritor of his father's manly beauty, and of his mother's affectionate spirit. With all the tenacity of the ship-

¹ Continued from vol. xxxiv. p. 351.

wrecked mariner, who buffets the billows and struggles for existence on the frail tenure of a plank, the despairing Meena clung to her lovely boy as the only tie that connected her with the world; without which life possessed no other charm for her widowed affections and breaking heart. But even this last and only solace fate seemed determined to snatch from her arms, at the critical moment when she stood most in need of its support; for a lingering malady attacked the child, soon after the triumphal return of his father from his last expedition, and every resource of medicine was tried, in vain, to conquer the deadly disease. Day by day, and hour by hour, he wasted perceptibly before the agonized gaze of his bewildered parent; whose faculties at first seemed frozen to a state of helpless stupefaction, by the magnitude of the threatened calamity, though speedily called forth in a full and never tiring display of all those soothing cares and affectionate attentions, which none can administer so effectually as an anxious and devoted mother.

Nor was the Chief insensible to the blow which the iron hand of Fate now levelled at his happiness; though his heart, elate with military pride and boundless ambition, disdained by any external symptoms to evince the acuteness of its sufferings. With many a bitter pang he beheld his young and blooming boy, whose artless prattle had so often beguiled his cares, wasting daily in lingering but sure decay; like that sweet heart-rose which gaily opens its petals to the morning sun,* but whose evanescent glories vanish ere the close of day. As he gazed on the sunken eye and hollow cheek of his beloved and only child, whose manhood he had hoped to see expanding like a goodly cedar in the midst of his native forest, the dying curse of the Charun rushed through his breast like wasting flame; and roused in his troubled conscience that "still small voice," which too often slumbers until the hand of sorrow sweeps o'er the riven heart and the burning brain, and makes us feel through every fibre of the frame our frail mortality.

But who can describe the pangs that rent the prophetic soul of Meena Bhye, when she saw the deadly malady increase its cruel ravages? Day and night, with throbbing head and aching heart, she watched the couch of her little sufferer; and, weeping over his wan visage, beheld the fruitless efforts of human skill each fail in its turn, till at length, when all was over, she received his last faint sigh and closed his little lids for ever. Oh! when before a mother's maddening gaze her only hope on earth is stretched in the cold embrace of death—when no power of art can relume his eyes, or reanimate his tongue, or impart to him a moment's feeling of the warm caresses that are lavished on his icy frame—when every joy is buried in his tomb, and nothing remains but a dark and dismal blank, then vainly may human ingenuity attempt to paint that mother's mortal agony!

The last sad ceremony of the funeral obsequies now only remained

* The *jasûn*, *jâsûndi*, or *gurbil*, is a sort of red rose, which when it opens from the bud, from the midst of the cup that first expands, a thing like a heart becomes visible, after which the other leaves of the flower spring out. It looks rich and beautiful on the tree, but withers in a single day and disappears.—*Memoirs of Baber*.

to be performed. On a sacred bed of cusa grass the body of the child was laid, bedecked with many a wreath and garland of odoriferous flowers ; while sacred ghee and fragrant oils were poured over all in rich profusion, and the ground was strewn with branches of the Peepul tree, sacred to Mahadeo. The bier of the young chief was placed in the centre of a large pit, on a huge pile of dry wood, rendered still more inflammable by the infusion of quantities of cocoa nut oil. The venerable Rungapa with a train of inferior priests stood near, chanting hymns to Doorga, the tutelary goddess of the family of the deceased ; and numbers of Bheels crowded around, their hardy souls subdued to unwonted sorrow by the melancholy aspect of the scene. The Chief stood aloof in moody silence, leaning on his hunting spear : while motionless, and cold as marble, the hapless mother seemed fixed to the earth, gazing with a sweet and mournful look on the funeral pile of her adored child ; as if, like that Arabian bird* which is said to hatch its young simply by looking on its egg, she hoped that her melancholy smile alone would restore her babe once more to life and joy. Conscious, however, of the dreadful nature of the scene before her, she clasped her hands in patient resignation, and lifting up her streaming eyes to heaven, she sang, in sweet and plaintive accents, the following

DIRGE.

On yonder bier the mortal part
Of my sweet infant lies,
His spotless soul is soaring bright
Amid the boundless skies :
Around his great Creator's throne
His cherub wings are spread,
And the lambent flame of endless bliss
Is playing o'er his head.

Oh ! fare thee well, my gentle one !
I ne'er shall see thee more,
Till freed from life's corroding cares,
I quit its troubled shore ;
And seek at last in humble hope
Those mansions of the blest,
" Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Thou wert as sweet an innocent
As ever saw the light,
Thy laughing eyes were full of joy
From morning until night :
Thine artless prattle ever came
As sweetly to mine ears,
As o'er the host of heaven floats
The music of the spheres.

I have nurs'd thee, I have nurs'd thee,
From the cradle to the tomb,
And I never saw thy lovely face
In anger or in gloom !

* The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.

Savindroog.

Still the spirit bright within thee
 Thro' every feature play'd,
 And gild'd e'en the ravages
 Thy malady had made.

Sweet sufferer ! thine agony
 Held fearfully and long,
 But the spirit of thy little heart
 Unto the last was strong.
 The patient sweetness of thine eye
 From which no tears did flow,
 Seem'd anxious only still to sooth
 Thy mother's bitter woe.

In health thou wert a playful lamb,
 All full of artless joy ;
 Thy life was one continued laugh,
 My blooming little boy !
 And when grim death his icy touch
 Laid on thy suffering frame,
 The cherub soul within thee
 Went as sweetly as it came.

Then fare thee well, my darling boy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more,
 Till freed from Life's corroding cares
 I quit its troubled shore :
 And seek at last in humble hope
 Those mansions of the blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest !

At the conclusion of the Dirge, the funeral pile was set on fire, while the priests raised the customary song of death, which was accompanied by the muffled roll of many drums, and the wild blasts of Collary horns, rousing the echoes of the surrounding forest, in a strain peculiarly in unison with the melancholy occasion. Meena, with five of her female attendants, holding each other by the hands, danced round the pit with slow and measured steps to the sound of plaintive music. Their air was peculiarly solemn and dignified, their steps were graceful, and their beautiful forms were finally displayed ; their robes being saturated with fragrant oils, and adhering to their polished limbs, in the manner in which statuaries are said to study their most exquisite subjects. Indeed there was, in all but the manner of the fair dancers, which was unusually solemn and severe, an affectation of hymeneal festivity altogether remarkable for so melancholy an occasion. Their garments were of the richest texture, and most tasteful and becoming fashion. Their luxuriant hair was decorated with wreaths of the most exquisite flowers : their necks, arms, waists and ankles adorned with the most resplendent jewels ; and, as they continued their mystic dance round the burning pile, they bestowed costly presents on their respective friends and relations, who formed part of the sorrowing circle of spectators.

The fire in the pit was now burning with irresistible fury, and had seized on the body of the child, which was speedily wrapped in a

volume of living flame, that ascended to heaven in a vast gigantic column. Suddenly a cry of horror issued from the spectators; for the bereaved and despairing mother, the hapless Meena Bhye, had unexpectedly precipitated herself into the burning mass, which in an instant hid her from the sight for ever. Ere the astonished multitude had recovered from the sudden shock caused by so unusual a self sacrifice, one of the female attendants of the Maha Ranee also flung herself into the raging flames: then another, and another, until the whole five had followed the dreadful example of their mistress; with a fidelity and devotion that excited the horror of the spectators, it is true, but also called forth their unbounded respect and admiration. Nor did any who professed the Trimurti creed dare to blame the desperate act of those who had so heroically and unexpectedly sacrificed themselves on the funeral pile of that young and gentle child, whose infant glee and artless love had won their hearts on earth; convinced that, by that praiseworthy self devotion, they had gained eternal happiness with him in the ever blooming bowers of Swerga.

Time passed, and on the fatal spot where Meena had thus spurned the enjoyments of this world to rejoin her babe in Indra's heaven, a neat funereal temple stood to record the singular sacrifice; embowered amidst creeping plants and flowering shrubs, that shed an odour round the secluded scene, and imparted to it an appropriate air of innocent simplicity. A small white altar rose within, on which a silver lamp, fed with the most fragrant oils, burnt night and day; and a marble slab was placed over the ashes of the hapless mother and her babe, and their devoted followers. Thither at the close of day the village maidens would often go, to weep for Meena Bhye, and deck her little altar with wreaths of jessamine and lotus flowers; and one, more poetical than the rest, inscribed it with the following simple rhyme, which met a responsive echo in many a sorrowing bosom.

Thrice happy they whose hearts are spared
The pangs of life's more lengthened doom;
Who, when its joys have disappeared,
Escape its sorrows in the tomb!

One of the most frequent visitors of this consecrated spot was Kempé Goud himself. With haggard look and altered mien he often stole to the little temple in the wood, to relieve his mind from those pangs which conscience had awakened in his breast, by pouring out his contrition on the tomb of his beloved son and injured wife. But though the long dormant feelings of his nature were called into action on such occasions, it must be confessed that selfishness still predominated; for the curse that hung over him, and the memory of which was renewed by the late calamity, for ever rung in his ears:

The fire consume both thee and thine!
Such is the doom of Wrath Divine.

His haughty soul, however, shaking off the incubus that oppressed his spirit, loved to dwell on the contents of the mystic scroll of his destiny; and he would cry aloud in his arrogance: "I still defy the powers of hell, till Virtue change the molten lead to water, and Kistna call the Fawn-eyed maid his bride! This to prevent be now my sole

concern : nay, more than this will I accomplish ; for if my prophetic heart do not deceive me, even I myself will be the Rajah's heir."

Elated at the glorious thought of supplanting a rival he detested, and grasping a crown which would lead him to the summit of his ambition, Kempé incessantly turned over in his prolific mind the means of accomplishing this first object of his soul. At length having matured his plans, he imparted as much of them as he conceived necessary to his new devotedly attached Lillah, the love-sick Vega, and the one-eyed Bheel, who were to be the principal actors in his projected enterprize. With the latter he had no occasion for much entreaty, or disguise, for he had a natural propensity to all sorts of wickedness ; but with Vega he was obliged to use a little more address, his heart being made of more generous materials. To him, therefore, he promised, as a bribe for his services, that on the success of the plot the lovely dancer should be made over to him in fee simple ; a promise which secured the most zealous co-operation of the amorous Vega, and he ardently and sincerely vowed to devote his heart and hand to the complete accomplishment of his Chieftain's wishes.

But the card which Kempé had to play with Lillah was of a more difficult and delicate nature ; for the slightest suspicion of his real intentions would not only deprive him of her invaluable services, but would call into immediate action every resource of her fertile genius to thwart and baffle his ambitious views. Having therefore decided on the line of conduct he was to follow, he summoned the fair Cashmerian to a private audience.

Lillah entered the presence of the Chief with a face of becoming solemnity after the recent catastrophe ; but it was evident that she had lavished the labours of the toilette on her beautiful person with more than ordinary skill and assiduity, and the effect was by no means lost on the amorous Maha Rajah. With a countenance flushed with desire, and a voice of the most insinuating tenderness, he opened the conference as follows :

" Beautiful Lillah ! Fate has at length put it in my power to evince in a satisfactory manner the ardent love and affection with which you have inspired my breast."

" Your highness," said Lillah, " has too much condescension for your slave ; but I could wish (here she heaved a pretty little hypocritical sigh) to waive this subject at present, although I confess (and here she called up a beautiful blush) it is one of all-absorbing interest to me ; until, at least, a little more time has been devoted to the memory of her late most excellent highness."

" Tut, tut, my girl," exclaimed the Chief with vivacity, " enough has been done for the memory of the dead, who are now, doubtless, enjoying the delights of Swerga."

" That is a reflection," said the Cashmerian, brightening up a little, " that greatly consoles me under the heavy loss we have sustained."

" To add to your consolation," said Kempé, " I have a proposal to make to you on the part of a dear and valued friend."

" Of what nature, I pray you ?" demanded the Cashmerian, somewhat startled.

"It is," said Kempé, "that you would share his power, his riches, and his musnud."

"Never," replied the Cashmerian firmly; "never will I accept of any proposal calculated to remove me from this land of my adoption and my love."

"But," said Kempé, "I spoke not of your departure hence, fair Lillah."

"Then I do not comprehend your highness," said the Cashmerian; "but I am equally averse to any proposal calculated to remove me from —."

Here the lovely dancer hesitated, and hid her blushing face with her hands.

"From whom?" demanded Kempé, eagerly, "from Vega?"

"Perish the presumptuous mortal!" cried Lillah with vivacity, "I dreamt not of him."

"Of whom then, adorable Lillah! were you thinking?" demanded Kempé, bending his knee before the fascinating dancer.

"Of one," cried Lillah, throwing her arms round his neck, "that I love beyond all human beings."

"Then," said Kempé, "I am supremely blest; and Lillah is henceforth mistress of my throne, as she has long been of my heart."

The triumph of the Cashmerian at this happy consummation of her long cherished hopes was evinced with becoming warmth and gratitude; and Kempé saw the moment was favourable for the further execution of his plan.

"But!" exclaimed the Maha Rajah, rising from his recumbent attitude, with an air of sudden melancholy and abstraction.

This terrible monosyllable threw a chill on the spirits of the Cashmerian, and she demanded, in evident alarm, if anything was the matter with his highness.

"Yes, adorable Lillah," replied Kempé, "an envious cloud still hangs over the sun of my destiny, which you alone can assist me in dissipating."

The Cashmerian declared her readiness to do everything in her power to contribute to the happiness of her future lord, and begged him to tax her ingenuity and gratitude to the utmost.

"You were present in the temple," said Kempé, "when the contents of my horoscope were declared to the public."

"Yes," replied the Cashmerian, "and I hailed with rapture the favourable augury."

"But do you not see," demanded Kempé, "that my fate hangs upon the union of Kistna and the Begum of Mysore?"

"True," said Lillah, "provided that union be accomplished by your desire."

"With or without," exclaimed Kempé, "that union seals my fate and must be prevented."

"To clear heads and firm hearts," said the Cashmerian, "all things are possible."

"There spoke the voice of an angel," cried Kempé in a tone of rapture. "To secure our own happiness, my Lillah, we must prevent this threatened calamity and get possession of the person of the Be-

gum ; not only effectually to prevent her union with Kistna, but also to force from the Rajah a restitution of all those lands which he has lopped off from my inheritance."

The Cashmerian again declared her readiness to undertake anything, however difficult or dangerous, to gratify the wishes of the Maha Rajah ; and he, in turn, bound himself, by the most tremendous oaths, to make her queen of the jungle the moment success should crown their united efforts. The worthy associates, who were at once mutual dupes and deceivers, then entered into a consultation on the most effectual means of accomplishing their intended object ; and it was not long before they laid between them the groundwork of a plot, which offered every prospect of a favourable result to the ambitious and enterprising Kempé.

Nothing now remained but to prepare his emissaries for the different parts they had to play, and this was thoroughly effected after a few days' drilling : for the Bheels, like well trained actors, readily fall into such characters as may be allotted to them in the course of their melodramatic lives ; and never lose for a moment the self-possession and address necessary for their complete support. All matters being at length arranged, the Maha Rajah and his devoted followers set off for the neighbourhood of Srirungaputtun, where the great festival of Spring was shortly to take place with more than ordinary splendour and magnificence. They went by different routes, and under different disguises, to avoid observation ; and appointed as a general rendezvous a ruinous choultry in the wildest part of the jungle, which had long been avoided by even the weariest traveller, in consequence of its gloomy aspect and blood stained reputation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAWN-EYED MAID.

Where the Cauvery rolls her sacred tide against the towering steep of the Carighaut hills, the river divides into two unequal streams, and forms a green and lovely island, crowned with a noble city, and planted with delicious gardens, shrubberies and other pleasing rural retreats. In remote ages this now lovely spot was overgrown with jungle, and overrun with tigers and other wild beasts ; but religion tamed the wilderness, and banished the denizens of the forest, clearing the way for the habitations and pursuits of civilized man. A venerable Brahmin, an apostle of the god Vishnu, having obtained from the Rajah of the once mighty empire of Vijayanagur a grant of the desert island, erected thereon a temple to the honour of his god Sri-Runga, (one of the thousand titles of Vishnu,) which was much frequented by the devotees of the Deccan, for its superior sanctity and splendor. In after times a descendant of the Brahmin having, by the aid of a hidden treasure which he had discovered, surrounded the temple with a fort, called it Sri-Runga-Puttun, or the city of the Holy Runga ; a name which, allowing for the corruption of a modern and a strange language, it bears to this day.

At the period of our tale Srirungaputtun was in the zenith of its

power and glory. The city was rich, extensive, and populous ; with lofty walls and ramparts, and massy towers, whose frowning battlements were reflected in the bright and rapid river that washed their base. Numerous lofty temples pointed their golden summits to the sky ; and the busy hum of men, the tinkling of guitars and lutes, and the inspiring strains of martial instruments, mingling in one common sound, afforded striking indications of that commercial prosperity, proneness to pleasure, and love of military pomp and glory, for which the Mysoreans of that day were famed throughout the Golden Chersonese.

Outside the city walls, which occupied the western angle of the island, stood the delightful groves of the Dowlut Baugh, or Garden of Happiness. Arrayed in Nature's richest garb, these delicious shades stretched in many a wildering maze along the verdant banks of the river, impervious to the noon-day sun ; which rendered this lovely garden the favourite retreat of the citizens, to whose use and pleasure it was consecrated by the reigning Rajah. The eastern end of the island was entirely occupied by the Laul Baugh, or garden of Roses, a delicious retreat dedicated solely to the use of the royal family. Amid these tuneful groves the humming of the richly laden bee, mingled with the delightful notes of the Cocil, and the warbling of numerous other birds of song, carolling gaily amidst the leafy branches of the Mango, and other umbrageous trees, with which the garden abounded. There, in the clustering bowers and winding alleys, the black-eyed maidens of the palace roved uncontrolled, and safe from the prying eyes of the Lords of Creation, to whom the Laul Baugh was forbidden ground : frolicking like young gazelles through the flowery parterres and leafy labyrinths, or indulging the delusive visions of love on the sloping margin of the stream, in whose limpid tide they delighted to plunge their polished limbs, during the fervid heat of noon, or at the sultry close of day.

This was the seat of empire of a powerful and benignant monarch, Dud Deo, Rajah of Mysore ; a lineal descendant, according to the court genealogists, of Crishna, the Hindoo Apollo, and eighth incarnation of Vishnu. Pleased, says the legend, with the happy simplicity of the shepherd's life, the god quitted for a time the ethereal abodes, and enrolled himself a member of the tribe of Yedava ; who fed their flocks on the verdant plains of Guzerat, and combined with the humble employment of herdsmen, the noble profession of arms. The spirit of adventure to which a warlike life gives rise, led numbers of the Yedavan race into countries remote from their ancient seats, in search of employment more suited to their martial taste than the insignificant pursuits of their forefathers ; and it was one of these god-descended heroes, that, after a series of romantic exploits, founded the Royal dynasty of Mysore.

Nor could this celestial line boast of a nobler scion than the prince who now occupied the musnud, and whose mild and patriarchal sway had obtained for him the love and reverence of a happy and a flourishing people. The soul of Dud Deo possessed all that firmness essential to the steady guidance of the helm of state ; while his heart was imbued with that humane beneficence which tempers the severity of

command, and renders obedience not only a duty but a pleasure. Protected by his ample shield the peasant ploughed his land in peaceful security; and, such was the general confidence in the vigilance and good order he had established through every department of the state that, except in the immediate vicinity of the Bheel-infested jungle, merchants and travellers, laying their goods and luggage by the wayside, slept securely under those fruit-trees which he had planted along the main roads throughout his dominions, to gratify their palates and shade them from the scorching heat of the sun. Indeed, such was the admirable policy of this prince, both in his foreign and domestic relations, that the fame of his government extended from the rocky shores of Cape Comorin to the imperial throne of his contemporary monarch, the mighty Aurungzeb.

The lustre of the sovereign's virtues, as it generally happens, was reflected on the noble train of Rajpoots who proudly owned his sway, and whose daring exploits in the field had obtained for them the glorious title of the "Sword of the Hindoo Faith." But splendid as were the virtues and talents of this noble tribe, the fame of all was eclipsed by the glorious qualities of the gallant Kistna, whose physical prowess, manly beauty and mental accomplishments shone forth, like the sun amidst inferior planets, casting them far into the shade by his unrivalled splendour. Sprung from the royal line of Mysore, his noble heart was the shrine at once of unshaken courage and dove-eyed mercy; and both were amply tried in the sanguinary field, where the tyrant often felt his wrath, and the captive never implored his protection in vain. Through weal and woe he had ever stood forward as the unwearied Champion of his prince, with a fidelity which, though the peculiar virtue of his tribe, was on all occasions eminently conspicuous in him. When the battle raged he was invariably found to be the bulwark of the throne, and in the calm pursuits of peace its brightest ornament.

For such a man, so peculiarly graced by nature, and to whom the obligations of the crown were numerous and important, the Rajah had but one reward, which could be deemed at all adequate to his merits and his services. But never was decreed to man before so high a prize! For never did the brightest vision that illumined the dream of a sanguine lover, embody to his ravished sight, a form of such unequalled loveliness, a maid of such exquisite beauty as the youthful heiress and only child of the Rajah. Never in those moments of inspiration, when genius burns with more than mortal power, did the glowing pencil of the artist trace so lovely a countenance, where charms were so profusely shed that the eye never wearied in gazing on them, or the heart in adoring them. Nor was it alone the mere physical beauty of the "Fawn-eyed Maid," as she was universally designated, that won the admiration of all who saw her: the superior intellect that beamed over all—the magic of her smile, and the invariable sweetness of expression that illumined her features, were such only as we can imagine to have graced those peerless Grindoveers, the children of Casyapa, sire of the gods, and the most beautiful of the celestial spirits.

But in the wildest, warmest flight that hope had ever taken in the

bosom of the Chief, even when the garland of victory bound his brow, and the enemies of Mysore grovelled at his feet, he had scarcely ever dared to look so high. In modest doubt he still feared to approach the royal maid in the form of a lover, though burning sighs of passion would often burst unconsciously from his labouring breast; and, while he felt the flame within which consumed his existence, he still repressed his soaring thoughts, pining in daily and hourly care for the object of his warmest wishes, rather than hazard, by any presumptuous disclosure of his love, the delight of gazing on and adoring her, as he conceived, unknown to all the world.

There was, in truth, an artless witchery—an unstudied magic about the youthful Begum that few, if any, could withstand. The exquisite symmetry of her form, the beauty of her features, and the grace of her motions were all attractions unrivalled in their respective spheres; but the melting languor of those fawn-like eyes, from which she derived a title far more endearing than any of the artificial distinctions of rank, indicated a soul susceptible of the warmest and the fondest impressions. A pure and virtuous passion reigned in their brilliant orbs, which bespoke the heaven of love that awaited him who could awake the sensibilities of her heart, though inexpressibly remote from the voluptuous fire of sensual expression; for never did mortal maid possess a bosom more divinely chaste, or innocence with holier light illumine a virgin's brow.

Yet warmly and devotedly did the gentle Lachema partake of the flame which was consuming the heart of her lover: a flame which often cheered the solitude of her maiden bower, as peacefully she spent the sultry noon apart from the turmoil, the grandeur and the frivolity of the Court; when, happy in her day dream, the gallant Kistna occupied her thoughts, and filled her cup of imaginary bliss to the brim. Devoid of all earthly alloy, the love she bore the Chief was such as angels may be supposed to bear towards each other: it was an exalted homage to superior virtue—the excellence of her own heart responding to and sympathising with that of her lover. To gaze upon his manly features, and to listen to his full melodious voice, while he sweetly sang, to the accompaniment of his lute, the loves and adventures of gods and heroes, themes with which the mythology of his country abundantly furnished him, was all her gentle heart required, to accomplish its innocent happiness.

Often in her mother's bower, (for the custom of secluding females in India is a modern and a Mahomedan innovation,) with Kistna and a chosen few, the Begum loved to pass the closing hours of day, conversing on the high wrought imagery of her native bards, or the more chastened strains of Hafiz and Ferdusi; while the refreshing breeze of evening, redolent of varied perfumes, fanned her delicate cheek, and the delicious warbling of the Cocil filled sweetly every pause in the eloquent descant of her lover. There often, in the presence of her delighted parents, the Begum plied the mimic art, and in her skilful loom called forth the loveliest flowers, in admirable rivalry of the productions of nature; while Kistna turned the classic page, making vocal the beautiful lyrics of Jayadeva, or delighting his hearers with the elegant simplicity of the Hindoo Drama, in the compositions of

Calidasa. Occasionally he would recite Valmiki's famous epic the *Ramayana*, depicting in glowing verse the burning rage of Rama, when his beloved Sita was ravished from his arms, and borne by Ravan, the ten-headed giant to Lanka-dwipa; there, beneath the shade of the lovely Asoca,* to bewail her sad captivity, till Hanoomaun, the sylvan deity, restored her to the blest abodes, when the fiery ordeal having tried her faith, she blest once more with her spotless love the arms of her godlike lord.

For the sensitive soul of the Begum, this romance had peculiar charms; and her eloquent eyes displayed the various passions which by turns agitated her bosom as the interest of the story developed itself. First, calm delight at the picture of happiness enjoyed by the lovers ere misfortune touched them with his remorseless rod. Then indignant horror at the outrage committed on the lovely Sita—melting pity for her captivity and hopeless fate—triumphant joy at her rescue from the relentless fangs of the tyrant—trembling anxiety for the result of the ordeal, and, finally, uncontrolled delight at the solemn acknowledgment of her innocence, and restoration to the arms of her lover. There was something in this celebrated tale that excited the sensibilities of the gentle Lachema to the utmost; and whether it was a prophetic anticipation of her own future fate, or the intense interest she almost unconsciously felt for the gallant reader, certain it is that she could have listened to it from morn till night with unwearied and devoted attention. Oh! youthful love! what pen can paint, what tongue can tell thy magic influence? As onward in our weary pilgrimage we labour through this vale of night and sorrow, thy memory often sheds o'er the sinking soul a pure, a hallowed, and a soothing balm.

But the period at length approached that was to seal the future destiny of the Begum, whose ripened years now called for other joys and cares than those of childhood. Blest with doting parents, however, and tranquil love reigning triumphant in her bosom, the princess felt so totally indifferent to all the rest of the world, that she would gladly have lived and died in the sweet community, without a single wish for change, or longing for variety: but coming years warned the Rajah to seek for a successor worthy to share the musnud with his peerless daughter, when age or infirmity should render it expedient for him to relinquish the cares of sovereignty. It was, accordingly, signified to the neighbouring Courts that at the approaching festival of Cama Deo, the Begum, according to the custom of Royal maidens, would choose from amongst her numerous suitors the prince with whom she should feel disposed to share her destiny; and the tempting summons did not fail to bring a crowd of royal lovers to the Court of Mysore; some attracted by the fame of her unrivalled beauty, and others by the splendour of her inheritance.

Amongst the willing slaves who bowed submissive at the shrine of this earthly Goddess, was the wily Rajah of Cochin, famous for its

* Asoca, the name of a charming tree, which bears flowers of exquisite beauty. It has been consecrated by the Brahmins, who adore beautiful objects, and plant it near the temple of Siva. They frequently mention a grove of it, in which Ravan confined the unfortunate Sita.—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii.

commerce with Arabia Felix, and the introduction to Hindoostan of the Zequins and manufactures of Feringistaun. The Peishwah of the Mahrattas, who held his prince in bondage at Sattara, and usurped his powers in the field and the Durbar. The youthful Rajah of Berar, as graceful as the god of love, and endowed with equal judgment and discretion. The Zamorin of Malabar, who longed to prove before the princess the strength and valour he had shown in winning his imperial crown on that immortal day when, according to the strange custom of the land, a jubilee being proclaimed, his prince, in regal splendor sat proudly in his tent, encircled by myriads of frowning guards. A proclamation was then made that any one of his guests who longed to gain a crown by a desperate action might obtain his wish, provided he could fight his way through the surrounding guards, and kill the Rajah in his tent. The suitor of fair Lachema had achieved this perilous enterprize, and his ambition now prompted him to another of equal difficulty. Amongst the train of royal candidates was also the learned Rajah of Tanjore, who in his love for the sciences was said to study some forbidden by the laws of Brahma. Also the proud Chief of Cananore, possessor of the "hundred thousand isles,"* from which his family derive the haughty title of "Sovereign of the sea;" together with the lord of that happy land, round whose verdant shores the southern ocean sweeps its pearly treasures, and whose spicy groves waft their fragrance far o'er the bounding deep to the wandering mariner.†

All these princes, and many more of inferior note, now held high festival in Srirungaputtun's lovely island; basking in the sunshine of the Begum's smile, and longing for that happy day when each hoped to claim her for his own. Nor was the honor of her hand coveted by princes of the Rajpoot blood alone: many Mahommedan Chiefs of high note in the field of fame sighed to share their musnuds with the peerless Lachema, though the difference of religion was generally felt to be an insuperable bar to the connection. The Nizam of the Deccan did, indeed, try his fortune; and sent a splendid embassy to Mysore, with a golden cocoa nut, the usual pledge of the marriage proposal. This, however, was rejected with becoming dignity; and the ambassadors of the haughty Nizam al Moolk retired from the royal presence, infinitely chagrined at the result of their mission. The sage Oodiaver, having purged his involuntary transgression against his sacred Caste, by sundry penances and presents to the shrine, had resumed his station in the courtly retinue; and could not help exclaiming on this interesting occasion, in contemptuous accents: "Is the swan to be the mate of the stork? A Rajpootni, pure in blood, to be the wife of a monkey-faced Barbarian?"

Nor did the numerous suitors who now crowded the Mysorean Court, come empty-handed to woo this Phoenix of the land. They knew that maids, however lovely, disdained not the aid of art to embellish and display those charms bestowed upon them by nature; and they accordingly vied with each other in costly and precious offerings at the shrine of their deity. The diamonds of Golconda were poured in heaps to dazzle the eyes and win the affections of the Begum. Cor-

* The Laccadivas.

† Ceylon.

nelians, agates, and precious stones of every colour, formed into wreaths of flowers for her beautiful hair, and sparkling with all the brilliancy of nature—the milky pearls of Cingala—the rich Onyx of Balaghat—the lapis lazuli, one of nature's most beautiful productions, from the mountains of Oude; together with rubies, sapphires, amethysts, and the emerald, whose splendor blinds the snake to look upon—golden chains and bells for wrists and ankles—shawls from the flowery vale of Cashmere—ivory toys from rich Cathay, of rare and curious workmanship—bags of musk from the Steppes of Tartary—and flasks of attur-gul from the rose gardens of Iran, were all offered in abundance at the altar of this terrestrial goddess.

Though last, not least in estimation, the Rajah of Cochin, with a gallant compliment on the power of beauty in aiding us to chase the leaden hours, presented the Begum with one of those curious time-pieces, the manufacture of Feringisthaun, then for the first time introduced into India. Much wonder and admiration did this ingenious present excite in the Royal maid and her female attendants; and highly was their curiosity piqued to discover the secret of the mechanism which could thus declare the hours of the day more correctly than the handsome silver gong of the palace; and which far surpassed the most accurate dial, inasmuch as it was perfectly independent of the sun. At length the sage Oodiaver, who, as we before hinted, was a general favourite with the Royal family and their attendants, was called to council, and solved the difficulty in a trice. With tears in his eyes he besought the princess not to wear so sacrilegious an ornament; for he verily believed that it contained the captive soul of some deceased Brahmin, as nothing else, in his estimation, was capable of producing such extraordinary and superhuman effects.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FEAST OF CAMA DEO.

Amongst the millions who inhabit the rich and fertile plains of Hindoostan, the Feast of Cama Deo* is held in higher veneration and repute than any of the other holiday festivities of that pleasure loving people. The deity in whose honor it is held is represented, in the singular mythology of the East, as the son of Maya, or the general attracting power; and is married to Reti, or Affection, his bosom friend being Vasanti, or Spring. The festival of this Hindoo Cupid is held in the month Chaitra, the joyous period when the genial influence of returning Spring is hailed with music, dancing, and jollity; in which all sects of the Trimurti creed join indiscriminately, with harmony and good fellowship. It is, beyond all others, the popular festival with the lower classes; and constitutes a species of Carnival that lasts four weeks, during which men forget both their restraints and distinctions: the poorest may cast the red powder upon his lord; the wife is freed from her habitual respect for her husband, and nothing is heard or seen but singing, dancing, and merry-making.

* The god of love.

For the last eight days the labourer ceases entirely from his toil, and the cultivator quits his field, deeming it impious to attend to any thing in this season of delight but the voice of unlimited hilarity.

It was the first day of this joyous festival, which was wont to be held with great splendor at the Court of Mysore, though the present was likely to be one of more than ordinary enjoyment, from the circumstance of the Begum's choice of a husband being also appointed for the happy occasion. The morning sun beheld the festive groups preparing for the pleasures of the day, as it rose above the horizon and scattered the mists of night from the lovely bowers of the Laug Baug, which were rapidly putting forth their beauties under the influence of the glorious luminary. The gaieties of the festival increased with the advancing day; and the inhabitants of the city poured forth like swarming bees on the verdant plain that lay north of the Cauvery, which was the place appropriated for scenes of this nature; the island itself not offering space enough for the numerous sports that were exhibited on such occasions, or the multitudes that flocked to witness them.

Far as the eye could reach, to where the jungle spread its leafy screen, the plain was crowded with tents, booths and pavilions, decorated with rich and gaudy streamers, and filled with merry-making parties, clothed in gala robes of gold and tissue, sprinkled with rose and saffron coloured powder, and decked with glittering ornaments. As if intoxicated with delight the people danced along the plain, scattering rosewater over each other by means of syringes; or flinging about saffron coloured powder, highly perfumed, and rose leaves, each merry-maker being furnished with a basket, filled for the occasion with these fragrant missiles. On every side the pipe and tabor sounded merrily, and the buz of frolicksome and happy crowds filled the air; which was actually impregnated with clouds of pink and yellow powder, scattered around in the greatest profusion, in allusion to the blossoms which nature, as it were in sport, scatters over the earth at this lovely season of the year.

Every eye was attracted by the splendour of the Royal Pavilion, where the Rajah and his family sat to witness the sports of the people and join in their hilarity. The crimson silk Kanauts, or walls, of a magnificent suite of tents were thrown back to admit the unobstructed gaze of the multitude. The roof of the pavilion was composed of crimson cloth, relieved by yellow embroidery; the summit being crowned with golden spires, and decorated with splendid flags and banners. A long open arcade, composed of a number of connected Semianas, formed the approach to the pavilion. The ground was spread with silks and Persian carpets, of the finest texture and most beautiful patterns, and the Semianas overhead were lined with Cashmere shawls fringed with gold.

But the interior of the pavilion displayed a constellation of riches and beauty that beggars description. Indeed the sage Oodiaver, who was present, arrayed in a magnificent khelaut, or dress of honor, presented to him by the princess for this great occasion, remarked to one of the royal suitors, in the pride of his heart, that "the splendor of the Rajah's pavilion would silence the nightingale

of the garden of eloquence." The lining was of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold in a variety of beautiful patterns; and in the centre of the tent was a canopy of crimson velvet, so abundantly set with gold, pearls, and precious stones, that the velvet was scarcely distinguishable. Beneath this costly canopy, on a cushioned throne, sat Dud Deo Raj, the father of his people, and on either hand the Maha Ranee and the Begum occupied thrones of inferior height and magnificence. Around them in a circle stood the royal suitors of the peerless Lachema, dressed in splendid armour, or richly embroidered mantles, according to the fancy of the wearer; and beyond them appeared the principal chiefs and great officers of State, in military costume and robes of ceremony; amongst which the khelaut bestowed by the Begum on the sage Oodiaver was distinguished for its superior magnificence.

A troop of lovely Bayaderes, splendidly attired, soon made their appearance on the scene, and exhibited one of those mystic dances appropriate to the season, and emblematic of the happiness bestowed on the earth under the genial influence of the united godheads Vasanti and Cama Deo: after which one of the troop, whose soft harmonious voice was peculiarly suited to the subject, sang the Hoolee song, or Hymn to the Spring. The chorus of this popular chant, which may be found in the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva, contained an appropriate compliment to the Fawn-eyed Maid, and was enthusiastically sung by all present; the simplicity of the air fortunately admitting volunteer contributions without much detriment to the harmony:—

SONG OF THE SPRING.

Merrily sounds the song of joy,
While dancers tread the festive measure;
Merrily beams each melting eye
That smilingly invites to pleasure;
As brightly o'er the wide expanse
Of azure heaven the sun is gleaming,
While round his car in mystic dance
The Genii of the sky are beaming.*
But suns are warm and skies are bright
In vain till thou our maiden queen,
Shine forth in all thy peerless light
And sparkle o'er the happy scene.

It is boon Nature's natal day,
When from her cold and wintry bed,
Adorned with fruits and blossoms gay,
She lifts again her joyous head,
And o'er the earth in endless showers
Her ample horn of plenty pours.
Oh! blissful is the vernal season
When all the earth is rich in bloom,
And chilly sober-featured Reason
Lays by his wintry robe of gloom,

* Surya the Sun. The poets and painters describe his car as being drawn by seven green horses, preceded by Arun, or the Dawn, who acts as his charioteer, and followed by thousands of genii, worshipping him, and modulating his praises.—
Sir W. Jones.

To join the laughing, giddy crew,
And Love's delight with them pursue.
But Love may reign and eyes be bright,
In vain till thou, our maiden queen,
Shine forth in all thy peerless light,
And sparkle o'er the happy scene.

'Tis now the season of the year
When nature's treasures all are springing,
When thro' the groves and in the air
The feather'd tribes are gaily singing :
When o'er the flowret hums the bee
And drains its nectar cheerily.
When southern breezes gently play
Upon the tops of lofty mountains,
And softly falls the silver spray
Of cool and ever gushing fountains.
When leaves are green in forest glades,
And glisten in the silent showers,
And bleeding hearts urge love-sick maids
To court the gloom of lonely bowers.
But hearts are warm and eyes are bright
In vain, till thou, our maiden queen,
Shine forth in all thy peerless light,
And sparkle o'er the happy scene.

Now sweetly Heri's breathing flute
Resounds in Vrindavana's shades,
Where for his blissful smiles dispute
With amorous fire the shepherd maids :
While young Vasanti, crown'd with flowers,
Leads up the dance amid the bowers
Where round the rich Asoca twine
The myrtle and the eglantine.
Or smiling with delight he roves
With Cama thro' the blushing groves,
Where heating flowers their venom lend
To tip the arrow of his friend.
But Love is warm and Spring is bright
In vain, till thou, our maiden queen,
Shine forth in all thy peerless light
And sparkle o'er the happy scene.

'Tis blissful Cama Deo's feast,
When all the sons of mighty Brahm
From every care and labour rest,
In silent ease and holy calm :
Or revel thro' the joyous day
In sportive feats and gambols gay.
The Yogies strike the brazen gong,
The lovers tune the sweet kittar,
The Brahmins chant their holy song
Around the god's triumphal car ;
While blooming Devadasi move
Before in graceful mazy measure,
And raise the choral hymn of love
That wins the soul to mirth and pleasure.
But music sounds and eyes are bright
In vain, till thou, our maiden queen,
Shine forth in all thy peerless light
And sparkle o'er the happy scene.

The melody of this song was not thrown away upon indifferent or ungrateful ears, and a royal largesse was showered upon the smiling Bayaderes; while the Begum's suitors vied with each other in rewarding the fair singers for their well-turned compliment to the "maiden queen."

The company now prepared for another act of the festival amusements; and a tray of round silver bowls, containing gold dust and silver leaf, pulverized, having been placed on a footstool before the Rajah, the sport commenced. The dancers opened the campaign by pelting one another with gold dust; and the Rajah, the Ranee, the Begum, all her royal suitors, the military chiefs and sage councillors of state, very soon joined eagerly in the sport, with a religious zeal and devotion highly edifying. This frolicsome mood continued until the silver bowls were exhausted of their ammunition, and the whole party covered from head to foot with the glittering powder. One little accident, however, occurred which the court historian has preserved with religious care. In the midst of the action each of the suitors put himself forward conspicuously to catch the favours of the Begum, hoping thereby to form some judgment of the bent of her inclinations: the sage Oodiaver, prompted by ambition of an humbler character, advanced also to the charge, with more zeal than discretion; for, unluckily placing himself between the Begum and Kistna, at whom she was preparing to discharge a handful of gold dust, the gentle Lachema, disappointed in her aim, and influenced doubtless by a little excusable malice, flung it all into the eyes of the sage, who was thereby effectually prevented from witnessing the remaining festivities of the day.

At the conclusion of the sport refreshments were handed round to the royal party, and much laughter and small talk resulted from the engagement, which had afforded great amusement also to the spectators outside the pavilion. A series of popular entertainments succeeded before the royal tent, to which all were admitted indiscriminately. Amidst the din of pipes and tabors, the Bazijeers, or jugglers, played off their extraordinary tricks, and proved to the uninitiated that nature and art were alike subject to their preternatural skill and dexterity. To these succeeded the Jhattery tribe, unrivalled in the race, and skilled to wage the mimic fight, with nimble foot and sinewy frame. The Loolies, or Tumblers and Rope-dancers next played their gambols, and sprang elastic into the air, as if at every bound they sought to regain their native element. In gorgeous finery arrayed, the mimic tribe next showed their pantomimic skill, and blazoned to the wondering eyes of rustic gazers the glorious beings of Swerga, crowned with celestial splendour; often diversifying the scene with humorous tale or biting satire, while shouts of laughter and mirth unrestrained pealed from the gay and happy crowd.

Intoxicated with the succession of pleasures that courted their acceptance on every side, the enjoyment of the multitude had reached its utmost height; when suddenly a choral stream of music stole sweetly over their boisterous mirth, now swelling on the jungle echoes, now dying in a plaintive close: like those magic strains which the Æolian lyre, when every earthly sound is mute, pours richly, as its fairy chords are swept by the whispering zephyr. While the symphony

thus drew nigh, the mellow tones of female voices rose above the rest; and as they died away again, a manly chorus burst forth of "Mahadeo Bole! Bole! Bole!" With involuntary awe and fervent devotion the people, even in the midst of their festivities, caught up the sound, and the sacred chorus "Mahadeo Bole!" echoed from one to another, to the complete exclusion of all earthly ideas or profane delight. The frantic joys that fired every bosom were suddenly calmed to rest; and the light and fickle flame of pleasure expired before the hallowed chorus of the Destroying Deity.

At length, issuing from the dusky screen of the jungle, a train of male and female pilgrims advanced, with slow and measured steps. On their heads they bore copper urns filled with the sacred water of the Ganges; while their downcast eyes and meek deportment indicated the fervid zeal of those devotees, who consecrate their lives to the sacred task of conveying, even to the remotest parts of India, the "sin removing" waters of the "Sacred River," which all who can afford it will spare no labour or expense to obtain.

There is, perhaps, no exertion of Hindoo devotion regarded with higher reverence than the pilgrimage to Gangotri; where the Ganges forces a passage through the Himalaya range, and rushing through a cavern precipitates itself into a vast basin at the foot of the mountain. Superstition has given to the form of the cavern the semblance of a cow's mouth, whence it is called Gangotri; and a pilgrimage to this sacred spot is supposed to redeem the person who performs it from troubles in this world, and to ensure a happy transit through all the stages of transmigration which he may have to undergo. The water drawn from this place is believed to be so pure as neither to evaporate nor become corrupted by keeping; and those who are fortunate enough to be the bearers of it are received, throughout every part of India, with marks of peculiar reverence and esteem.

The troop of pilgrims who now advanced through the festive throng were, accordingly, greeted on every side with every token of respect which a religious people can bestow on persons of superior sanctity; and who have possessed themselves, by their bodily fatigues and sufferings, of the certain means of cleansing not only their own sins but those of all others who can offer them an adequate remuneration for so great a blessing. Separating on either hand the crowd offered a ready passage to the wayworn travellers; who, guided and attracted by the superior splendor of the Royal pavilion, proceeded directly thither, and drew up before the Rajah's throne, with all that meek and humble deference which in India attends every display of sovereign power and dignity.

A single glance served to explain to the Royal party, that the newcomers were Pilgrims from the Ganges, laden with the water of the sacred river: their mellow voices were now again called into requisition; and as they raised their choral hymn, it was remarked, by the musical amateurs of the Court, that never before had they heard such transcendent melody from rovers of this class.

THE PILGRIMS' HYMN.

O'er many a moor and many a mount,
 We've travelled to that mystic fount
 Whence Gunga's holy stream is flowing ;*
 And low before her sacred tree
 We've bless'd the mild Divinity,
 With ardent love our bosoms glowing.
Mahadeo ! Mahadeo !

We've bathed in the crystal wave
 That sparkles in Gangotri's cave,
 Where Gunga's mighty waters gushing
 Pure from the cow's all holy mouth,
 Seek the warm valleys of the South,
 O'er fragrant beds of amber rushing.
Mahadeo ! Mahadeo !

And, ne'er by us to be forgot,
 We've visited that sacred spot
 Where, Lotus-borne upon THE RIVER,
 Young Cama Deo floated down,†
 And plucked the Patal buds to crown‡
 The treasures of his flowery quiver.
Mahadeo ! Mahadeo !

We wander far o'er hill and plain,
 Where peaceful Casyapa doth reign,§
 Or Kartikeia spreads his slaughters ;
 Through winter's wind and summer's calm,
 To yield to all the healing balm
 Of Gunga's sin-removing waters.||
Mahadeo ! Mahadeo !

When the pilgrims' choral lay had ceased, and ere the applause had subsided which was called forth by its superior melody, a young and lovely female advanced from the wandering troop ; with a look all innocent and bland, as if the sin removing powers of Gunga, had purified her beauteous frame from its terrestrial dross, and prepared her, while yet on earth, to join the celestial choir of Swerga. Trembling with apparent alarm, as if her timid youth was overawed by the august assemblage into which she was about to intrude, though every

* On the summit of the mountain Cailassa Cungri there is a Bhowjpootre tree, from the root of which gushes a small stream, which the people say is the Source of the Ganges, and that it comes from Vaicontha, or heaven.—*Travels of Traun Poory, a Fakier.*

† The Indians feign that Cupid (Cama-Deo) was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæ Nelumbo.—*Pennant.*

‡ The Patali (Bignonia of Lynnaeus) is a large tree, the flowers of which are exquisitely fragrant and preferred by the bees to all others : they are compared by the poets to the quiver of Cama-Deo.—*Sir W. Jones.*

§ Casyapa is the Sire of the Gods, and, like Saturn, a peaceful old Deity. Kartikeia is the Hindoo God of War.

|| Dasahara means ten-removing, or removing ten sins, an epithet of Ganga, who effaces ten sins, how heinous soever, committed in ten previous births, by such as bathe in her waters.—*Asiatic Researches.*

action was accompanied with the most exquisite grace, the fair pilgrim glided forward and knelt before the Begum's throne. Crossing her arms on her swelling bosom, and bowing her head even to the footstool of the princess, she remained for a brief space as if absorbed in profound adoration. At length she rose, and with maiden bashfulness removed the veil which had hitherto partially concealed her features, when, amidst a general buzz of admiration, Cashmerian Lillah stood revealed to public view, an utter stranger, as it appeared, to all except her own motley band.

But now no more was to be seen the richly embroidered boddice sparkling with jewels, covering but not concealing from the gaze the faultless symmetry of her bust. No more the golden bracelets encircled her rounded arm and delicate wrist. No more the dazzling zone confined the flowing Sarie round her fairy waist. No longer rose the silvery sound of anklet chains and tinkling bells, as when she moved harmonious in the dance. Her long luxuriant tresses were not now bound with Jasmin wreaths and strings of pearl, but twined in many a glossy braid, with simple neatness round her lovely brow and tapering neck. No more her large voluptuous eye inflamed the soul with dreams of forbidden bliss; but, clothed in modest robe and simple vest, free from the meretricious aid of artful decoration, the fascinating dancer looked the personification of pure and holy innocence. They who knew her not would swear it was a seraph of the skies, and not the treacherous Cashmerian, who stood before them; like that deceitful poison-flower,* so deadly yet so beautiful, calling forth all her magic powers to lull the prudent mind of the Begum into unsuspecting and fatal confidence.

With a sweet and graceful motion Lillah now laid at the Begum's feet a charkob, or damask napkin, richly embroidered with gold, whereon sparkled a crystal ball of exquisite beauty,† which, to the wonder of all present, seemed to contain within its hollow womb a small quantity of pure bright fluid, apparently water. The eager curiosity with which the Begum, and indeed all present, beheld this natural phenomenon, was elevated to a higher sentiment, when the lovely pilgrim declared the crystal to contain some drops of water from the holiest and most secret fountain of the Ganges, enclosed in the crystal ball by the divine hands of the goddess herself, and committed to her charge as a bridal present to the fawn-eyed Begum of the South, which would guard her from all latent evil, and confer upon her the blessings of lengthened life and domestic felicity.

With undoubting confidence, and a heart glowing with gratitude, the Royal maid took the wondrous gem, and placed it on her pious head, in token of adoration to the benignant donor; for such was the character of sanctity acquired by the pilgrims to the Ganges, that a suspicion of deceit never once entered the thoughts of any present.

* It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south-wind, which in July or June passes over the Kerzereh flower, it will kill him.—*Thévenot*.

† In the cabinet of the Prince of Monaco, among other rarities, are two pieces of crystal, each larger than both hands clenched together. In the middle of one is about a glass full of water, and in the other is some moss, naturally enclosed there when the crystals congealed.—*Tavernier*.

Educated in a faith which familiarises the mind with wonders of a religious nature, and devout believers in a mythology pregnant with examples of preternatural communication between gods and mortals, to doubt the truth of the pilgrim's story would be at once an insult to their beloved princess, and an act of impiety to her protecting Deity. While some, therefore, admired the beauty of the gem, and others gazed on the lovely form of the pilgrim, all listened with pious attention, and unhesitating confidence, while the fair Cashmerian related as follows her wild and wondrous tale.

"My father made a vow to heaven for blessings gained and pardoned sins, to undertake a pilgrimage to the sacred fount of the Ganges, where it descends from Vaicontha* and gushes from the root of the Bhowjpootre tree, on the summit of Cailassa Cungri, the loftiest mountain of the earth: and I, his loved and only child, accompanied my pious sire, to cheer his spirits and minister to his wants. It were tedious to relate the evils that befel us, and the hardships we suffered in this long, long pilgrimage, which sorely tried my tender years and the feeble age of my father; but at length we reached that wondrous tree beneath whose precious root the watery Deity descends with gentle murmurs from the feet of Vishnu,† to render fruitful and prosperous the nations of the earth.

"Scarcely had we reached the sacred spot when we beheld a miracle. A wreath of pure ethereal snow‡ had fallen into the sparkling stream, whose wondrous quality congealed it instantly into that ball of crystal which I have travelled many a weary step to consign, O miracle of beauty! into thy lovely hand. The tempting prize no sooner met the wondering gaze of my unhappy sire, as it sparkled with supernatural lustre in the sacred stream, than he rashly put forth his hand and seized the gem, before he had uttered a single prayer to fit him for the enterprize. Scarcely, however, had he touched the wondrous crystal when he felt the anger of the goddess; for his hand underwent a miraculous change§ from flesh and bone and sinew, to icy-cold impenetrable stone; and, while angry lightnings flashed around, and dreadful peals of thunder shook the mountain to its base, a voice exclaimed in awful tones:

Rash man! the gem is not for thee,
But for that mild, benignant Sree||
Whose matchless grace and angel smile
Protect the holy Runga's isle.

* Heaven.

† The river Ganga flowed from the feet of Vishnu down upon Himalaya, where she was received on the head of Siva, and led afterwards to the ocean by King Bhagiratha.—*Asiatic Researches*.

The holy stream from the foot of Vishnu descends from the mansion of Vishnu on Mount Meru, whence it divides into four streams, and, passing through the air, reaches the lakes on the summits of the upholding mountains.—*Siddhanta Sisamani*.

‡ Some imagine that the crystal is snow turned to ice, which has been hardening thirty years, and is turned to a rock by age.—*Mirror of stones*, by Camillus Leonardus.

§ Near the source of the Ganges is a fountain to which a Yogie somehow penetrated, who having immersed his little finger in it, it became petrified.—*Travels of Praun Poory a Fakerr*.

|| Protecting Goddess.

According to the Hindoos, every city has its own Sree, its own Fortune or Prosperity, which in former times seems to have been represented by an image with a temple of its own.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre*.

"Thus punished for his involuntary transgression, my unhappy parent embraced the sublime creed of the Yogies. Elevating his offending hand into the air, he vowed it should continue thus extended, without rest or cessation, until holy Gunga should relent and heal the repenting sinner. In vain I begged, with sighs and tears, to stay and tend his feeble age, and soothe him under his extraordinary penance : he sternly answered me, ' Begone ! seek out that pure and lovely mortal divinity for whose hand the gem was destined ; her goodness will reward thy zeal, and her piety will obtain my pardon.' Obedient to the orders of my sire, I have traversed many a distant land in search of the object of my heartfelt solicitude ; nor was it long ere the voice of fame gave me a clue to guide my erring footsteps, for every tongue was eloquent in praise of the fawn-eyed Begum of Mysore. Here then I lay my burthen down, and bend in adoration at thy royal footstool : for this is Runga's holy isle, and my prophetic heart tells me thou art its protecting goddess."

The wondrous tale was heard with silent awe by all the inmates of the Royal pavilion, and loud applauses hailed its interesting close ; for this gracious proof of the approbation of heaven, thus signally bestowed on their future queen, was felt as an individual benefit by all who owned her benignant sway. The gentle Lachema herself, while she bent in grateful adoration at the altar of the beneficent deity who had conferred upon her this inestimable treasure, felt a corresponding interest for the chosen messenger of the goddess ; that young and lovely pilgrim, whose apparently artless innocence had already found a way to her own pure and unsuspecting heart. With winning voice and radiant eyes she chased her sorrows and relieved her wants ; and, before many days had elapsed, the artful Cashmerian found herself installed in the suite of the princess ; a situation which she lost no opportunity of improving, to the further advancement of her own pernicious and detestable designs.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

Spring had now spread around its flowers and verdure, and the eastern gales were gently blowing, redolent of perfume, from the spicy shores of Malaya ; wafting over distant lands and seas the mingled odour of the clove the nutmeg and the cinnamon. Loud humming through the jasmin and honeysuckle that bloomed in the clustering bowers of the Laul Baug, the bees, delighted with their golden spoils, pursued their honied labours ; or slumbered in the drowsy blossoms of the Nilica,* which spreads at eve a rich odour on the breeze, and when the sun relumes the horizon sheds its night flowers, as it were in sacrifice to the god of day. Amid those shady

* *Sep^halicà*, or Nilica (Linn. Sorrowful Nyctanthes.) "This gay tree spreads its rich odour to a considerable distance every evening ; but at sun-rise it sheds most of its *night-flowers*. It is called *Sephalica*, because bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.—Sir W. Jones.

groves and winding alleys, where art and nature vied with mutual energy to form a suitable residence for the Fawn-eyed Maid, the Nagacesara, one of the most delightful trees on earth, poured around the delicious odour of its blossoms, whose silver petals are likened by the poets to the shafts that grace the quiver of Cama Deo.* There the richly scented Madhavi twined lovingly round the lofty mango, which formed in itself an embowering shade of fragrant flowers and pallid leaves; and from the odorous Cetaca, with bright and opening blossoms, a breeze respired like the amorous breath of Cama, while the flowery dells and shadowy groves resounded with the Cocil's thrilling strains.

It was a bright and lovely scene that met the eye at this joyous season, amid the cool recesses of the Laul Baug, whose rich luxuriant foliage formed a delightful screen, that just admitted a mild and rosy light to flicker on the velvet sod, and play round the marble statues and the sparkling fountains, whose murmurs fell soothingly on the ear; presenting images of coolness and repose, delightful in a climate of such intense and overpowering fervour. The graceful trees, laden with young fruit, and their stems enwreathed with flowering creepers, resembled, as the sage Oodiaver poetically remarked, the sacred maidens of Swerga, bedecked with garlands of celestial jewels. The plantain waved there its broad glossy leaves, emblem of coolness, where the musing genii of the shades† composed their wandering thoughts to rest. The scarlet buds of the Jambu, or Rose apple, lay scattered over the verdant sod, forming a rich and beautiful carpet of living flowers. The bending Bayas‡ shed its perfume over the crystal waters of the Cauvery, and the rosy blossoms of the Lotus swam down the tranquil stream; while on the verdant banks of the sacred river a bevy of graceful girls, the Begum's maiden train, were sporting, with sparkling eyes and laughing voices; some weaving wreaths and garlands of chambaga flowers to adorn their lovely hair, and others riding on the silken swing, chanting the joys of the vernal season.

Apart from all two lovely maidens were roving together through the winding glades, discussing in deep and confidential chat some matter of grave and interesting import; one of them apparently absorbed in some reverie of the heart, the intensity of which blinded her to the evident design of her companion to worm herself into her unsuspecting confidence. These were the Royal maid of Mysore, and her new favourite Coornavati, for this was the name adopted by the false Cashmerian, who had already won the affection of the Begum, (herself too pure to imagine deceit in others) by her tuneful tongue, her open countenance and artless look, her fascinating beauty, and the rare talents which every day more and more developed themselves.

* In the poem called Naishadha, there is a wild but elegant couplet, where the poet compares the white of the Nagacesara, from which the bees were scattering the pollen of the numerous gold-coloured anthers, to an alabaster-wheel on which Cama was whetting his arrows, while sparks of fire were dispersed in every direction. Its petals are like silver, and its anthers like gold.—*Sir IV. Jones.*

† The plantain tree was dedicated to the Genii of the Shades, from its being an emblem of repose and cooling airs.

‡ A fragrant cane.

As the period now drew nigh that was to fix the destiny of the Fawn-eyed maid, she felt her gentle breast a prey to many an anxious thought; for none of all the Royal suitors who contended for her hand had ever touched her heart, or inspired her with a sentiment warmer than esteem: while, such is the perversity of fate, he for whom she fondly and hourly sighed, seemed altogether absorbed in the pomp and splendour of martial glory and totally reckless of that god's controul who had so entirely usurped her own faculties.

As her well-regulated mind now felt it a paramount duty to conquer and subdue her hopeless flame, she tried by turns all those soothing remedies which had obtained a proverbial reputation for efficacy in the annals of blighted affection. With artless simplicity she applied the cooling sandal to her agitated breast, but found to her dismay that it yielded no relief whatever; nor had the aquatic Saivala any happier effect. She entwined her lovely arms with bracelets of lotus leaves and fibres, which were supposed to have wonderful efficacy in allaying the fever of passion, but with no better success. She then applied to the region of the heart the roots of the Virana grass, or Avadaha, a name which implies a power of subduing feverish heat; for which purpose, as the legend relates, it was brought by Gautami to her pupil Sacontala. But whatever effect it may have had on the heroine of the romance, it had none whatever on the Fawn-eyed Begum, who felt her unhappy flame only burn the brighter at every fruitless attempt she made to suppress it. In short, every love-subduing specific with which she had become acquainted, from traditionary lore or the pages of romance, seemed to have lost its power: and the unhappy Lachema, shunning as much as possible the public eye, which she imagined could penetrate to the innermost recesses of her heart, sought to hide her wretchedness in the embowering shades which hung over the crystal tide of the Cauvery; where unobserved she could waft her burning sighs across its sacred breast, to the grotto of its presiding deity.

On that delightful spot as the pensive Begum was straying with her newly chosen favourite, apart from her other attendants, the wily Cashmerian, in a soft and sympathising voice, entreated her royal mistress to inform her why she wore so pensive an air; which was not in unison either with the hilarity of the season, or the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

"The pensive air you allude to," replied the princess, "springs from an apprehension that some latent evil is permitted by the angry deities to linger over me, for some misdeed of mine yet unforgiven: for when to the holy shrine of Vishnu, at Mailgotah, in humble supplication to that awful power to guide my feeble reason to a happy choice, at this critical period of my fate, my tender mother sent a golden Moorut, accompanied with rich gifts to propitiate the good offices of the Brahmins, they were all seized by Kempé Goud, that dreadful and marauding Bheel; and doubtless now the angry god hath closed his ear to all my supplications."

"Great princess," said Coornavati, smiling furtively at the pious simplicity of her mistress, "let not such groundless fears disturb your royal breast; for the crime of another cannot, with any justice, call for vengeance upon you."

"'Tis kind of you," said the gentle Lachema, "to sooth my apprehensions : but inscrutable and all wise are the ways of the Deity, who may have looked upon the wickedness of Kempé as only secondary to some culpable negligence on our part which provoked it. But, however this be, since the unhappy event I have had repeated gleams, in my waking thoughts, as well as in the visions of the night, of shadowy evils without end, which seem to hang over my devoted head. Even upon that festive day when you first appeared amongst us, when all my hopes were bright, and all my thoughts radiant with joy, an incident occurred which suddenly chilled my heart and turned my sunshine to gloom and despondency."

"In the name of Doorg—of Vishnu, I mean," cried the alarmed Lillah, trembling lest some untoward event should have aroused the suspicions of the princess—"in the name of Vishnu, what can your highness allude to?"

"I allude," said the princess, calmly, "to the terrible influence of the 'Evil eye' to which I fear I am now subject : for on that happy day, in the midst of my enjoyment, surrounded by all the pleasures this world can afford, I beheld a one eyed man amongst the laughing happy crowd ; whose hideous form looked 'as if he belonged not to this world, or held communion with the joyous creatures around him. My vision became rooted to the spot, as if attracted by the gaze of the basilisk ; till the monster, seeing that he had completely fixed my attention, glared on me like a fiend, then turned away and disappeared amidst the crowd."

Coornavati who at once recognized the portrait of the one-eyed Bheel, endeavoured to calm the agitated thoughts of the princess, by remarking that, in great popular assemblies, it was not always possible to prevent the intrusion of disagreeable objects.

"Nothing can be more true," said the Begum, "but this was no casual occurrence ; for again was that evil eye bent upon me, with all its harrowing ferocity, amidst the festivities of the day—nay, thrice ere they drew to a conclusion did that one-eyed monster meet my view ! Now in my nightly dreams, he never fails to scare my sight ; and such is the dreadful power he seems to wield, that every hour adds fresh terror to my heart ; for every object I behold assumes, by some extraordinary visual deception, the monster's grim deformity."

Coornavati, now seeing the necessity of diverting the thoughts of the Begum from dwelling on a circumstance which might lead to the discovery of her plot, exclaimed :—

"O beautiful and august princess ! dear both to men and angels ! how little cause have you to apprehend the uncertain augury of gloomy dreams or evil eyes, possessed as you are of unequalled beauty, wealth, and power ; and surrounded by a royal train of adoring lovers, who proudly wear your silken fetters. How gladly would your devoted servant know, oh ! pardon the boldness of the wish, the name of that happy mortal on whom your highness will bestow the treasure of your lovely hand."

"On that," said the Begum with a sigh, "Fate alone must decide, and inclination perhaps may never be consulted in the choice. You

doubtless know the laws that grant to maidens of the Rajpoot race, and of Royal lineage, the proud prerogative of selecting, amongst all their assembled lovers, the lord of their affections, and the chosen of their hearts. But though I do not venture to impugn the value of the privilege, I fain would draw the fated lot undaunted by the public eye, for tyrant custom requires that the choice be made in full divan; and sadly do I fear that when the hour of trial arrives I may lack nerve, or boldness, call it which you will, to bestow the garland (the symbol of affection) on any one of those princes who honour me with their addresses."

"Now, Cama, god of love! forbid," said the smiling Coornavati, "that the bliss of one—the hopes of all should meet with so cruel a disappointment. But I foresee that a happier destiny awaits him who is most worthy amongst the Royal train of lovers: the Rajah of Cochin, perhaps ——"

"No, no," cried the Begum quickly, "most assuredly not him that you have named; for the prince that hopes to inspire my breast with love must be, at least, possessed of manly candour, and free from that grovelling cunning which should never find a place in a generous heart."

"Then he of Poonah, I presume" said Coornavati, "is destined to enjoy the bliss divine."

"Still less, still less," cried the frowning princess: "the bold traitor who keeps his sovereign immured in bondage,* and usurps his royal powers, whatever may be his personal qualities, shall never reach my bridal bower."

"Then, surely," rejoined Coornavati, "the youthful prince who wields the sceptre of Berar, who is as lovely as the dawn, and as graceful as a nymph of Swerga, must touch your heart and seize the glittering prize."

"Not he, not he," replied the laughing Begum; "he loves himself too much to love his wife at all; and would lavish on his senseless mirror those smiles which I should claim by right as mine."

"What think you," said the subtle Cashmerian, "of the haughty lord of Cannanore, whose marine territories confer on him the high sounding title of Sovereign of the Sea?"

"Ah! mention not that empty honour," replied the Begum with a gesture of dislike; "the Cala-paunee† I detest,‡ and fear its prince's

* In the reign of Sahoojee, the third in succession from Sevegee, the founder of the Mahratta State, the high office of Peishwa (or prime minister) was attained by Kiahwanath Balajee, who wielded, with little check from the indolent and voluptuous sovereign, the supreme powers of government. He had influence enough to bequeath his office and power to his son Bajee Row, who still further diminished the power of the Sovereign, and eventually reduced him to the condition of a State prisoner at Satarah.—*Mil's India*.

† The Black Water.

‡ The sea is called by the natives of Central India "Kala-paunee" (black water) and they have the most terrible ideas of it, and the countries beyond it. A Bheel chief, who for murder and robbery was sent to be confined at Allahabad, was very anxious during the march to obtain spirituous liquors, and when drunk he would never be pacified with the assurance that he was only to be confined at Allahabad, and used to cry and rave about "Kala paunee," invoking "Company Sahib" to be merciful, and kill him, that he might be burned in Hindoostan.—*Heber's Journey*.

royal heart may conceal like fraud and treachery as dwell upon its fickle tide."

"Then, at least," cried the persevering Cashmerian, "the brave Zamorin of Malabar will woo you like a warrior resolved to die or conquer in the glorious strife."

"He is, doubtless," cried the Begum, "a valiant knight, well skilled to rule in camp or guide the destiny of battle; but the blood of royalty is on his hand, and the heart of royal maiden he should never win."

"Nay, then," said Coornavati, "the Rajah of Tanjore must teach you love and learning* both together."

"Now, heaven forbid," exclaimed the Begum, in affected alarm, "that I should link my fate with his, or else I might become a subject for anatomy! To clear a doubt, or to illustrate an argument, that scientific Fundit would not hesitate to sacrifice his wife in his thirst for knowledge."

"Well, surely," cried the tormentor, "you will, at least, bestow your smiles on him who rules the spicy shores of Serindib."

"No, no," rejoined the Begum, "I shall never cross the sea, from lovely Hindoostan, to rule o'er foreign Serfs. Besides, good heaven! that prince's eyes are like his native pearls."

"Oh, then," said Coornavati, "I see for whom the glorious prize is destined: the gay, the handsome and the gallant—the darling theme of every tongue—a raging lion in the war—in peace like the flowery bow of Cama. Whose generous hand has often filled the soldier's buckler with the shining ore.† Whose eagle eye has chilled the foeman's blood, and soothed the anguish of the captive's breast;—whose voice resembles Heri's flute, filling the heart with fond desire. Yes, he alone of all the suitor train deserves to win the peerless Fawn-eyed maid; and I'll consent to lose my eyes if Kistna do not wear the garland."

"Hush, hush," exclaimed the blushing maid, while dimpling smiles betrayed the secret of her heart. "You know not him that you have named. He worships the proud deity of war alone, and scorns the petty joys of love. But here we are at Cama's shady bower; and, as we have unconsciously entered on the theme, I feel inclined to kneel for a brief space at the altar of that deity, and with uplifted hands, and humble heart, implore him to crown my choice with happiness."

Within a wild and sweet retreat, undefiled by man's unhallowed presence, stood the sacred bower of Cama Deo; overshadowed by a grove of rich Asoca trees, whose long pendulous leaves, and beauti-

* The prince who fill'd the musnud of Tanjore, when the author visited that country in 1813, was very much addicted to science and boar hunting; and the Hon. Company Bahauder having relieved him, in common with many others, from the cares of government, he had abundant leisure to pursue his favourite amusements. He was particularly attached to medicine and surgery, which he studied with much success under an English practitioner; and learned anatomy by means of an ivory skeleton manufactured for him in London, the tenets of his religion forbidding him to touch dead bodies.—*Tour to the Druggs.* M.S.S.

† It is recorded of Mulhar Row Holkar, that when pleased with a soldier's gallantry, he used to exclaim, "Fill his shield with rupees!"—*Malcolm's Central India.*

ful orange flowers clustered around in such luxuriance, as to bid defiance to the intrusion of the solar beams, which struggled in vain for a peep at the interior. These were mingled with some beautiful specimens of the Mimosa, a tree with leaves like the mountain ash, and which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it; seeming to salute, with mute hospitality, those who retire beneath its shade. The sensitive leaves of this fine tree are much revered in the East, as a preservative against magic; and the Fawn-eyed maid, who was to a certain degree imbued with the pious prejudices of her country, never failed, when she visited this sacred spot, to place a fresh sprig of it in her bosom, as a security against the spells of that evil eye which seemed to have produced so lively an effect on her imagination. The air was impregnated with the rich odour of the Jessamine, peculiarly sacred to the god of love, mingled with the more delicate perfume of the woodbine and honeysuckle, which crept up the tall columnar stems of the Palmyras; decorating the rough bark with the gayest hues, and giving shelter to numerous beautiful birds, whose artless notes formed a concert peculiarly adapted to the purity and simplicity of the scene.

The interior of this sylvan temple was decorated with several statues of marble, and the altar of the god was laden with offerings of fruits, flowers and perfumes; these being the only sacrifices admitted in the worship of Cama Deo, which was instituted by Siva, the destroying deity, in pity for the fate to which he had consigned him. The statue of the god of love was of the most dazzling white marble, and the exquisite symmetry of the proportions denoted the highest perfection of the sculptor's art. On his right hand stood the statue of Reti, his lovely bride, and on his left that of his friend Vasanti, the god of Spring, in attitude as if about to soar on high and pour his welcome treasures on the earth. Around this principal group a band of female choristers were sculptured in marble of inferior quality, but with lovely figures and graceful attitudes; while the dome of the temple was formed by the spreading branches of a splendid Asoca tree, with its clustering crimson flowers; than which, it has been justly remarked, the vegetable world does not exhibit a richer sight. Around its polished stem Love's creeper twined upwards, its rosy buds clustering overhead in the form of a natural diadem, to crown the presiding deity, who held in his right hand the unerring bow of sugar cane* strung with bees: while, from the verdant sod which formed the floor of the temple, the graceful Mallica twined round the pedestal of the god, and threw its musky blossoms over the altar; their brilliant colours mingling with the sable flowers of the Tamala, as if nature thus would intimate that smiles and tears spring alike from Love.

Before the altar of the god a marble nymph bore his well-known banner: where, on a crimson ground, was richly embroidered in gold the sacred form of a dolphin, whose favoured destiny it had been to rescue the youthful deity from the all devouring sea. The calm silence that reigned around, disturbed only by the silver tinkling of a

* The Hindoo Cupid is armed with a bow of sugar cane, strung with bees, and five arrows, each tipped with a flower, and exercising peculiar influence on the heart.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

distant fountain, and the amorous lay of the cocil as he nestled in a bower of roses, together with the view of objects all calculated to encourage dreams of tenderness and passion, had their due effect on the sensitive mind of the Begum ; while Coornavati feigning, or feeling a sudden enthusiasm, seized a Veena that was suspended from a branch of the Asoca tree, and in her rich melodious voice chanted that wild and mystic episode of the Bhawishya Purana, the " Legend of Love."*

* The lovers of Mythology are referred to Wilford for this curious Legend, of which the following is a paraphrase :

THE LEGEND OF LOVE.

Amid those azure fields of air,
Where spring the Amaranthine bowers.
In splendor ever bright and fair,
The Devas pass their happy hours.
There on a pure celestial day
The mighty Siva sat at play,
At Chaturanga with his bride;
That high auspicious deity,
Great Mahadeo's joy and pride,
The ever-blooming Parvati:
When sudden discord rose between
The god and his celestial queen.

Ere long the feud to fury grew,
And from each other's arms they flew :
The god his vahan swiftly bore
To Cooshadwipa's distant shore,
And deep in Gauri's sacred shade
The angry goddess veiled her head.
Then both in fierce and bitter mood
In rigid deep Tapasya stood,
And lifted high their hands to call
On Brahma the supreme of all:
When from the earth by penance wrung
Devouring flames around them sprung,
Which threatened all things to consume
And wrap the universe in gloom.

The Devas, struck with fear and dread,
To Cooshadwip by Brahma led,
Now sought with prayers to pacify
The fury of the Deity.
But Siva sternly said, no more
To Parvati would he restore
His love, until she freely came
To light again his former flame.
Then soothed by holy Gunga's prayer,
The goddess ceased her penance drear,
And vowed to quit the sacred grove
If Siva would restore his love.

Now while the god his arm upreared,
In rigid, fierce austerity,
Young Cama Deo swift appeared
Upon his Lory* riding by,
And quickly aimed a flowery dart
At Mahadeo's mighty heart.

* A parrot. The Vahan, or vehicle of the Hindoo Cupid.

When the artful Cashmerian had concluded her Chant, the Begum complimented her on the knowledge she displayed in amatory lore, and playfully constituted her from that moment high priestess to the god of the flowery bow. In a graver mood she then approached the altar of the deity, and placed rich offerings on it, with her pure and stainless hands, of musk and attar, fruits and flowers. Then low before the god she bowed her pious head, and thus preferred her maiden vows ; while, as she bent her knee in humble supplication, she pressed her bare and lovely foot against the stem of the Asoka tree, which Coornavati vowed, according to the prevalent superstition, more gaily put forth its crimson blossoms* from the delightful contact.

The god no sooner felt the wound
Than from his frontal eye a ray
Of lightning flashed, and on the ground
In ashes Cama Deo lay.
In semblance of a mountain maid,
Then Parvati her charms displayed,
And lit again the tender flame
In Mahadeo's awful breast,
Who happy thus once more became,
And to his heart the goddess prest ;
While on the spot a blooming grove
Sprang forth to consecrate their love.
But Reti ceased not to deplore
Her Cama Deo, now no more ;
Till softened by her ceaseless pain,
The god restored her love again,
Who soon, in infant beauty bright,
As Pradyumna saw the light.

But ere the smiling cherub grew,
The king who ruled the Demon crew,
Sambara, foe to love and joy,
Seized on the ever-blooming boy,
And flung him in a chest to weep
His endless sorrows in the deep.
But Brahma saw the cruel deed,
And, pitying earth and heaven, decreed
That men below and gods above
Could not exist unblest by love.

A dolphin, by the fishers caught,
Was to Sambara's palace brought,
Where captive Reti wept in vain
Beneath the tyrant's iron chain ;
And she it was who first espied
Young Cama Deo's chest inside
The dolphin's body, whence she drew
The smiling infant, bright and fair,
And hid him from the Demon's view,
And nursed him with a mother's care.
Till grown a youth he bravely slew
Sambara and his fiendish crew ;
When rescued from their base alloy,
The world was crowned with love and joy.
Nor did he fail his throne to share
With Reti, ever young and fair,
His tender nurse and loving bride,
Of gods and men the joy and pride.

* The contact of the stem of the Asoka tree by the foot of a woman of superior beauty is supposed to make it blossom.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre*.

HYMN TO KAMA DEO.

God of the flowery bow !
 On me in pity bend
 Thy radiant eyes, where joy and woe
 Too oft together blend.
 On me their dazzling rays
 In tender mercy move,
 And guide me through this wild'ring maze
 To the object of my love.

Bright formless Deity !*
 Here at thy shrine I bow,
 Beneath the rich Asoca tree :—
 Oh ! hear my maiden vow !
 Thine altar shall be dressed,
 At morn and evening hours,
 With sandal cooling to the breast,
 And jasmin's golden flowers.†,

God ever fair and young !
 Great conqueror of hearts !
 Whose bow with living bees is strung :
 Now point thy flowery darts
 Against the flinty breast
 Of him for whom I sigh,
 And grant that I may yet be blest
 On earth before I die !

Great king of gods and men
 Who pierced the mighty Brahm ‡
 Oh ! give my bosom back again
 Its youthful happy calm.
 Or grant at least that he
 Who there in triumph reigns
 With equal ardour soon may be
 A captive in my chains !

* Ananga, or the bodiless deity, a name of Camadeo, in allusion to his having been reduced to ashes by the angry look of Siva when pierced by Kama's arrows, and thus inspired with love for Parvati.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre*.

† The usual offerings to Kama-Deo were jasmin saffron and sandal. The latter, which was supposed to possess great cooling qualities, was offered to the heating deity, on the same principle, it may be presumed, that led the Greeks to sacrifice a goat to Bacchus ; not because that animal was agreeable to the rosy god, but because it was a great destroyer of the vines.

‡ Kama was scarcely created before he thought proper to make Bramah enamoured of his own daughter. Inspiring Siva with love for Parvati was a more dangerous feat, and the archer God, although he succeeded, was reduced to ashes by the object of his triumph.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre*.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO A FRIEND AT CAMBRIDGE.*

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I.

Turin, September 5th.

SINCE I addressed a long letter to you from Paris three months ago, I have been enjoying myself among the finest and most stupendous scenery of a truly enchanting country, Switzerland. I now send you an outline of my tour. Arriving at Dijon, I was somewhat reminded of our sister University, Oxford, from the situation and general appearance of the town,—itself also once famous for an university. Thence, having left the dull and extensive plains of France behind me, I commenced to ascend the Jura chain of mountains. When at the summit of our pass, I came at once in sight of the most glorious view of the Lake of Geneva. This panorama, to me then a freshman in regard to the wonders of the higher and more splendid beauties of Nature, exceeded all views I ever before witnessed, and was almost too much to look down upon during the short time we were allowed for its very brief enjoyment. The foreground was a finely wooded mountain of Jura, below which a beautiful and fertile sloping plain stretched as far as the borders of the lake on this side, thence extended an expanse of clear blue water to the right and left, partaking of the colours of the sky, and varied by a succession of lights reflected on its surface. Upon the opposite side, the shore was bounded by the lofty mountains of Savoy, between which appeared Mont Blanc, with its snow-capped summit towering far above the rest. I was greatly surprised at the extent of this immense lake, and it struck me as most resembling an inlet, or a vast estuary, of the sea. From hence, I soon arrived at Geneva; our road having passed through a very rich and fertile district. The city of Geneva, which I thought old and dull, is too well known for me to add any more to its numerous descriptions. From thence I proceeded to the other end of the lake, to Lausanne, where the lake appears in some respects more magnificent, inasmuch as the mountains and dark rocks of Meillerie opposite, sufficiently lofty, are nearer, and more distinct. From Lausanne, or rather from its port, Ouchy, where I had tarried a few days, I continued my journey to the north of Switzerland, by following the Jura chain; first visiting the lake of Neuchatel, and the town bearing the same name, situated upon that lake, or as it is called in German, Neuenburger See. I made a pleasant excursion over the Jura to visit some remarkable places, several waterfalls, and picturesque valleys. Remaining two days at Bienne, (Biel,) and being charmed with the lake, my route continued through Soleure (Solo-

* These letters were written, and sent *per post* to Cambridge from the cities whence they are dated.

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thurn) and Aarau to Baden. This latter place, as its German name signifies baths, is still famous for its warm springs; it was anciently called *Aquæ Helveticæ*. The small town is pleasantly situated in a defile, through which the river Limmat runs swiftly on its course from the Lake of Zurich, and is interesting from the number of Roman antiquities that have been discovered there. We staid all night at Baden, and the next day reached Schaffhausen, a large and curious town placed on the northern bank of the Rhine. Throughout the north-west and north of Switzerland;—namely, from the Lake of Neuchatel to Constance, the grand chain of the higher Alps covered with snow forms the distant boundary of all the views,—and the effect of them is astonishing to a stranger.

Schaffhausen is singular, on account of the great number of its houses being painted on the outside with divers devices; some from scripture, some from history, and others from the vivid imaginations of the native artists, who seem to have fully practised the Horatian maxim of “*quidlibet audendi*.” Near here is the celebrated fall of the Rhine, which I decidedly prefer to all the other cascades in Switzerland. The appearance of an immense body of green waters falling over a rock of seventy feet high, their terrific splashing and roaring, and the clouds of foam driven on all sides with the greatest fury, render the scene truly wonderful to the spectator, whilst the rays of the sun shining through the spray from the sheet of descending water, complete the grandeur and magnificence of this cascade. In all the northern cantons of Switzerland, German and Swiss are the only languages spoken, and so greatly limit the pleasure of a traveller, who only knows French and Italian. However, some English have tried *broad Yorkshire*, slowly pronounced, with some little success. The dresses of the people, and in particular of the women, are remarkably singular, and vary in almost every canton. Some are pretty; but, on the whole, they look better when represented on paper, as you cannot then witness the accompanying dirt, and the sunburnt, or copper-coloured legs and arms of the natives. For instance, a Cambridge bargeman, or a countrywoman in her scarlet cloak, or a fisherwoman of Hartlepool, or of Yarmouth, would look well if neatly drawn and coloured on paper. From Schaffhausen I had a delightful journey to Constance, by the edge of the lake called *Zellersee*, the lower, or inferior, lake (*Lacus Acronius*) formed by the Rhine, issuing out of the higher lake. The views on the German side are here extremely pleasing. The ancient, and formerly free city of Constance, once of much importance, now fully shows how far religious contests are detrimental, as it is without exception the most desolate, ruined, and uninhabited place I have ever seen. The immense lake of Constance, called *Bodensee*, is the least pleasing of all those which I have visited, for it resembles a branch of the open ocean, without any striking beauty of its coasts. It is said to be of great depth, and in some spots more than 350 fathoms. Both these lakes are mentioned by Pomponius Mela, (*De sit. Orb. III. c. 2.*) as being formed by the Alp-born Rhine,—thus, “*Rhenus ab Alpibus decedens propè à capite duos Lacus efficit, Venetum et Acronium.*” The country as far as Zurich is fertile, and appears exactly like the finest

parts of England. I was much pleased with the town of Zurich, and its lake is one of the most perfect I have seen,—there is nothing to wish for;—and here again in the back ground are the Alps covered with eternal snows. I made the tour of the lake, and was gratified on every turn to perceive a new and romantic scene. With the city library, where the books are valuable and very numerous, I was much pleased. Some MSS. were shown to us; one of which was a copy of Quintilian, said to be an original; but it rather struck me as being a late copy, and some Latin letters from Lady Jane Grey;—I observed only one of these, which seemed to have been written altogether by the same hand as the signature; the direction of it is,—“Viro colendissimo Bullingero tradantur hæc.” This letter, on a religious subject, is interspersed with Greek and Hebrew quotations. From Zurich my route lay over Mont Albis, from whose summit there is one of the finest panoramic views which can be imagined—numerous mountains and valleys, with the chain of the higher Alps, and many lakes, constitute the magnificent landscape; descending therefrom, I came next to Zug, then crossed its small lake, and passing over a neck of land, took a boat to Lucerne. The view of the lake from this town is a glorious sight, with Mont Pilate towering on the right hand. From hence, I made excursions over Mont Rigi (Mons Regius) to Schwytz, the little capital of the canton of the same name, which is situated in a beautiful spot, and surrounded by lofty mountains. The adjoining part, or the east end of the lake of Lucerne—there called the Vier Waldstetten see, or lake of the four cantons—possesses the wildest and most magnificent scenery; for there are to be seen mountains which rise perpendicularly to many hundred feet from the very surface of the water, and are also remarkable for the numerous faults and contortions in their strata. From Altorf—renowned in history as the scene of William Tell’s skill in archery—I visited the Devil’s Bridge, which is an arch thrown over the fall of the Reuss, in a narrow and savage defile, between two lofty granite mountains, rising nearly perpendicular in the form of bare walls, and without the least vegetation, save some gray-coloured lichens. The lower part of the valley of the Reuss is of a different character, though it in fact possesses every stage of scenery. Passing through the lovely valley, and by the Lake of Sarnen, I saw that *bijou*—the small, but most enchanting of lakes—the Lake of Lungern—of which the water is of an exquisite blue, transparent, and truly “*splendidior vitro*;” it is surrounded by, or as I will rather call it, set in, mountains of the loveliest and most pleasing forms, clothed with delicious verdure; and at its southern extremity is seen that snow covered Alp—the Wetterhorn, erecting its lofty pinnacle in vivid contrast with the rich green of the mountains below it, and the deep and clear azure of the sky above it. This scene, though less sublime than some I had witnessed, yet perhaps exceeded all I had experienced in extreme beauty. Riding over Mont Brunig I descended to the Lake of Brienz.

Not far from Meyringen is the fall of the river Aar at Handeck, a cascade most ferocious and savage, and in its progress hurling down stones and trunks of pines; it recalled to my mind these lines of Homer:

— πλῆθον ποταμῶν πεδίωνδε κάττεισι
 Χειμάρρους κατ' ὄρεσφιν, ὀπαζόμενος Διὸς ὕμνον,
 Πολλὰς δὲ θρῆν' ἑξαλέας, πολλὰς δὲ τε πεινας
 Εὐφύρεται. . . .

Thence I crossed the mountain to Lauterbrunnen; and whilst on the summit of the Wenger Alp I had the good fortune to behold a fine avalanche, or fall of snow; it slipt from the side of the Jungfrau, (which signifies the Virgin, although her snows are no longer "untrodden,") an alp about 13,000 feet in height from the sea, and was accompanied by a noise resembling the loudest thunder. These phenomena, or snow-cascades, called in the Swiss dialect Lauwen, frequently occasion severe losses, and even destruction to the inhabitants and travellers in the Alps. Next, arriving at Interlachen—a charming place situated between the lakes of Brienz and Thun—Interlacus—and taking a boat over the latter, I visited the town of Thun. The chief town in Switzerland, the beautiful city of Berne, induced me to stay a short time, and greatly, indeed, did I enjoy, from its public walks, the grandest display of the chain of Alps, that can be obtained in one view. Passing through Friburg, Bulle, Vevay, where I again came upon the Lake Leman, thence close past the castle of Chillon, I turned into the valley of the Rhone, (Valais,) and rested a few days at Bex. This town is situated at the head of a most charming valley, and has long been famous for its salt works. I examined with much attention the different processes used in obtaining and purifying the salt. On the road from Bex to Martigny, the most striking object is the pass at St. Maurice, by the bridge, said to be constructed on the remains of a Roman one, which is so narrow that it is shut up by a gate, and forms the boundary of the Valais, and the Canton de Vaud.

Then, I made a delightful tour over the Tête Noire to Chamouny, whence having visited the principal glaciers of Mont Blanc, and ascended the Montanvert and Mont Bréven, I proceeded through the Valley of Servoz, where Mont Blanc exhibits a superb view and a wonderful mass of eternal snow; and turning to the south, I followed another interesting valley to Contamines. Thence, climbing up the steep mountains of the Col du Bonhomme and the Col de la Seigne, (both at an elevation of near 8,000 feet,) I enjoyed some perfect alpine scenes,—especially from the summit of the latter Col, where Mont Blanc is seen to rise perpendicularly with savage and steep walls of granite, having but little snow on its south-east side. The suite of the neighbouring needles, as the lofty and varied points of those granite masses are termed—afforded the most unique view, of which it is indeed impossible to convey to you any adequate idea. I will only add, that the whole completed a scene the most wild and astonishing of all, which Nature could possibly have formed within the entire range of the Alps. In passing over these Cols I gathered many beautiful plants that are alone to be found in the highest alpine localities, and in small red patches here and there among the heaps of unmelted snow over which we rode, I noticed, for the first time, what I conceived could only be that singular production, the *Protococcus nivalis*, commonly named *Red Snow*. All my dried

plants I intend to present to the museum of the Cambridge Philosophical Society ; but minerals and geological specimens are too heavy to carry about, consequently I cannot collect so many as I wish. From the top of the Col de la Seigne, I followed the pass of the Allée Blanche by the side of a glacier and the desolate lake of Combai, composed of melted snow, and ice of a filthy colour, from which we continued along a poor mule tract under a wall of *débris*, chiefly consisting of granite and syenite, the wreck of the adjacent mountains, which has there for ages been accumulated by the action of the glacier de *Miage*—a glacier more than any other which I had noticed, afforded to us the clearest examples of its powerful action, and its surprising effects on the surrounding objects. We rode cautiously past, not without some fears of possible destruction, but the day being very splendid, I enjoyed this remarkable scene ; and leaving all the dangers of the snows and glaciers, we descended through a valley shut up by the Col de Ferret in our front, and the pyramidal walls of Mont Blanc on our left, and followed in our course a branch of the river Doire, (*Dora*,) till turning to a valley, (*d'Entrèves*,) on our right, we arrived at Courmayeur (*Cormajor*). This town is placed in the most delightful valley in Piedmont, amongst vineyards and corn-fields, and is celebrated for its mineral waters and baths, which are much frequented in summer. The next day I continued my route on the back of my safe footed mule for eight leagues, along the fine but excessively hot valley of the Dora to the city of Aoust, or Aosta, (*Augusta Prætoria*,) where, the ruins of a triumphal arch, and of an amphitheatre, are its principal attractions. From this city we ascended by St. Remy, the grand St. Bernard, and staid all night at the convent of Augustine monks, by whom we were kindly entertained. The building is plain, but large, placed in a dreary spot, close to a black and cold-looking lake, or tarn, and is esteemed the highest dwelling in the ancient world, being situated, according to the celebrated Saussure, 7,542 feet (or about 8,000 English feet) above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and just on the limits of the line of *perpetual snow*. On going to bed (about eleven o'clock) on that night (August 21st,) I found Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at forty-eight degrees outside of my window. One of the canons informed me that once or twice during each summer the external temperature of the air on the hottest day reached sixty degrees of Fahr. ; and that the cold, in the open air in the usual winters, became as low as eight or nine degrees below zero of Fahr. He also showed me some Roman antiques and coins, which he said were found not very far from the convent ; and which thus render it most probable that a pass over this alp is of considerable antiquity, and that the Romans had been acquainted with it. The following day I, by no means desirous of dwelling in this "ultima Thule" of habitations for any great portion of my days, bade farewell to my ecclesiastical hosts, and rode down the Swiss side of the mountain, through St. Pierre, and the valley of the inundation, to Martigny. This small town is considered the *Octodorus* of Julius Cæsar, and described by him as "*vicus positus in Valle, non magnâ adjectâ planitie, altissimis montibus undique continetur.*"—(Bell. Gal., lib. iii. c. i.) The town itself is poor, and filled

not only with those pitiable and horrid objects, *crétins*, or idiots, but also with persons sadly deformed by the "*tumidum Guttur*," i.e. le *Gottre*. Anxious to pass over the famous road into Italy, constructed by order of Napoleon from the years 1801 to 1807, after plans furnished by General Thureau and M. Céard, engineer-in-chief, I rather hastened my departure from Switzerland. All that admiration, and all that words can communicate, are not enough to extol and sufficiently praise this bold and noble undertaking. I mean the alpine passage of the Simplon (*Sempione*). This magnificent road (as good as that between London and Cambridge) is carried over the tops and sides of mountains, partaking of all kinds of scenery ;

" Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas ;"

over waterfalls and precipices, it is continued by handsome bridges and galleries, and through the projecting rocks by tunnels, and it passes from one mountain to another by elegant windings. The descent from the village of Sempeln, which is situated about 4,600 feet above the sea, down the Italian side, is over and close along the most savage and awful precipices and chasms, at the bottom of which rushes, in a perpetual fall, the alpine torrent, Doveria. The entire distance from Gliss to Domo d'Ossola is accounted ten French leagues. This road will, I hope, long remain one of the most remarkable of human labours, and bear honour to those scientific men, both of France and of Italy, by whom it was so splendidly effected. Being again fairly in Italy, I must say that I felt great regret on quitting that beautiful and pastoral district of Switzerland—a country which, I may safely state, for its extent cannot yield to any in the world, especially in the old world, in interest and in varied and stupendous scenes, that present themselves on all sides to the traveller. The kindness and simplicity too of the inhabitants I always found added much to the delights of their country. Indeed, I know no country which can be compared with it, so replete is it with natural charms, and objects for investigation worthy of a Haller and a Saussure. After visiting the ornamented and singular Borromean Islands on the Lake Maggiore, I traversed the fertile, although somewhat tiresome, plains of Lombardy, and arrived in the handsome city of Milan—the capital of the modern Lombardo-Venetian territory.

II.

Frankfort on the Maine, June 13th.

I am sorry that so much time has elapsed since I wrote to you from Turin in September last. I had made up my mind to have proceeded directly to the Eternal City, and to have spent the winter in Italy, and the spring in Sicily, but my plans were altered by some business, which obliged me necessarily to return to England. From Turin, I will add here a short account of my journey homewards. Leaving

that beautiful though unfinished capital of the kingdom of Sardinia—worthy indeed of the Augustan age, and of its ancient name, *Augusta Taurinorum*, and which is situated in the finest country, commanding a splendid outline of the Alps—I crossed, in a lovely evening, a fertile plain, the “*Taurinos campos*” of Silius Italicus, and at present the *campi di Torino*. The moon soon began to shine, and by her aid I had the gratification of seeing the magnificent cone of Monte Viso standing forth, far overtopping the rest of the Alps, and covered with eternal snow. The moon shone splendidly, and with myriads of stars in the clearest firmament—such as I never beheld in England—afforded to me, during that night, one of the most superb prospects of the chain of Alps, which it has been my good fortune to have ever witnessed. The king of Italian rivers, (Po,) which was known to the ancients by both the names of Padus and Eridanus, takes its source from a lake, and some glaciers upon that noble Alp, the Mons Vesulus of old,—

“Ὅρων
ἤμιστον, ἔνθα ποταμὸς ἐκφυσὲ μένος
Κροτάφον ἀπ’ αὐτῶν.”

Travelling all night, the next day brought me to Coni (*Cuneo*)—a dirty but small town. My route then was over the Maritime Alps by the Col di Tenda to Nice. The pass over this mountain in parts resembles the Simplon, but is inferior to it in grandeur; the descent likewise is more rapid and much more dangerous, owing to the want of parapets, as well as to the too quick and sharp turns, or zigzags, by which the road is constructed down its sides. Having arrived at the summit of this Col, I beheld for the first time that lovely expanse of blue waters, the “tideless sea;” it extended for some distance below our feet to the horizon, and lost itself in the bright azure of the sky. From hence to Nice many fine views presented themselves, particularly the lofty position of Saorgio, where its fortress, like an acropolis, is perched upon a mountain top, and seems secure against all dangers, but those of lightning and of the more violent winds. It commands the entire pass. Nice, so called from *Nίκη*, on account of a victory obtained by the Massilienses, the Greek colonists of Marseilles, who founded the place, still retains with most Europeans its pure Greek appellation, although the Italians name it *Nizza*. It is situated in a choice bay of the Mediterranean, and protected on the back by the Maritime Alps, which, notwithstanding their arid appearance during the heat of summer, afford a very fine outline; and acting as a natural screen against the icy winds that blow from the north, “*Boreæ penetrabile frigus*,” and from the higher chain of the Alps, render the winter mild and charming. Many English families reside there at that season, and in particular consumptive persons. Yet, for the latter, Cadiz, or Lisbon, the islands of Madeira or Teneriffe, are now more recommended, as being less exposed to the violence of certain winds, and are less variable in atmospheric changes during the winter and the spring. At the time I was in Nice, in September, it was excessively hot, still to me it was perfectly delicious. Here I first witnessed the sun setting over a western sea, in the most splendid

and glorious colours, such as Claude alone has endeavoured to represent. Indeed, the natural effect of a summer's sunset on this coast of the Mediterranean is magnificent, and each ripple illuminated by the brightest rays, seems to form, with numberless others equally brilliant, an expanse resembling a lake of pure and molten gold. And few scenes that I ever experienced equalled the pleasure of walking by the sea after such a sunset; then a zephyr and a gentle air arose, and were perfumed with the fragrant orange and citron flowers. This description may perhaps appear to you too poetical to be real; but, I assure you, only those who have been upon the west shores of the Mediterranean in summer can attest its general accuracy. Well might the Roman soldiers have been alarmed when they saw the waves of our northern ocean advance and recede for a distance exceeding a quarter of a mile. The best way of ascertaining the tide of the Mediterranean is to watch an insulated rock at different hours, and then by marking the seaweed growing on it, or by some other fixed sign, the ebb and flow will be found by the sinking and rising of the water not to have occupied more than a very few inches. The town of Nice is spacious and handsome, and the quarter chiefly inhabited by the English, called *La Croce di Mármò*, the Marble Cross, is the best. The wines there are excellent, several sorts of which, with silk, oranges, lemons, and oil, constitute the principal exports. The harbour is good, and is defended by a well-built citadel, and a commanding rock. Leaving Nice, and this fine district of Italy, Piedmont, I re-entered the kingdom of France by crossing the long wooden bridge over the river, or Winter-Torrent, the Varo, or Var, formerly the Varus. One of our authors and travellers has remarked that "in Italy the mind travels more than the eye;" this may be true, but I will ask you, what pleasure is there in travelling in any country, if the mind does not accompany, or rather direct, the eye? It is the same in every land; although surely that is the more delightful, where there may be a greater scope for the mind's eye. However, I hope soon again to indulge both with a fuller and more extended view of Italy, and its different provinces. Having spent some hours at Antibes, called Antiboul by the inhabitants of Provence, from its original name, Antipolis, I next visited Cannes, which has become celebrated on account of the landing of Napoleon some years ago, after his escape from Elba, whilst from Frejus, the year before, the same personage embarked for Elba. Frejus, or *Frejuls*, a corruption of *Forum Julii*, (Cæsar's,) is called by Tacitus "*Forojuliensium Colonia*;" and, from being at that period a considerable naval station, he designated it as "*illustris*." Thither Augustus sent the vessels which he had taken at the battle of Actium. It was the birthplace of an amiable and distinguished person, whose exploits we Britons are wont to regard with the highest interest—Cnæus Julius Agricola. Although containing some ruins of Roman buildings, little now recommends Frejus but the recollection of those events. Next I went to Toulon, famous for its present marine arsenal and docks. This naval town, situated in a plain, was improved and strongly fortified by François Premier, Henry Quatre, Louis Quatorze, and some others of the principal sovereigns of France. The old and new ports, dockyards, rope manufactory, magazine of

arms, dépôts for the equipment of men-of-war, &c., are upon a fine scale, and well worth a visit. The new portion of the town is good, and well built. From a height near the town I had an extensive view of the sea, the pretty islands of Hyères, and the port with its shipping. The English having taken Toulon, and having burnt many ships and buildings, in the early part of the French revolution, are in consequence still disliked and anathematized.

The country here, and indeed throughout *le Midi*, as the French call the south of France, abounds in vines, caper shrubs, orange, lemon, citron, fig, almond, and olive trees, but they present no great beauty; and the gray, willow-like, or glaucous green of the latter, causes too great a sameness in the colour of vegetation, and makes us long for the deep and brighter greens of our more noble forest trees. Not far from Toulon, on the Marseilles road, the traveller passes through the savage and somewhat fearful defile of *Ollioules*, alongside a rapid torrent, each side being steep and precipitous, with lofty crags. The winding road and bed of the river are covered with scattered masses of rocks; the calcareous mountains through the entire defile are extremely high, perfectly bare and naked, and present a scene on all sides fitted by nature for the haunts and operations of banditti. The whole district appeared to me exceedingly interesting for a geological examination, which I wished time had permitted me to have undertaken.

With Marseilles I was much pleased. It is a beautiful city, in the form of a horse-shoe, situated in a valley looking to the sea, called the Gulf of Marseilles, and nearly encircled by mountains. The harbour is fine. The city itself is divided into the old and new town, and the streets of the latter are handsome, and abound with the elegant houses of the opulent merchants, whilst in some of them avenues of trees shade the people from an intensely hot sun. Marseilles, (*Massilia*), is the most renowned and ancient city in France, and was founded about five hundred and forty years before the birth of Christ, by the descendants of an Athenian race, the Phocæans, who, fearing the yoke of Cyrus, left their own city, built upon the charming coast of Asia Minor.

This maritime and cultivated people, by settling there, were the first to introduce on this side of the Alps the polite and civil institutions, the arts of nautical affairs, the commerce, the agriculture, the language and literature, the laws, manners, and rigid morals of the most enlightened nations of Greece. On some of the ancient coins of Marseilles, bearing the superscription *Μασσαλιτων*, are a lion and the head of Minerva; so, on some of those of Phocæa, are to be seen the same devices. Now it appears from Pausanias, (Corinth. cap. xxxi.) that Minerva had been long worshipped at Phocæa; consequently, the same existing on the coins of the Massilienses, will tend to confirm their Phocæan origin. Marseilles is mentioned by Aristotle, Athenæus, Justin, Strabo, Pausanias, Pliny, Livy, Lucan, &c., and even the accomplished Cicero has recorded his praise of its polished institutions in his oration for L. Flaccus. It soon became eminent as a seat of learning, and was consequently selected as a place for study—the *Alma Mater*—for even the youth of Rome. So, in accordance with

that custom, Tacitus says of the young Agricola, "*Arcebat eum ab illecebris peccantium quod statim parvulus sedem ac magistratam studiorum Massiliam habuerit.*" But this is by no means applicable at present to the character of Marseilles; if any one now-a-days sent his child there to be educated, it might, I fear, be more justly added, "*Arcebat eum ad illecebras peccantium,*" since pleasure and gambling are the too frequent and too ordinary pursuits of modern Marseilles. Literature and the sciences have given way to trade and commerce. Merchandize of every description is to be found here, and trading to all parts of the world. It is most amusing to walk along the quays, and see the vessels, costume, and people of almost every nation under the sun—"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians." It is not, however, for the sake of a quotation that I mention to you this concourse of foreigners, because the very language which is spoken at Marseilles, and throughout Provence, is composed of the different languages of many of these nations. The Provençal is, in reality, a mixture of Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, Latin, with some Greek, and Arabic, and even German words. About five hundred feet above the town, and a mile distant, is the fort Notre Dame de la Garde, from the walls of which I enjoyed the most extensive view over the adjacent country and the Gulf of Lyons that can possibly exist. In Provence many fêtes and processions are held during the year; some are highly interesting to a traveller, as he then sees so many peasants and country people dressed in their gayest costumes. Time has quite destroyed all remains of Roman and Grecian antiquities in Marseilles; no buildings or their substructions are now visible, and there exist but few resemblances of the Greek names of places around this part of the coast of the Mediterranean which the original colonists bestowed upon them; among these there were—Nice, Antipolis, Olbia; the Stæchades, of which were Hypæa, Mese, and Prote; Massilia, Agatha; probably also Nemausus, and the Rhodanus itself. The climate of Marseilles is extremely delightful, even in the winter, except when the cold north-west wind, called the *mistral*, or, more vulgarly, *mistraou*, rages. The mountains around the town, although bare and arid, are a favourite resort of the richer Marseillais, who build their villas, named *bastides*, upon their sides, and there escape from the confined heat and dust of the city during summer. I was surprised to find the expense of living and provisions to be by no means cheap, but that much the same prices prevail as in Paris.

Next passing through Aix, a handsome town, with clean and regular streets, shaded with avenues of elms, acacias, and other trees, where C. Marius gained his victory over the Teutones, and where there were ancient Roman baths—the *Aqua Sextia*—some of which are still to be seen, and the hot springs continue in much repute, I proceeded to Tarascon. Here I crossed the Rhone by a bridge of boats; I was glad to see this river again, much indeed increased in size since I beheld him issuing out of the lake at Geneva—then of an

exquisite clear blue, now of a dirty sand colour. He was wide and rapid, and hurrying to mingle his waters with those of the Mediterranean, where, from their muddy tint, they may be easily recognized for a very considerable distance at sea. I remained two days at Nîmes, formerly a Roman colony (*Nemausus*) of some importance, for the purpose of examining its antiquities. No place in France possesses such noble remains of ancient architecture. The amphitheatre, composed of the Tuscan and Doric orders, is an astonishing and magnificent edifice. The inhabitants still in some degree keep up the old games, for every Sunday during the summer bull-fights resembling the Spanish are exhibited in it. Its form is like that at Rome, elliptical. Here is also a most beautiful and perfect temple of the Corinthian order, with six columns in each front, and nine on the sides; it is now called *la Maison Carrée*, and is said to have been dedicated to Caius and Lucius, the two grandsons and adopted sons of Augustus; at all events this is certain, that it has been erected in the best period of Roman architecture, for the building is exquisitely proportioned and light. It is at present in good repair, and was some time used as a church, having been re-dedicated to St. Stephen. Amongst other antiquities of considerable note are a temple of Diana, the colossal Tour Magne, or Turris Magna, and, in the vicinity, the famous aqueduct called Pont du Gard. The city itself is large, and the plain in which it stands is fertile, and extends as far as the sea off the mouths of the Rhone.

Again I crossed the river over the very long bridge of the Holy Ghost, (*Saint Esprit*), a remarkable name, methinks, for a bridge! and continued my journey through a country of varied and picturesque scenery through Valence and Vienne. This latter town, the Vienna of former days, still interests the classical antiquary with the remains of a temple, and other Roman edifices. It now occupies the left bank of the Rhone for some distance in length, and is chiefly remarkable for its church. The district around is most pleasing, and produces choice wines, among which is the famed *Côte Rotie*. The first appearance of Lyons I thought very striking, and exhibiting even the importance and air of a capital. It is beautifully placed below hills on the banks of the Rhone and Saone, (the former Arar,) near the confluence of those rivers. The ancient city Lugdunum was built upon a hill, chiefly on that now called Fourvières, as was usually the case, for the sake of safety. Indeed that name is evidently derived from *Lucl* and *Dunum*, (a Celtic word,) meaning the Hill of Lucius. This Lucius was Munatius Plancus, the friend of Horace and Cicero, who planted a colony there, and founded the city, which circumstance is recorded in an inscription on his mausoleum, and is preserved in Gruter's *Corpus Inscriptionum*, p. 439, No. 8. Some remains of Roman buildings are still existing on the hill Fourvières, and likewise the ruins of an aqueduct near the church of St. Irenæus. But by far the most interesting of the antiquities are the celebrated bronze tablets now in the Hôtel de Ville; these were discovered in 1528, and have inscribed upon them the well known oration of the emperor Claudius Cæsar; for a copy of which I will refer you to Gruter's *Corp. Inscript.*, p. 502; and another copy you may see in

vol. ii. pp. 349—351 of Brotier's *Tacitus* (4to. Paris, 1771). This speech of Claudius, himself a native of Lyons, was in favour of the Gauls, who were asserting their right to the civil honours at Rome, and to be admitted into the senate. Tacitus, you will remember, has given his own amended version of the same speech, in chap. xxiv. Annals 11. Lyons is now principally important for its silk manufactures, and it presents all the activity and bustle of a large commercial place; it, however, suffered severely by the blood that was shed, and by the dreadful scenes which took place within it, during the revolution. The quays are fine, and continued in extent; they put me in mind of Paris. The view from the hills above Lyons is truly splendid; the spacious city spreads out immediately below, the courses of the rivers are traced through a most fertile plain, a vast champaign extends for miles to the very foot of the Alps, and the entire chain of those stupendous mountains, with Mont Blanc conspicuously rearing his white and venerable head in the midst of them, terminates the whole. There I last saw Mont Blanc, and there I bade him farewell. From Lyons I returned to Paris, by way of Moulins, Nevers, Montargis, and Fontainebleau, and I will only say the greatest part of that route was through an uninteresting country.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THEY sin who say this glorious earth
Is one wide scene of crime and woe;
This world, which owes to God its birth,
At times is dark—MAN makes it so;
But yet the sunshine on it rests
In happy homes and truthful breasts.

God made the world, but made not sin,
Nor may we ask why sin e'er came
To fill its green retreats with din;—
Enough to know that death and shame
Are with us,—but the world hath yet
Bright jewels in its forehead set!

A blessed thing the golden sun,
That kisseth morning's dews away;—
A blessed thing those dews, that run
O'er leaf and bud, at close of day,
To give them bloom and bid them be
Fair gems in Nature's treasury!

A blessed thing the bird, that basks
In bowers, with songs to heaven that soar ; —
A blessed thing the sea, that asks
And has obedience, mid the roar
Of tempests, from the tideful moon,
Next to the sun, God's brightest boon!

A blessed thing the mountain steep,
Nor less the green wood o'er it spread ;
A blessed thing the river deep,
By fresh mysterious sources fed ;
And blessed things the light, the air,
The life-breath—moving everywhere !

A blessed thing the meanest flower
That sends forth blossoms for the bee ;
And oh ! of all that decks the bower,
The field, the forest, or the lea,
Most lovely in its tender bliss
The Lily of the Valley is !

There—like a virgin, sweet and pure,
And gay, but for her humble pride,
That fain would every charm immure,
Yet cannot all her sweetness hide—
The Lily of the Valley rests
Where wood birds build their mossy nests.

The emerald hath no deeper green
Than glistens on its beauteous leaves ;
No whiter snow is ever seen
Than that which in its blossom weaves
Nor breathe the spicy gums of Ind
A sweeter fragrance on the wind !

I love it well !—I loved it aye,
But now I love it more and more ;
It brings the image of a day
Whose shadow, flitting memory o'er,
Shall in the future smile, till all
Around me seem a festival !

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.¹

CHAPTER V.

A Court Lady.—My Lord Prior departs out of England.

THESE few days seemed as so many years to the damosel of Malthorpe. One might have thought that her wish being thus quickly compassed, and all things in train for the coming of her kinswoman, she had now only to rejoice and divert herself. But so far from this, she had never less will to do either—and in effect, for the first three days, thought less concerning the damosel Bradeston, than the deceit she had practised on her lord to gain her company, and the peril wherein she stood of his discovering the truth; for, despite her small knowledge of the world, May Avis had wit enough to tell her, that a gay court-haunting damosel was little likely to pass, in the eyes of the Lord Gilbert, for a simple convent-bred maiden. Nor did John Ashtoft in anywise amend matters, when, in hope to please her, he would discourse by the hour of the sage, well-ordered maiden that should shortly be with them, and the delight she would have in ranging holt and heath with them at her liberty, doubtless for the first time in her life.

But on the third even the sky grew thick, and the snow began to fall so heavily, that by the next morning, roofs were heaped, and trees bending under the weight. The household at Malthorpe blessed themselves, and avowed to the peacock the weather would hold for a month to come. John Ashtoft had a hard labour to make his way over from the priory, knee deep in snow—meek Gillian prayed that madam might be safe in such perilous weather—and dame Muriel wished privily, in the ear of Gauchet, that “the old she-fox and her taffeta minion might find soft and lasting lodging in some well-filled pit by the road side.” Damosel Avis, on her part, began to doubt if so great a lady as her cousin, might not be over tender to ride in such weather, over thirty miles of rough roads; and her company waxing more precious in her eyes with the fear of losing it, she ceased to grieve for aught else, during ten days that the ways were shut up by the snow, and no tidings were heard of Madam Joyce. Then came a hasty thaw, that made the country as dangerous with the floods; whereupon May Avis fell into utter despair,—would neither work nor play, eat nor sleep—but spent all her time at a high turret window, watching for the drying up of the waters.

At length there was an end to this last evil; and, as oft befalls in the changeful climate of England, there followed on all this bitter cold, a morning of such calm, sunny brightness, that it seemed as if merry May, breaking through the natural course of things, had peeped in with her laughing face to take one short glance at the world before her turn. And truly, sweet May herself wore not a blither mien

¹ Continued from vol. xxxiv. p. 441.

than did the damosel of Malthorpe, in the hope of seeing her new guest before night. If former days had gone slowly with her, this at least was all too short for her work. First, she ran up and down for hours, bidding the household maidens strew, and shake, and sweep, that all about the house might be in exact order. Next, she wearied the cooks with praying them to devise all manner of dainty dishes for supper; whereat the old wife Muriel grew at last so irate, that her fingers had well-nigh found their road to the damosel's ears. And after she had thus ordered both chambers and feast, like a notable housewife, she lastly set about arraying herself likewise for the meeting—no less to do honour to the guest, than to show her that they of the country parts knew also how to bedeck themselves both richly and gaily. So she made Gillian and her bower-maiden apparel her that time in her newest gown, of cherry-coloured taffeta, cut after the fashion of good Queen Philippa's young days, and fastened down the front, as well as the sleeves, by a row of fair silver studs. She had, moreover, a girdle of blue tissue, enwrought with silver thread, with a silken purse, tasselled and perled with silver, hanging thereby; and on the collar of her gown the brooch that John Ashtoft had given her. For head gear—she made her two handmaidens curl and set her hair, until it stood well nigh on end from her head—and in place of a common black fillet, she would have it gathered into a brodered blue and silver ribband. Then she laced on her high shoes of cordewane leather, called for her last new hood of cherry-coloured satin, lined with pale blue, and bordered with marten's skin—and thus adorned, she went down to the hall, and bade them hasten all matters so as to serve supper that moment the voyagers should arrive.

But neither waiting nor watching availed that night. The sun went down—the dainty cheer was spoiled—and when curfew time came, damosel Avis went to her bed supperless and sorrowful, and arose at cockcrow, hungry and ill at ease, though somewhat comforted to see the sun rise as brightly as it had done the yesternorn. So she quickly set to work to prepare her house and board as on the overnight; after which virtuous and notable fashion she had haply gone on until sun-set again—but that, to the great ease of her household, when it wanted yet an hour to dinner, Gauchet, who had been set to look out, hurried in with tidings that a fair company was even then crossing the common, and turning in at the far end of the road that led between two rows of linden trees to the court-gate. And May Avis, throwing on her hood in a trice, hastened to the porch, which fronted the great gate of the courtyard—all her people following in fair array—to welcome the stranger as beseemed the lady of Malthorpe Manor.

Now the first of the whole company that was to be discerned waiting, was old Hodge, the serving man, on his heavy-trotting nag, Scot—both looking sore spent and weary—the man thwacking and shouting, and the beast panting and toiling, as if they were flying for dear life from the face of the pair that followed.

Of these last, the foremost was a young damosel, who was so finely and gaily apparelled,—only that her gear was somewhat faded and mismatched in hue—and switched on her small-sized ambler with so

brave a grace, that May Avis deemed it was her cousin, who, in haste to see her, had outridden her aunt; though much she marvelled who might be the fair young gentle that rode next her, in cap and feather, and array as gay as her own, with purse and dagger at his girdle. And thus deeming, she was stepping forward to bid her welcome, when Gillian pointed to the head of the road, upon which had now turned Madam Joyce, and with her another, who might at once be known for the Lady Eglantine—for truly, if it had been the Duchess of Lancaster herself that was riding toward them, she could hardly have paced forward after a more stately fashion, or borne her with a more royal show of dignity.

The damosel de Bradeston was seated on a tall goodly palfrey, of a dapple gray colour, though little of his shape or skin were to be seen, for the saddle cloth and trappings that were hung on him from head to tail—and rode, not sideways, as did the country dames and damosels, but after a new and more graceful manner, looking to the head of the steed, which Queen Anne, of Bohemia, had taught the ladies of the court. Her* footmantle, large and long, was of fine scarlet cloth, and from her shoulders hung a cloak of violet coloured damascene stuff, lined and laid at the edge with furs. But what chiefly fixed the gaze of the country maiden, was her head attire, which resembled nothing under heaven so much as a huge trumpet of black velvet, more than a yard long, set on with the mouth downward; and from the top on either side, fell a long white silken veil, to keep the sun and wind from her cheeks, that for their freshness and fairness seemed well worthy to be thus heedfully guarded.

In the time that the stranger damosel—with Madam Joyce at her side, and a yeoman of her own, following with a spare horse that bore her mails—came riding up the road, and through the gateway, in no wise hastening her pace at sight of the lady of the house, in waiting for her, May Avis had full leisure to note all these matters; and being somewhat high and hasty of temper, had also well nigh resolved to walk back to the hall, and leave her dainty guest to arrive as it might please her; but ere she could perform this intent, the damosel Bradeston had reached the porch, and without taking heed of any there, prepared to alight after the same stately fashion.

And first, her servingman, ordering him, who was about to help down Madam Pauncefort, to take charge of his beast, and the page to hold his lady's rein, came round to her stirrup, and greeting Gauchet, who had proffered his service, with, "Avoid thee, churl!" lifted her to the ground. Then the page and damosel, taking, the one her riding-rod, the other the train of her footmantle, Madam Eglantine at last turned towards the lady of Malthorpe—and neither heeding her displeased looks, not tarrying her welcoming, she took her by the hand, and lightly touched her cheek with her own, saying some few gracious words of little meaning. Yet was she so fair to look upon, so smiling and amiable of aspect, and her voice so gentle and sweetly attuned withal, that the next instant May Avis had repented of her uncourteous thoughts; and bidding her welcome after her simple kindly manner, would have led her into her best paved

* Footmantle or riding skirt.

parlour, all newly dight in honour of her coming, questioning her of the weather, and ways, and how they had fared in their late travel. But the damosel Bradeston, making as though she heard none of her speeches, desired straightway to go and disencumber herself of her riding gear in her own chamber—whither May Avis led her, praying she would hasten her apparelling in readiness for dinner, to which both herself and Madam Joyce must needs have a keen appetite after their journey.

"Saint Mary to speed!" said damosel Eglantine, laughing, "do you keep King Will's own hours thus, every day in these parts? Truly, Lady Avis, myself and my attire will strive to obey your bidding; but for mine appetite—I pray you hold me excused, if that should prove rebellious, and deny to come two good hours before it's wont."

Now whether the court-lady repented her of her too great condescension in making this promise, or found that she had set over lightly by her own ease therein, was not known—but the dinner waxed cold on the meatboard, and May Avis and her aunt grew weary of tarrying, and the folk in the hall were famishing by the space of two hours or more; until, when high noon was past, in swept Madam Eglantine, all freshly and grandly apparelled—leaning on the shoulder of her page, and her woman behind bearing up her train.

If the hunger of mortals could have been appeased through their eyes, the sight of this fair lady had been indeed a royal banquet to the gazers; for so comely a damosel had never yet been beheld of any there. She was of eighteen years, or thereabout—tall and well-shapen, though it might be somewhat over large, and lusty of her age—wonderfully bright and fresh of complexion, and sweet and gracious of countenance; with fair light coloured eyes, and long amber hair, woven in tresses on either side her face, with network of gold and pearl, and a band of the same round her forehead. Her train was of satin, of a golden hue; and above she wore a surcoat, reaching but a span below her girdle, with wide open sleeves, of tawny-coloured velvet, and bordered all round for winter wear with fur of grey minever.

At the entrance of this beauteous figure, so fair and soft of look and speech, damosel Avis once more forgot her annoyance at her guest's neglect of mealtime in her house, doubting if it was not her own homely breeding that caused her to be tetchy in small matters; and when the court-lady had taken her place at the table on the dais, and her people had set footstool and cushions in order due, she strove with all her might to gladden and divert her; entreating, without ceasing, that she would taste of every dish at the board, and inquiring ever and anon how it fared with her after her long travel. But her labour was all in vain—since there was nothing she could speak of whereunto the other cared to listen; neither seemed Madam Joyce, or the confessor Sir Matthew, to find a whit more favour in the sight of the stranger damosel, who sat sullen and silent until dinner was ended; and when they went forth from the hall after meat, as was the custom of young maidens, she betook herself forthwith to her own chamber, where she prayed to tarry and have her supper served alone—being, she said, wholly spent and cast down with her long journey, and the melancholy aspect of the place.

The damosel Avis, thus left to her own company, began speedily to doubt whether she was like to find the delight or profit she had hoped for in the fellowship of this scornful lady; nor could she forbear complaining of her strange fashions and humours to Madame Joyce, asking her, in some displeasure, what reason had moved the guest to cumber her house, since she so plainly disdained her alliance and company?

Madame Pauncefort being, as I have said, a woman of much discretion, saw no need fully to answer this question of her niece; nor yet to tell her that it was the wilfulness and dainty ways of the newcomer that had alone staid them the overnight, when within but few miles of their journey's end; but rather chose to excuse the damosel Bradeston's behaviour, partly on the score of the toilsome travel, which to one of her tender breeding had been a grievous annoy—partly, in that the customs of the court and the country in no wise resembling each other, it behoved them to pass easily over such slight things. In any case, she besought May Avis with many bonied speeches to take patience for a space, when out of doubt she would find their kinswoman as amiable and pleasant of manner as heart could wish; and with such reasons and arguments she so far appeased the maiden, that she said no more on the matter for that night.

But if the young lady of Malthorpe set herself to bear yet awhile with the fantastic ways of the court guest, it was far otherwise with her household, wherein so sore a commotion was quickly raised by the retinue of the Lady Eglantine, as had not been seen at Malthorpe for generations. For the waiting damosel, with the yeoman and page, following their lady's usage, disdained every person and thing about the house, only in less courtly guise; since where she but left her thoughts to be guessed at by her coy and dainty carriage, these spoke out their minds plainly, and were bold and saucy alike of look and speech. First, they utterly refused to eat of such diet as was set for the folk of their condition, throwing to the dogs the salted provisions and black whitloaf, clamouring for capons and white meats from the table on the dais, and calling, as house and all were their own, for wines of Gascony and Spain to wash them down. Next they found fault with the furnishing, both of their own and their lady's chambers; and Gillian and the serving maidens were kept running to and fro the whole day long, to bring such gear as they pleased to need, they themselves never lifting a finger in aid, but chiding and scoffing the whole time, ever and anon calling for some newfangled thing that had never been heard of in those parts, and then jeering at the country clowns that were as untaught as their oxen. As for their lady, she kept wholly within her bower for the first three days, excusing herself by reason of fatigue and sickness from seeing any but her own people, which truly was no great grief to May Avis, who could have found in her heart now to wish that she had never come near the place, and especially when she thought what would be the lord prior's deem of herself, on beholding, as he must do shortly, what manner of damosel she had depicted to him as a simple cloister maiden. So sorely did this last thought torment her, that on the third morning she resolved within herself to ease her conscience by

discovering the whole truth to John Ashtoft, and praying him to speak for her to their lord without further delay.

But long ere the hour that she looked for his coming, as she sat pondering on all this annoy, she was startled by the sound of horses, and running to the window espied on the road below a half dozen of riders, and in the front of the array the Lord Gilbert's dappled brown courser, arching its neck and pricking its ears to the chiming of its merry bells, as they came riding along beneath the linden shade toward the court gate. Whereupon she hastened down to wait on the good prelate, taking some comfort by the way from the thought that her cousin, being still sick in her chamber, would for this time escape his sight.

In truth a more lasting deliverance than she dreamed of from this danger was now awaiting her, for scarcely had she knelt for his benison than that gracious lord kindly bade her call to mind any boon she desired of him ere he left the Manor Place, it being his intent to set forth the ensuing morning for London in the way to Picardy, where grave and high business compelled him to abide for a space; during which his absence, all affairs pertaining to Malthorpe were committed to the charge of Bernard the reeve, with recourse to the priory bailiff, or Sir Stephen the almoner, in case of need.

"And as touching thine own particular, maiden," he said, "be thou ruled in all things as heretofore, by the good pleasure and counsel of the worthy lady thy kinswoman, whose virtuous guidance, and the gentle company of the young damosel, thy guest, will cause the time to pass with thee, as I trust, both profitably and joyously. Nevertheless, if thou wouldst at any season refer thyself to me thy lord, thou mayest do so by means of thine old friend, the boy John Ashtoft."

In former times May Avis could not have heard of the departure of that noble lord, who had been to her like a father, without heavy heart and watery eye; but now she was forced well nigh to rejoice at it to save discovery of her deceit, for every moment he tarried within those walls seemed to her an hour, in the fear of his making some inquiry touching the damosel Eglantine. Yet no sooner was her terror ended by the sound of his horse's feet galloping away over the heath, than her ingratitude and folly rose up so strongly in her thoughts, that all alone as she stood she could not refrain from covering her face with both hands, and weeping aloud with shame and contrition.

That whole day and the next her remorseful humour continued, to the heart's delight of John Ashtoft, who reaped the fruit thereof in her kinder and gentler carriage toward himself, though he divined not the real cause; but ascribing her change of mood to the sage and winning discourse of the convent damosel, would needs show his thankfulness by talking of little else, as they roamed through the pleasance, seeking early primroses, than the poor young maiden, who he prayed might speedily cure of her ills, and enjoy the pleasant season with them in the woods and fields.

But all too soon came there a change over his lady, and therewith a cloud over his sunshine; for scarcely was he departed that second

afternoon, when the damosel de Bradeston, either perceiving that her absence was unheeded, or becoming weary of her solitude, vouchsafed again to come amongst them, though with somewhat less stately behaviour than before, for May Avis, who endured not patiently to see her house used in the guise of an hostelry by one who disdained her and her courtesies, now grew coy and strange in her turn, leaving the guest for her diversion wholly to her own devices. And thereupon, the latter, finding that her proud and uncivil ways were like to do her no good in that place, took better counsel, and became all at once as free and joyous of behaviour as Madam Joyce had spoken her, talking and laughing, and telling them all manner of merry tales and conceits, with such court news and adventures as she had picked up in her service, all which she recounted after so pleasant a fashion, that May Avis, ill-pleased as she was, could not choose but listen. Then she called for her lute, and having tuned it, began to make melody thereon; and after playing awhile, she cleared her throat and sang to them, "*Si douce est la Marguerite*," and "*J'ai tout perdu mon temps*," with divers other lays and roundels, in a voice so loud and clear that it sounded the whole house over, yet governed so skilfully, and so well attuned to her instrument, that sweeter music could there not be.

Small marvel was it that whilst she thus strove to please and divert them, as if she herself could know no greater delight than in their company, May Avis, a simple girl, unwitting of courts and courtfolk, should be once more deceived by this well-skilled damosel, into recalling her first judgment as hard and hasty. And when the Lady Eglantine crowned her gracious deeds by praying her to sing some of her rustic ditties, commending her voice in return, and counselling her to seek some one who might teach her singing, and the fingering of the guitar or lute to aid; and, lastly, touched her cheek and called her "*bell' Avis*" when they parted at night, she could contain her joy no longer, but embraced and kissed her cousin with so hearty a goodwill that the court lady feigned to cry out for fear.

The morrow wrought no change in the gay humour of the damosel Bradeston, who talked and laughed as amiably as before, playing and singing other and yet merrier songs and virelays. She also inquired of May Avis touching their summer sports and pastimes, and whether they kept hawks and hounds there, or over at Charlewode. Then sent she to her chamber for dice and chequers, and such like gear, of which she had brought store in her mails, and would needs teach *bell' Avis* both check and hazardry; bearing herself so courteously, nay even lovingly, that damosel Avis refused not to tarry within doors to please her, though it was the soft month of February, and the sun and fresh air at every open lattice were wooing them to the garden. But neither sunshine, nor spring weather, nor sweet words, could prevail with the damosel Bradeston to walk abroad, where neither goodly bachelors nor diversions were at hand; all she would vouchsafe on that score being a promise to ride out some day, if they could borrow a cast of hawks for her disport, for which damosel Avis readily undertook, designing, with help of John Ashtoft, to obtain for one morning the company of the lord prior's falconer with his birds.

Thus gaily sped the time until dinner, when presently after came the priory page, as was his wont, to see how it fared with the lady of the house; but no sooner had he cast his eyes toward the place where sat the Lady Eglantine, in her rich array, like any queen, than he stopped short in the doorway, with mouth and eyes so wide open, that May Avis somewhat doubted if they would ever be shut again. Nevertheless, since his wonder was wholly unmixed with fear, he straightway recovered both looks and speech, and the damosel Bradeston, who had at first sight taken him in his homely attire for some knave page of the house, gazed round as much astonished in her turn when she heard him accost the Lady of Malthorpe in so familiar a fashion. But not content to show her amazement after the same manner he had done, by simply staring, she first scanned him from head to foot, then turned her back with an air of high disdain, gathering up her gown hastily as he passed, lest he might touch it; and lastly, bade call her page and maiden, and without a word swam out of the chamber with as proud and stately port, as a swan that had been ruffled by the rising of a water-snake.

The pair she had so scornfully left stood gazing after her, neither adventuring to speak—the youth, whose heart misgave him that there was some false dealing, not daring to ask a question lest he might find the damosel herself to blame, and she, between shame at her own deceit, and vexation at the court lady's disdain, having as little will to break silence, until finding at last that matters but grew worse the longer she held her peace, she hastily inquired if tidings had come yet of their lord since his setting out.

"Of my lord? yea, surely have there, by one of the varlets whom he sent back from the great abbey of Saint Alban, where he lay Monday night, to bid my lord almoner send him in all haste some gear that had been left behind, he purposing but short tarrance in London."

"Ben'cite! cometh my lord thus quickly back again?" asked the damosel, waxing pale at the thought of what might follow thereupon.

"Nay, dear Avis, heaven forbid! since his going shall be so greatly for the weal of the kingdom. In sooth our lord but tarries the coming of some other noble persons to pass on to Dover, and thence over the sea into Picardy, there to confirm, God willing, a lasting peace between the two realms of England and France, both so long tormented by these cruel wars."

"Methinks, Master Ashtoft, such tidings shall be little welcome to the many brave young knights and esquires that now look to advance themselves by gallant deeds, howsoever joyful they may sound in the ear of clerks or monks," answered the damosel. "But leaving now such talk, who hath, at this time, I pray you, the ordering of my lord's falconer and hawks?"

"Peter! who else but my lord Sir Stephen? both these, and also such of my lord's palfreys as he left at home. Why, Avis dear, what would you with any of these?"

"Marry, then, John, just this—the company of good master falconer and his birds for an hour's disport in the fields here the next

fair morning tide; and I do beseech you, of all loves, to obtain this favour on my behalf, for it is soothly the pastime of all others I most desire to enjoy."

Truly, the priory page here looked on the young damosel in little less amazement than he had done erewhile on Madam Eglantine.

"Holy Saint Austin!" he answered at last, "I never so much as dreamed before, Avis dear, that such sport liked you in any wise, and much do I marvel now at your so sudden fantasy. But, well-a-day! you should have made suit to our lord himself for this, ere he went hence; for of a truth my lord Sir Stephen, what with his gout, and his cough o' nights, is grown somewhat tetchy and choleric of mood, and will not bear to be troubled on small matters. I would gladly do aught I may to pleasure you, Avis, but here the essay were wholly bootless, for well I know he should say you nay at the very first word, with a sharp rebuke to myself for the asking."

"Nay, but John, wherefore refer ourselves to Sir Stephen at all? Soothly, master falconer's license shall fully serve my need, and which I doubt not to obtain if you will bid the good yeoman over here, without leave or knowledge of my lord almoner or any other."

"Saint Winifred to speed, damosel! And what, think you, would be my lord prior's deem of our boldness, in thus taking upon ourselves the ordering of his gear? By my life, I would not adventure it for a king's ransom!"

"Pshaw! how is he to hear or know, over seas, aught that befalls here?" said the maiden impatiently. "But I spake not as of ordering. I would but desire of you, master John, to pray the yeoman privately that he bring over his hawks, as of his own pleasure, for a morning's sport in the fields here, where he shall find company and entertainment, with many thanks and fair guerdon for his coming."

"Fie, Avis! Why, this cunning fashion is worse than the other, and should more surely bring down on us both my lord's anger—yea, and on the yeoman also, set case he hearkened to us. And in simple sooth, Avis dear, if I may speak my judgment, this gear befits us not at all, as savouring too much of presumption in those of our degree, to affect such diversions as belong wholly to great lords and ladies."

Think whether the high displeasure of the damosel of Malthorpe Manor followed not quickly on such speech.

"*Eh, ben'cité*, good Master Ashtoft!" she answered, in disdainful fashion, "doubtless you are right welcome to judge as it may please you of your own proper degree; neither will I be the one to gainsay that which you have just spoken thereof. For mine own, I shall pray you to take no thought of it, nor of my affairs in any wise; and for the rest, I give you to know that I have desired this pastime less for myself than to pleasure my kinswoman, the damosel de Bradeston, who is of birth and breeding, in any case, to enjoy such—as indeed she hath done her life long, in the company of the noble persons you have named."

The damosel Avis, in her hasty anger, had wholly forgotten the feigned condition of her kinswoman; nor came it into her mind, until, marvelling somewhat at the continued silence of the youth, she looked up, and perceived on his countenance such grave concern as plainly

told her he was aware of the fraud they had practised. But when, upon their eyes meeting, he suddenly cast his own downward, blushing as if for shame of her deceit, her conscience could bear this silent rebuke no longer, and, hiding her face, she fell into a passion of crying and sobbing, and, without speaking a word, ran out of the chamber.

May Avis hied her forthwith to her own bower, there to weep more at her ease, unseen, as she hoped, of any. But that worthy woman her aunt, who failed not to keep watch over her at all times, had espied her and her grief—though, deeming it wisest to give this last time to vent itself in some measure, she sought not entrance until, her first flood of tears having passed away, the niece was seated beside her lattice, drying her eyes. Yet was she sad and sullen of mood and aspect, and little disposed to answer the questionings and comfortings of Madam Joyce, who could gather no more than that John Ashtoft had rudely denied her request for the hawks. But even this light hint sufficed for that virtuous and prudent woman, who straightway fell with right good-will to her favourite work of disparaging the youth, declaring that truly he merited no other than to be forbidden her presence henceforth, in punishment of his churlishness. And certes, in the judgment of all, his fellowship had done the lady Avis over much harm already, by keeping away those of her own degree—as what lady or noble gentleman would consort in hall or parlour with a menial such as him? Yea, God and our lady wotted how grievous it was to her true friends to see her doomed to the live long rule of an underling, rude and low of bearing as of lineage, only that the monks of Charlewode might enjoy the profits of her heritage, despite the statute that forbids to give lands to the church.

May Avis, who, nothing doubting that some gentle knight or bachelor should come in due season to sue for her grace, had as little thought of wedding John Ashtoft as the Pope himself, guessed not her aunt's meaning, and only looked in her face like one astounded, so that Madam Pauncefort was compelled to tell her plainly the firm belief of all, both at Charlewode and Malthorpe, that my lord prior had long since decreed, for his own private ends, to bestow her and her lands on his page, which marriage was to be concluded out of hand on his return from over seas, to the sorrow of her own kindred, and of none more than of the damosel de Bradeston, who even feared to call her cousin, lest she should thereby own herself of kindred with the wife of a yeoman in time to come.

Whilst the aunt spake thus, the niece sat listening in stillness and silence, though her cheeks waxed redder and redder, as she took in from point to point the meaning of the discourse; but no sooner had Madam Joyce concluded, than the damosel started up in sovereign indignation, vowing to our lady and all saints, as she paced with all her might up and down, that they should not wed her, without her own consent, to the best knight in Christendom, and that, ere she would submit to such tyranny, she would journey alone to London, and there, on her bended knees, beseech King Richard for redress.

"Alas! sweet niece," answered Madam Joyce, "such counsel should little avail, seeing that the complaint of a ward against his

lord shall meet, for example's sake, with little countenance at court. Listen to me, Lady Avis, as, if you will be ruled discreetly, you shall get the better both of my lord of Charlewode and his page, or, by my fay, mother-wit was given to women for nought."

But damosel Avis, who yet felt the shame of her first falsehood, which her aunt had called prudence, and had beside read much in her romances of maidens roaming and running to and fro, to seek aid of some good knight against their oppressors, was in no humour to hearken to her.

"Now, so God save me, aunt," she answered, "as I will rule me after no such manner; for, to my thinking, that which you are wont to call discretion is no better than subtlety; and sorely it repenteth me hourly that I told not the whole truth to my lord touching the lady Eg-lantine—in penance whereof, methinks, I have had so little pleasure in her company; for which cause, I am firmly fixed hereafter to deal in all things plainly and honestly, hap what may."

"Yea, surely, niece, else God forbid!" quoth Madam Pauncefort, in her very sweetest voice. "Nevertheless, the gray head knoweth much that green head dreameth not of, and especially this—that such as would battle against might and sleight, with none but right to aid, shall quickly be overcome. Now, dear niece, this is your own case, in truth. My lord prior hath dealt both masterfully and craftily with you, in so ordering matters that you should at last wed his page, in despair of any other spousal; wherefore, methinks it were but a lawful use of such arms as heaven hath given the weak against the strong, to bear yourself, not falsely, but only warily, in so far as to seem consenting unto his design, until means shall be found—"

"Call you this wariness?" broke in May Avis. "Our lady and holy Saint Anne to speed, as I hold it for utter falsehood! I tell you, aunt, that sooner than dissemble thus for one hour's space, I will address me to John Ashtoft himself, tell him plainly that neither for love nor fear will I ever join hands with him, and pray him to plead with my lord for my pardon, and take freely the half of my lands and goods in amends."

For a moment Madam Joyce sat speechless and aghast at this purpose of her niece, for such plain dealing lay as far beyond her understanding as her practice; but quickly recovering herself, she strove, by every argument and entreaty she could devise, to change her intent—though all for nought; the maiden stubbornly persisting that she would delay to speak her whole mind but until her lord's return, and would so carry herself meanwhile toward the youth, that he should not, in any case, have cause to charge her with false seeming. Whereupon, finding she could obtain no more at this time, Madam Pauncefort returned to the matter of the priory hawks, and by what means they were to be obtained. But here May Avis was never a whit more governable than before, refusing even to hear of bribing or treating privately with the falconer. All that she would consent to was, that Sir Matthew, their confessor, should, at her aunt's request, address himself for them, on her behalf, to Sir Stephen the almoner, as a person of greater credit and dignity, and therefore more likely to prevail with him, than a simple page.

This whole affair was debated and accorded between the aunt and niece without help or hindrance, for that day, either of the priory youth or of the court lady—the first having left the house on a message from the damosel Avis that she was ill at ease, and could see him no more for that time, and the last having taken herself to her chamber, and fallen sick as before, suffering none to enter save her own people and Madam Joyce—a fantasy that no way troubled her cousin, who had little thought or leisure to spare from her own affairs towards the entertainment of her guest.

(To be continued.)

IRISH SONG.

BRYAN AND NOREEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

A MAID of Erin sung her song,
In India's flow'ry land;
Oh! Bryan's ship, it tarries long!
I've trod the golden sand,
To watch his signal flag appear,
Of Erin's lovely green;
O! he's been gone a weary year—
Perhaps forgot Noreen!

The orient maiden wreathes her curls,
With glitt'ring fire-flies* bright,
And clasps her dusky arms with pearls,
To meet her love to-night:
But 'neath the cool Banana's shades,
Where Amadaids play,
I pine for Lota's green-wood glades,
And Bryan far away.

Though roses, bright as Tenglio's bloom,
Around the curtain'd snow,
That draperies my eastern room,
And sweet Cianas blow;
O! give me back those weeping skies,
That nursed my childhood's flowers;
An Irish heart can only prize
Green Erin's cherished bowers.

* "The fire-flies are about the size of a bee, quite harmless, and the light they emit resembles the lustre of the diamond. The young Creole coquettes very frequently insert some of them (confined in pieces of their gauze) amongst their beautiful dark ringlets, and various parts of their dress; and thus simply adorned, look as glittering and gay, as if decked with the most costly jewels."

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR," &c. &c.

TABLEAU III.—THE SPUNGING PHILOSOPHER.*

"And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

THREE months passed rapidly away, distinguished only by the reiterated and most vexatious pecuniary evasions of Doctor Omnium Surface, who now stood forth to the world as the accredited inventor, originator, and promulgator of half a hundred pretty things that had amazed the wonder-seeking part of the public, and had so often enacted his coqueteries to dupe others, that he seemed, in the end, to have become the dupe of his own deceptions, and so actually to have identified himself as the rightful proprietor of all his assumed honours;—like a military colonel of romantic celebrity, who having, during the war, been some time a prisoner in France, on his release—ment assured his friends, that, among other incredible hardships, he had been nine months dieted upon chopped straw and water, and repeated the tale so often, that at last he became a firm, though a solitary believer in its truth.

So was it with our Esculapius, for he seemed to believe himself the architect of his own fortunes—or, if he did not, he had thrown aside all intention of sharing the profits, to which he well knew that no legal claim could be established.

The smoke scheme, that was to have been supported by his spend-thrift friend, had been abandoned, or postponed to a more convenient season, but not until Mr. Courtney had been hocus-pocussed out of a collection of models upon the point in question, which the doctor found greatly to outvalue his own crude sketches. The post which he had so strenuously urged Charles to *accept*, had, after a few weeks' irritating dalliance, been found to be held in the safe keeping of the doctor himself, who entertained not the smallest intention of sacrificing his interest to the claims of friendship.

These unsatisfactory proceedings between the gentlemen produced their corresponding effect upon the intercourse of the ladies, who, being united by no corresponding sympathies, felt that their acquaintance was fast dying a natural death, when a circumstance occurred which at once aroused the Courtneys from their prolonged delusion.

The candles had just been placed on the table, the tea was made, the toast buttered, pussy lay purring on the rug, and Mrs. Courtney, with her baby on her lap, was amusing herself by teaching it to pronounce those first endearing words that sound so sweetly in a parent's ear. Her husband, for whom she waited, had been long poring over an abstruse mathematical problem in the drawing-room, where, with

* Continued from vol. xxxiv. p. 360.

blinds undrawn, and by the light of a single taper, he was now rapidly sketching his solution, when a gentle knock at the hall-door, unheard by him, and scarcely heeded by his wife, was followed by the quick and heavy shuffling of vulgar feet. At almost the same moment, looking frightened and trembling, Kathleen hurriedly entered the parlour.

"O ma'am dear!—ah musha!"

"What's the matter, Kathleen?"

"O then, ma'am dear, isn't there three great fellows, bad manners to 'em, just run up the stairs, widout so much as claning de feet of dem? Sure an' if they didn't bounce by me, so they did, widout so much as saying by yer lave, or wid yer lave."

"Who are they, Kathleen? How strange!"

"Troth, then, they aint a bit strange—they're more freer nor welcome—bad cess to their likes, say I! Sure," and here Katty's voice sank to a mysterious whisper, "they seed the masther from the winder. O bother the blinds, say I, that ud be bethraying the masther that owns 'em!"

"What *can* you mean, Kathleen?" inquired her mistress, growing more astonished every moment.

"O then, ma'am dear, don't be frightened! ah, then, don't now! sure the masther 'll settle it all any how."

"Settle, Kathleen—settle what?"—and then a thought, seething and scorching, darted through her brain, and rising hastily, Mary placed her child in the servant's arms, who, with humble but genuine sympathy, continued to invoke the patience of her mistress. But Mrs. Courtney saw nothing, heard nothing, but the one object, which each second of time was gaining more and more distinctness on her imagination, as, with a step that scarcely touched the stairs, she bounded up them, and desperately flung open the drawing-room door. It required then but a single glance, to be assured of the quality of its occupants, and of the object of their visit, for, though the scene was entirely new to her, Mary saw and comprehended all in an instant.

The real sauciness of office mingling with a demure air of pretended sympathy, the burleying affectation of gentility that but ill glozed the coarseness of the legal hyena, and the unapproachable, unmitigated vulgarity of his jackall, were unmistakeable. The third party was the plaintiff in the case. He was engaged in the act of spreading a paper before Charles, who stood attentively regarding him, his lips tightly compressed, his face livid, but his manner calm even to stillness. The man was endeavouring to excuse himself for appearing there in the character of guide to those minions of the law. He was, it appeared, the holder of the document which constituted Mr. Courtney a debtor, and there was a triumphant twinkle in his sharp black eyes, which not all the deep servility of his demeanour, as he stood peering up into the victim's proud cold face, could entirely conceal. He was one of those noxious reptiles who crawl the earth, harmless to all excepting to those who foster them. He owed Charles manifold favours, and with that mysterious hatred which usurps the place of gratitude in base minds, he enjoyed a gross delight in the opportunity of humbling the "poor gentleman," whose aristocracy of mind had survived the aristocracy of his purse.

"Charles!" exclaimed Mary, advancing quickly towards her husband, "what can these men possibly want here?"

"Go—go, Mary," he answered, and then, seeing she hesitated, in an angry tone—angry to her for the first time—he added, "this is no scene for you—leave the room!"

Mrs. Courtney obeyed; but hardly had she entered the adjoining apartment before she was followed by her husband, the jackall standing carefully on the landing, to guard against a *ruse de guerre*.

"Mary," he said, in a subdued tone, and pressing within his own her cold and trembling hand, "you see how it is—Surface has again played me false!"

"I see, I see. Poor Charles!" sighed Mary. "But they will give you time?"

"Not a moment, Mary. But do not let me see *you* droop. Poor girl! I want your courage now! No tears—in mercy spare me tears. I must not let those men see me unmanned!"

"Tell me what to do," murmured his wife, "and you shall see that I will not fail you."

"Now, nothing; but to-morrow I will write to you."

"Write! You are not going with them?" and she clung wildly to her husband's breast.

"I must, Mary; but, for our infant's sake—for mine—be calm!"

"I am—I am calm—quite calm," whispered Mary, gulping down her choking sobs, and suddenly regaining her self-possession as only a woman can.

"That's my own Mary!" said Charles, pressing a fond kiss upon her lips; then turning to the keeper, he added, "I presume you will not object to my retiring for a few moments to my room;" and he pointed to the dishabille of his loose morning attire.

"O, by no sort of means," responded the follower, "always provided I goes along vid ye, ye see. Ve're always good-natured, ve are! ve knows ven ve catches a gemman; but then, ye see, ve're obligated to keep a sharp look-out, ve are!" and, with a knowing wink, he gave the pass to his charge.

The superior, imperfectly overhearing this colloquy, peeped out, and looked wistfully after them.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mary, haughtily replying to his questioning gesture; "Mr. Courtney has no intention to evade the law's course."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, ma'am," began the prosecutor.

"So am I, to see *you* here, sir," contemptuously interposed the lady.

"You see, ma'am, a hundred pounds is a large sum."

"It shall be *paid*, sir," said Mary, and turned to meet her husband, whose rapid preparations had been already completed.

"Where shall I find you, love?" she inquired.

For answer, the sheriff's officer put a card into her hand—"My house, ma'am, is close by; every thing quite comfortable; the gemman can have the best in the place, if he chooses to *pay* for it."

"Do not come near me, Mary," exclaimed the shuddering husband. "I could not bear to see *you there*."

"Charles," said Mary firmly. "I must—it is indispensable that I converse with you."

At this moment Kathleen came forward, her apron at her eyes, and bringing with well-intentioned but ill-judged kindness, the smiling child "to bid good-bye to papa."

The heart of the fond father quailed at the sight, but gently restraining his wife, who would have spared him the pang by hurrying it away, he hugged the baby to his breast, pressed his wife's hand, and rushed out of the house without venturing a second look at objects so tenderly beloved.

"Don't cry, dear!" said Kathleen, to the frightened child, as the hall door closed. "Oh, wurrah, the darling! Ah! the crathur! sure the throuble comes upon you early, ma cuishla! Ah, then don't cry, misthress! ah, don't you now!" and the tears were coursing fast down her own sunburnt cheeks.

"Cry, Kathleen, no! This is no time for crying. My bonnet and cloak. Quick, girl, quick—and hark! dry your eyes! your master must be absent to-night; but to-morrow he shall return—if—if—but there—there's a good girl,"—and as the maid presented her walking apparel, Mrs. Courtney added, "take care of baby, and as you value my favour, not a word of this business in the neighbourhood."

"Ah! then is it me, ma'am? Ah! then that's the unkindest word you ever said to me!" and then turning to her charge, for her mistress had already left the house, "Oh, sure then, Miss Rosa, dear, it wasn't from your mamma that I thought to hear as much as that same—indeed, and I didn't."

The house to which Mrs. Courtney was directed by the card which she still convulsively grasped, was situated in a bye street but a few minutes' walk from Manchester Square; its aspect exteriorly differed in no respect from those adjoining, except that the windows were strongly barred, and a large brass plate on the door bore the name and occupation of its owner. The sight of this indication recalled to Mary's mind the possibility of her entry to such a dwelling being remarked, and of the injury which her scholastic interests might consequently sustain; she therefore cast a searching glance around, and drew her veil closer over her face before she ventured to knock at the door. When she did so, the noise of falling bars, and of locks thrice turned, chased every thought but one—her husband a debtor and a prisoner.

The sound of a woman's voice singing a fashionable blythe song jarred discordantly upon the highly strung nerves of the wretched visitant. "Can they sing here? Sing and be cheerful here?" she mentally inquired, as passing the porter she followed her conductress up the uncarpeted stairs into a mean closet on the first floor, dignified by the denomination of "the back drawing-room."

"So soon, Mary," said Charles, rising to receive her. His wife looked disconsolately round the wretchedly chill and comfortlessly furnished room, but remembered that she came to cheer, and not to aggravate her husband's despondency; so drawing a chair beside his, she endeavoured to offer all the consolation which she could devise.

"You bid me take courage, Charles, and I will do so," said she, "for it is only by so doing that I can help you out of this place."

"And that," said Charles, "is impossible. Surface is, I suspect,

excepting his salary from — Street Exhibition, as poor as a rat—even supposing that he has the will to take up the responsibility. I certainly have not the means to do it, and I am firmly determined that no friend of mine shall be compromised."

"But," urged Mary, "Doctor Surface is the debtor, and he must pay the debt."

"It is plain that I am considered the most efficient security," said her husband, "and if it prove as I fear, I shall find that let who will be the gainer by the money for which the bill was drawn, I shall have to accomplish its redemption—but listen"—for Mary was about to interrupt him—"I have already made up my mind—if to-morrow passes without our being able to arrange a compromise, I will decidedly remove to prison, for every hour passed in this house will greatly add to expenses, which need not be uselessly incurred."

"You shall sleep at home to-morrow night, Charles," said Mary, energetically. "Poverty we can bear, but not separation! Sleep then, dearest husband, as peacefully as you can to-night, and before I see you to-morrow, Doctor Surface shall learn where his duplicity has placed you; and if he have one particle of justice or gratitude lingering in his composition, he will not require my voice to urge him to a speedy reparation."

Charles tried to look hopeful, but the effort failed, for he knew that his wife's hopes were resting on a sandy foundation, and spite of himself he whispered some of the fears that filled his mind.

"Even so," responded Mary. "There is still a hope left. Farewell till to-morrow,"—and so they parted.

It was not till she laid her head upon her pillow and took her child in her arms, that Mrs. Courtney's pent-up feelings found vent in tears. Then, with no eye upon her but His who seeth in secret, she wept piteously. Ah, how wearily passed that sleepless night! how long delayed the chimes that measured each passing hour! how did the little Rosa's piteous wailing for "papa" penetrate the heart of the suffering mother!

"My child! my child! he hears you not!" she exclaimed; "but he will come soon—soon, dearest! O any thing but this I could bear!" and she buried her face in the child's breast, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking; then flinging aside the curtains, she would gaze out into the darkness, and cry, "This long, long night! will it never pass away? Will it never be daylight?"

But it did pass at last, and before the daily vehicles were in motion Mrs. Courtney was on her way to Kensington.

The poor old granny, as they called her, was washing down the door-steps, when Mary reached her old habitation at Kensington. The doctor's sister, likewise engaged in some household drudgery, were the only persons stirring in the villa, and it was some moments before either could be prevailed upon to disturb the slumbers of the domestic Sardanapalus. Mrs. Courtney's request, however, was too peremptory to be denied, and evidently to the utter discomfiture of family rules, the master of the house was at length summoned. Nor was so unusual and untimely a visitor suffered to remain long unattended. Mrs. Surface hurried out alone to gather intelligence,

quickly followed by her husband, *sans* teeth, *sans agrémens des toilettes*, wrapped in his Turkish roquelaire, and capped *a la Grecque*, looking, although in the middle of life, exceedingly like Lord Ogleby, *au premiere heure du matin*.

"Bless me, my dear madam, what can be amiss to call you from home so early?"

"Every thing is amiss, doctor, Mr. Courtney ——"

"Not ill, I hope? for the camera ——"

"Worse, sir!" said Mary, interrupting his selfish fears. "Arrested—your affair!—your——" and she burst into tears.

"Bless me! bless me! very sharp practice—very indeed—sorry—exceedingly. Upon my veracity an awkward *contretemps*—'tis, upon my soul."

"You probably were prepared with the amount?" said Mary, gathering fresh hope; "if so the matter will be easily settled, and I willingly shall disburse the law expenses to have my husband freed."

"Why—why, dear madam, I can't say—can't exactly venture to pronounce upon that point. These lawyers, you see, ma'am, such harpies!—when a man once gets into their clutches not easy to get out again. Devilish unlucky he didn't get out of the way."

"Out of the way, sir!—for what?—for your debt?—when he never did so for a debt of his own!" said Mary, more indignant than judicious.

"Why, true, ma'am, as you say. I certainly received the money, but as his name is on the bill, I fancy you will find the debt to be his as much as mine; and as he happens to be a householder, which I am not, as a matter of course he was arrested in preference to me."

"Not a housekeeper, sir? Your establishment in May Fair?"

"Why, as to that, the people have removed—the house is now vacant."

"People, sir! were not you the occupant. I thought—I understood—"

"O! ha! yes—I see—it was my *address* certainly—a lady with whom *Mrs. Surface* was acquainted."

"I!—never!—an acquaintance of your own," burst in his wife with uncontrollable bitterness.

The doctor laughed heartlessly. "Ann's old fault, you see, ma'am. But," he more seriously added, as he observed his visitor draw herself proudly up, "the house was never mine, but had you sent there for a reference, you would have received a most satisfactory answer."

"Such answers may be purchased from such persons at a crown a piece!" muttered his wife.

"But at least *here*," said Mary with irrepressible contempt, "you have what the parish officers call a settlement, and you had, I presume, 'a country house?'"

"*Our old house at Pimlico!*" sighed his wife.

"Madam," replied the doctor gravely, "it seems to me that the only requisite point to be adjusted respects my present domicile, and you may remember that Miss Briar is the householder here, and consequently that I am not. We are but her visitors, and as the length of our visit depends mainly on the caprice of two ladies, who,

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The latter favour was cheerfully granted, but to the former the

"For honour, madam, I should have great pleasure—but, really, you see that I can't be of the smallest use in the present stage of the business—not the least. Money I have none—not a stiver; but I dare say you have friends who will arrange it all for you, and when our business is advanced a little further, of course I shall be happy to reimburse, and so forth. But if you were to gibbet me, I could not produce the value of a rush at this moment."

"But your friend Crampton—he is, I believe, rich—could he not assist you?" persisted Mary.

"He!—to tell you the truth he is so deucedly extravagant—such a libertine,—besides I've rather overdrawn *him* lately—and—and in short I've good—excellent reasons for wishing to stand independently with him. However, ma'am," seeing that Mary still looked unconvinced, "if you can contrive any mode of getting your husband out—which I am sure is quite *désirable* on every account—for it's an unlucky time for him to be locked up,—those new optical effects to be tried—the fairy camera just ready—the chemical tests to be proved, and the astronomical lecture written—besides a hundred other minor affairs, in which his assistance is quite indispensable," he continued, unconsciously thinking aloud. "Gad, I shall lose my reputation if he stays there. So ma'am," turning to Mary with more *impressément* than he had previously shewn—"if you can contrive to arrange the thing with these people. I—I—I'll allow him to draw upon me for twenty or thirty pounds, at three months, which will assist you considerably, you know—and I'll engage to find a substantial referee,—nay," growing more liberal as he proceeded, "I'm not sure that I may not be able to get the bill discounted for you. I will if I can—so go tell Courtney,"—seeing that his visitor pondered his last words—"that there is nothing upon earth I would not do to help him out of the scrape—but you see it would not be quite safe for me to call upon him where he is,—because if I get laid by the heels it will knock us both up *in toto*—you understand—and as I don't want those fellows to *know my person*, I think it wise to steer as *clear* of them as I *can*. Don't you agree with my view of the case?"

Mrs. Courtney could not but allow the truth of his reasoning, as far as his own safety was concerned, though she continued sceptical upon the benefit which his freedom would produce to Charles. However, as she feared an exhibition of his positive indifference upon the subject might, during a conference, irritate her husband beyond the considerations of prudence, she was content to forego her solicitations upon that point, and, accompanied by Mrs. Surface, she hastened to retrace her steps.

"I'm sure I pity you deeply," said Mrs. Surface as they turned their faces towards town. "I well know your feelings, for I have experienced them over and over again."

"You, madam! how can that be?" asked Mary with a pre-occupied air.

"Yes, I—many a time I have tramped half London over to raise money to get *my* husband out of prison—and indeed he need not be so shy of visiting a spunging house, for there's scarcely a sheriff's officer in town that does not know his person as well as you do—and his haunts—if they chose to look for him, better than either of us. I wish I had all the guineas I have carried them to look another way if they chanced to meet him—but—that—" with a sigh, "was in better days—we had something to *lose* then."

"You are not speaking of the doctor!—of your husband!!" exclaimed Mary, now effectually roused to attention.

"Of Doctor Surface, my most unworthy husband! Mark me, Mrs. Courtney, for it is time that you know the true character of one who sacrifices friends as remorselessly as other men sacrifice their foes. I could tell you tales of that man which would make your blood run cold."

"It does already, to hear you say so," said the shuddering Mary. "I thought you so fondly attached to him."

"And so I am still. Shame on my woman's heart that neither hatred nor betrayal can estrange. Shame on me for a weak poor creature—I love him still."

"But he is so attentive—so lover like!"

"Before others! yes. See him when we are alone—see him at our wretched home in Pimlico—which he dignifies as our country house. Pah!—my very soul sickens at his deceptions."

"I thought you happy in his love. Whatever—"

"Happy!—I happy!"—convulsively laughed Mrs. Surface. "I am miserable—*most miserable!* And, hark ye," laying her hand impressively on her companion's arm, and looking with intent eyes into her face—"I deserve to be so—for I'll tell you what I am—the contemptible pander to my husband's vices,—yes—start not—the despicable dependant who grovels upon the bounty accorded by shame!—the patient witness of my husband's infidelity. Look at me now—see you no brand upon my brow?—there *should* be one—there *is!*"

"You rave! It is impossible!—Ellen Briar!—your *own* sister!"

"Ellen Briar, but *not* my sister! my *curse*—my *destroyer!*"

"You must, indeed, be under some horrible delusion! Think again! The doctor hinted that you were jealous!"

"I tell you it is *true*," groaned the abused wife. "I have long outlived jealousy—I have outlived every young and doubting feeling

—'tis now with me all black intense reality. I have been sworn to secrecy—for your husband's services were needed to secure the objects of mine—but I cannot endure to witness the ruin which is creating, and of which I feel myself an accomplice. You shall know all—yes *all*—and then you will be truly thankful for the possession of a good husband."

"I am so already," said Mary meekly.

"If you are," and she laid her bony hand on the shuddering Mary, "extricate him, at all hazards, from the trammels of mine—for mark me, blighted hopes, ruined fortunes, and broken hearts, are the boons which he bestows upon his victims. Such has been my fate—such the fate of all who link themselves with him. A curse rests upon him, a deep and awful curse, that blasts all who come within its influence. His own father died of famine in the streets, while his son revelled in luxury and debauchery—and I, poor wretched creature, nearly lost my life on the same night by his cruel violence."

"And you," inquired the shuddering Mary, "how can you countenance, by your presence, such atrocious proceedings?"

"I cannot separate from my child," replied the weeping woman. "I have already lost four infants, victims to hardships too severe for their tender age,—my living boy has shared misery and famine with me, and tried often, how vainly, to soothe me into forgetfulness. I cannot—no, I cannot part from him. I shall not live long; I wish but to linger a little longer, until he shall despise yonder wretched girl as he does me,—and then I shall rest in peace without the fear of consigning my boy to the tyranny of such a step-mother."

This conversation proved decisive: a condemnation so complete, wrung from the lips of a suffering wife, was conclusive. That evening, at a cruel sacrifice of many little elegancies and adornments—the hideous circumstantialities of the law were completed, and Mary enjoyed the heartfelt and proud satisfaction of hailing her husband's restoration to liberty, freed not only from the prison's rules, but also from the far heavier bonds that weigh upon the spirits of the conscious debtor.

"And now," said Mary, after she had recounted to Charles the proceedings of the day, "all that remains is to break at once all intercourse with yonder spunging philosopher: knowing him as we now do, the association would be derogatory alike to principle and honour, and we need the less regret the *eclaircissement*, since past events assure us that, let who will labour, 'tis the doctor who will appropriate the lion's share."

And in this opinion Mr. Courtney so completely concurred, that before he slept, he had written a final letter to his late colleague, by which he placed his claim for restitution entirely at the disposal of his legal adviser.

And thus ended the acquaintance of the Courtneys with the modern governess and her accomplished preceptor. Let it not be thought that the portraits are overdrawn. They are taken from the life, wanting only those minute and multiform touches that life alone can give. Many such ladies answer those very *consistent* and *liberal* advertisements which require all sorts of accomplishments at an annual salary

of twenty guineas—and many such gentlemen are daily to be seen in Regent Street, or its vicinity, lounging in search of a dinner-giver, or may be met at the club-houses of the various societies signified upon the doctor's card; and it is to be feared that very many householders will recognize features in this sketch bearing a faithful resemblance to those which characterize adventurers, who, by the aid of pompous manners and fashionable references, have from time to time gained admittance into their family circle,—while the poor gentleman who unites scientific lore to a confiding and delicate mind, may consider himself highly fortunate—if his experience does not enable him to recall some period of his life, when he has played *brains-carrier* to a Doctor Surface of his own acquaintance, who, perhaps standing on the pinnacle of notoriety and fortune, to which he has been lifted by borrowed wisdom, is little suspected by his admiring worshippers to be in reality nothing more than an expert Fencer and a Spunging Philosopher.

EVEN SONG.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

THOU western wave, before me spread,
That dost thy far expanse unfold
Beneath the hues of sunset, shed
Like a sea of sapphire and of gold!
Whereon the restless beams are dancing,
Like ocean-nymphs in distance glancing:—
And a flickering halo, even as won
From a hero's pile in dying blaze,
Comes flashing from the expiring sun
Fitfully o'er the dark sea-maze,
Like glory's lustre, far and free,
Breaking athwart futurity,
With guiding beams o'er life's dim deep,
For wanderers there that watch and weep.

And throngs, from task and toil unbound,
On verge of that enchanted plain,
Mingle in evening's pastime round;
But I only gaze on its domain
To think how far it doth *us* sever—
To see a parting bourne, which never
I may o'erpass!—and oh! the while
To feel a wider severed fate
Than waves, with all their stormy pile,
Can e'er divide!—But not too late
My fainting heart can hope command,
In thought of that far, meeting land,
Where partings nor estrangements be,
There, where “there shall be no more sea!”

Scotland, February.

SPAGNOLETTA'S DAUGHTER.*

BY NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

RIBERA kept his word. The next time Juan de Armillo visited him, he endeavoured to bring about a conciliation between him and Salvator; but it was not without considerable difficulty that he succeeded in prevailing on the latter to comply with his request; he was too deeply wounded, and even when Juan himself, at the earnest instigation of Signor Ribera, entered into an exculpation of his behaviour, and modestly added that the opinion he had expressed was but the opinion of one individual, and called forth at the express wish of Salvator himself, the latter replied in a harsh tone of voice, "all he had required was a sensible judgment on his painting." That from henceforward there could exist between them no feelings of a friendly nature, will be easily supposed; their behaviour was cold but polite, and to observe this was the object of both. Juan endeavoured to maintain it, because Rosa had entreated him, if possible, to avoid all further altercation with a man whom her father highly esteemed, and looked upon as his guest, Salvator Rosa being, as it were, but a refugee in Naples, not daring to show himself in Rome where his "Fortuna" had raised up against him so many enemies. His undisguised participation in the insurrection of Masaniello was not forgotten in Naples, and, on this account, he had every reason to avoid disputes, which might be attended with serious consequences, and the more so with a civil officer of the Spanish government. When Juan visited Ribera, which was almost every day, he exchanged with Salvator but a few words. Between Juan and Rosa, on the other hand, the connexion became closer with every day. When the young man was occupied in painting—as was the case several times in the week—the maiden sate with her work at the window, and conversed with him, to the great annoyance of Salvator. When Ribera and Salvator left the house to take their accustomed walk along the strand, Rosa was wont to accompany the youth to the garden gate, and there they had a thousand things to communicate, which could not be despatched in a moment, so that Ribera's returning steps often surprised them. The more private interviews were not unfrequently held in an arbour at the side of the pavilion, and particularly at those times, when their conversation in the house would have been interrupted by the presence of Luca Giordano, who often worked till late at night. Under these circumstances it is but natural to suppose that feelings of a still more tender nature than friendship were felt and encouraged by both,—feelings, which the inexperience and romantic disposition of Rosa more readily gave birth to and encouraged, than was the case with the quiet and thoughtful character of the youth. It was not long before a mutual declaration took place,—a moment, which Rosa fondly imagined the happiest of her life.

* Continued from vol. xxxiv. p. 424.

Several weeks passed away in this manner. Whenever Juan approached the garden gate, he was sure to be greeted by the beautiful eyes of his mistress, anxiously directed towards the quarter where he was expected, and her cheeks assumed an additional shade of crimson upon his entrance—assimilating them in hue to the flower whose name she bore. They were, indeed, happy hours which the lovers passed together in the enjoyment of the most delicious feelings that the human breast can ever know.

One evening Juan's unusual absence had caused Rosa visible uneasiness. One quarter of an hour passed after another; Ribera had taken his hat and stick and commenced his usual walk alone, for Salvatore Rosa, to-day more ill-humoured than ever, pretended the necessity of finishing the picture at which he was working. Scarcely had her father left the garden, when Rosa perceived Juan at the gate, and with a hasty step ran down the path on which the youth was wont to approach the house.

"Thou naughty—thou unfeeling man! how long hast thou kept me on the tenter hooks of expectation?" exclaimed she, pressing his hand, and conducting him to the arbour by the side of the pavilion. "How could you stop away so long?"

"I had very nearly not come at all," said Juan, and there was a cloud upon his brow; "and I have come—but to take leave of thee for a few days, dearest Rosa!"

"Santa Madonna!" exclaimed the maiden, alarmed at the words and earnest tones of her betrothed. "What dost thou mean?"

"The prince departs for Terra da Lavoro, and I must accompany him."

"Shall you remain away very long?"

"A week—perhaps a few days longer;—but—when we return, dearest Rosa, I fear I shall see you but very seldom."

"Good heavens!—tell me—why seldom, Juan?" exclaimed the maiden, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I shall have more, much more to do;—I shall scarcely have an hour that I shall be able to call my own; and then, Rosa—dearest Rosa—wilt thou misunderstand me, when I tell thee, it is better that we do not meet so often?"

"Thou dost not love me now!" ejaculated Rosa, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Thou knowest, dearest, I am undeserving of the reproach thou makest;—thou knowest how much, how inexpressibly dear thou art to me!" replied Juan, seizing her hand and pressing it to his heart. "I have maturely reflected on our situation;—I have had a severe struggle with myself;—my feelings, dearest;—I have duly considered everything, and find that thou canst never be my wife!"

"Thou tell'st me no more than what I have long since known," exclaimed Rosa, with energy. "We are poor; thy situation will not permit thee to think of marrying; I know it all;—but why repeat it? why should we desire more than we already have?—more than the world can deprive us of? Do we not love each other? What need we more? Go, Juan," added she with sobs, "go—thou hast deceived me; thou dost not love me!"

"I love thee more than I can tell thee;—more than my own life;—I swear it by all that is holy!—but—thou art right—I have deceived thee."

"See—I knew it! thou lovest another!"

"No, Rosa, I love no other;—thou art mistaken—I love but thee alone! I deceived thee in another respect—and this deception—I have duly considered the matter—must last no longer, dearest Rosa. Listen to me, I have something to disclose to thee;—it is not poverty, it is not the lowness of my station, which threatens to separate us; it is unfortunately the very reverse. Rosa, dearest Rosa, I am of rank—of high rank—am a slave to this rank; but even if I cast it from me—if I would voluntarily resign it—if I were willing—and God knows how willing I am—to give up all for thy possession, I cannot do so; my will is not my own!"

"And is it nothing else?" exclaimed Rosa, and her countenance began to brighten. "Why this would but prevent a union—a marriage,—it cannot prevent us from loving each other! Art thou married?"

"No, that I am not!" replied the youth with a smile.

"Not!—Well then, what is there to oppose our love?"

"Our love? nothing; but everything to oppose our union."

"And didst thou ever hear me allude to anything of the kind?" said Rosa with animation. "Does our love need anything of the kind? Does not thy heart belong to me, mine to thee? Is this not enough to make us happy?"

"Most assuredly," replied Juan. "But should I not be injuring your father—you—my own honour—were I still to keep you in ignorance as to who I really am? Know then, dearest Rosa, the person upon whom you have bestowed your affections, is ——"

"Madonna!" exclaimed the maiden, "didst thou not hear something move? I thought I heard the sound of footsteps."

"You are mistaken, dearest," replied Juan after a pause. "It is the noise on the strand, the sea wind amongst the leaves—nothing more. Look you, dearest Rosa, you yourself shall decide whether I can see you often and under what disguise. In this character it is impossible that I can appear longer. Formerly, during the disturbances, I adopted it, that I might the more easily mix among the people—my servants were acquainted with it;—but now the situation of affairs is changed; my people are surprised to see me go out in this dress,—there are spies at court. I know it; all my motions are observed. As writer to the prince I can no longer appear in thy father's house—and, if I come in my own rank, and with my own name, every confidential, every dear interview between us is at once cut off; thy father cannot retire when I am present,—circumstances and decency would not permit it."

"Well, then, we can see each other in secret—at this hour—in this harbour—in yonder pavilion."

"That is the only alternative," replied the young man; "but still, I shall but very seldom, very seldom, I fear, succeed in freeing myself from my attendants, and we shall, therefore, not be able to meet so frequently as hitherto."

"Come less frequently than now—but come; I could not live if I did not see thee! Every day at this hour you will find the garden gate open; you shall never have to say, I came in vain, unless indeed my father be prevented from taking his usual walk. But tell me, when do you depart?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Thank heaven, there is still one day between this and then! Promise me, Juan, to see me before your departure,—to-morrow at this time."

"It is scarcely possible," added the youth, hesitatingly.

"Possible! not possible! I must see thee! Look you, when you are away, I shall do nothing but think of you,—your image will be constantly before my eyes—and laugh if you will—there is for me something torturing in the thought, that it is not your real figure which I conjure up before the eye of my imagination. Thou must come once more before thy departure; now I know thou art not what thou seemst to be, I must see him, whose image in his absence will occupy my soul."

"Enthusiast!" said Juan, smiling and pressing her hand to his lips, "what difference can the outward appearance, the dress, make upon thee? thou hast not even asked me who I am; thou dost not know my real name as yet."

"I will not know it—at least not until the rank and name of the writer, Juan de Armillo, is banished from my memory. If I learnt thou wert some person of rank in the prince's court, perhaps his very chamberlain—I should torment myself—I should fancy thou wouldst forget me; I should not venture to speak to thee of my affection. But see—the garden gate opens—it is my father."

"Then I will take leave of him, and tell him that I leave Naples for some time," said Juan.

"And to-morrow I shall see thee—at this time?" exclaimed Rosa.

"To-morrow! How could I refuse a wish of thine, which corresponds so exactly with the desires of my heart?"

The lovers embraced, and Juan joined Ribera.

"It is not true;—it is altogether impossible!" exclaimed Ribera to Salvator, on the evening of the ensuing day. "I tell thee, there must be some mistake; you will be heartily laughed at, Salvator, and I shall come in for my share—and deserve it into the bargain."

"That we most certainly shall if you persist in raising your voice in this manner, and Rosa should have perceived, which is not very improbable, that I have followed you here," replied Salvator.

"I tell you my knowledge of the world—"

"Excuse me, Signor Ribera, if I place greater confidence in my own ears than in your knowledge of the world;—I tell you it is true, too true;—I heard it as distinctly as you hear me now;" interrupted Salvator.

"Sangue de Dio! let me speak, man," exclaimed Ribera, "I tell thee, my knowledge of the world I should hope will enable me to distinguish a writer from a courtier—a chamberlain or any other man of trust and importance. By heavens! have I been then so many

years at court myself—have I so long had familiar converse with princes and grandees, and think'st thou I can still so easily be deceived? And then, *Corpo di Baccho!* the old Ribera—his nobility and his good Toledo blade are too well known and respected at the viceroy's court, that the veriest blockhead should presume to play the fool with Maria Rosa, his daughter, behind her father's back!"

"You will not persuade me, signor, that what I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears—"

"I entertain every possible respect for your ears, Signor Salvator,—but, the fact is, the young people have observed you, and considered it a good joke to make a fool of Signor Formica, who is himself such an adept in the noble art. The joke, I am sure, would not have entered into the head of the lad—no, no—Rosa it was who first proposed it,—you may depend upon that; she thought she would revenge herself for your malicious observations, nothing more—and if you wish to be laughed at, why go, creep again behind the arbour, and you will then get it to your heart's content; as for me, I have no particular fancy to be of the party."

"The matter concerns me but little," replied Salvator; "I have done what I considered my duty, and there's an end of it; it's all the same to me whether your daughter's gallant be a writer or a courtier;—and as for you, why you don't believe it;—but say—the embrace at parting—what think you—was that all joke too?"

"Embrace? what? Do you mean a kiss, or something of the kind?"

"One! no, man, but twenty at least!" replied Salvator, with a contemptuous laugh. "It seemed as if they could not have enough. I, for my part, thought they never would have separated."

"Hell and the devil! that's another affair," exclaimed the old man, and the blood mounted to his face. "Listen to me, Signor Salvator, I will accompany you. We take our usual walk—take the key of the house with us, and re-enter the garden by the back gate; if I meet Juan with Rosa, you will have the kindness to tell my daughter to her face what you saw and heard."

"If you wish it, certainly," replied Salvator—"and then—what then?"

"If Rosa deny it, you are a liar! I know my daughter will not deny what is true; if she be obliged to admit it, I shall ask Senior Escribano whether he feels inclined to marry her on the morrow, or taste the point of my sword;—for as regards the courtier, a piece of folly of whose truth you think proper to persuade yourself—why, that's all a farce—all stuff and nonsense; a gentleman of this description I should have found out at the very first sight; besides there is not one at court who is able to hold a brush—not one, amongst the whole lot, who could paint a lettuce head or pumpkin."

"It was the knowledge of this fact which at first checked my suspicion, and had not my own ears most distinctly heard, from his own lips, that he was a man of rank, I should never have dreamt of such a thing. But come, we have no time to lose, the sun is nearly setting, and it was about this time that he promised to be with her."

Saying these words they descended the stairs.

"You are still here?" asked Rosa, in an embarrassed tone. "I thought you had long since been on the strand;—the evening is so very fine." The old man, in reply, said something about a correspondence he had to communicate to Salvator Rosa, of an order he had received from Rome, and left the house accompanied by his guest. They made a pretty considerable detour in order to reach that side of the garden, where the gate was situated. The song of the home-returning fisherman resounded from the strand, but there was still light enough to distinguish the objects around them. The gate was ajar, a circumstance which confirmed their suspicions. They walked lightly up the path which led to the arbour, but found it empty. "They have been playing the fool with you, Signor Salvator," whispered Ribera.

Without answering, Salvator took the old man by his arm, and pointed to the pavilion. It was not long before voices were heard—the voices of Rosa and Juan. Furious with rage, the old Ribera, followed by his companion, hastened up to the door, thrust it open, and entered the room.

"Ha! Diabolo! What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed he, casting his eye upon his daughter, whose head was leant on Juan's shoulder, and whose arm was thrown round his neck. The maiden was startled, and uttered a cry of surprise. The youth arose with the greatest composure. In outward appearance he was no longer the same Juan de Armillo, who had so often visited the painter's house. He wore a black velvet dress, with a mantle of the same material richly embroidered, and trimmed round the collar with silver; a frill of the most costly Brussels lace, and a long rapier with a silver handle; a gold chain ornamented his breast, and on his head was a cap with a pendant red feather. In the first moment, Ribera, from passion, could say no more than the few words he had ejaculated upon entering. Salvator broke out into a contemptuous laugh.

"Now, maestro," said he, "which of us has been made the fool of—you or me—eh?"

"Me! Demonio!—but not with impunity!" replied Ribera, at length finding words.

"Signor," interrupted Juan, composedly, "you have just reason to be angry with me for introducing myself to your acquaintance under an assumed name, as also for my entertaining an affection for your daughter, which, as I assure you on my honour, and shall take a future opportunity of convincing you, is so far alone reprehensible, that it was encouraged and fed in secret; be, however, assured that when we first met I had not assumed the disguise in which you saw me, solely for the purpose of deceiving you, and that your daughter was not at that time the object of my visit—"

"God forbid!" interrupted Salvator, with a loud and contemptuous laugh. "The signor had no other motive—no other object in view, than to perfect himself in the noble art of painting, and to read me a lecture on good taste, with respect to my 'Fortuna'—nothing more!"

"As for you, Signor Salvator, you have nothing to do in this affair;—your observations are as uncalled for as they are impertinent, and I must therefore request you to be silent, and not to meddle in matters which do not in the least affect you," replied the youth with earnestness.

"But me, signor, the matter concerns me!" exclaimed Ribera, violently agitated; "and in the first place allow me to ask you, who are you? and what induced you to cross my threshold, if it were not, behind my back, to steal away the affections of my daughter?"

"I willingly acknowledge your right to ask me these questions," said Juan. "I am sorry to say I am incapacitated from answering the first; with respect to the second be assured, that originally, my intention was simply to give myself up to the pleasures of your art, undisturbed by external affairs."

"There you have it, maestro!" exclaimed Salvator. "The gentleman came on your account—on account of your art!—your daughter had nothing at all to do with it—nothing at all!"

"Signor!" said the youth, with dignity in his look, and addressing the speaker, "I must once more request you to be silent; your part, that of the spy, has been played—you have played it well, and have now no further right to force your observations upon us, and I warn you not to interrupt me further."

"What!" exclaimed Ribera, "to insult you presume to add threats! you have the impudence to order a friend of mine to keep silence in my own house, and perhaps think by a face of boldness to escape the punishment you so richly deserve! I will still show you, signor, that the old Jose Ribera is not to be trifled with—is not to be insulted with impunity. I demand you immediately to disclose your name and station."

"That I cannot do to-day—at least not to you," replied the youth. "Be assured, signor, that I would not conceal my name one moment, did not Rosa's peace of mind and your own render such concealment imperative. I must intreat you—earnestly intreat you not to urge me further."

"Confess, girl!" exclaimed Ribera, turning to his daughter—"who is this man, and what is his name?"

"I do not know!" said Rosa weeping.

"What!" vociferated Ribera, "thou knowest not! Wilt thou brave thy father's anger?"

"Do not grieve your daughter, signor, with words which sound so harshly; she knows not who I am—she does not know my name."

"Well, then," said the father, laying his hand on his sword, "I must use means to force the declaration from you."

"Leave that to me!" exclaimed Salvator Rosa, drawing his sword, and approaching the youth.

"You!" said the youth—"I do not fight with you!—I warn you for the third and last time"—

"Draw," said Salvator, exasperated to the utmost.

"Signor!" said Juan, drawing himself up to his full height, and attentively considering the painter; "you wish to know my name; be it so!" With these words he approached Salvator, and whispered two words in his ear. They were scarcely articulated when the painter let his sword fall upon the floor.

"I command you not to disclose to any living soul what you have here heard and seen," continued the youth in a loud and earnest tone. "If one word escape your lips the dungeons of Fort San Elmo will

be your punishment. And now leave this house immediately, and go on board the brigantine *Salamander*, which puts off this very evening for Civita Vecchia. Previous to sailing you will receive a paper, which will guarantee you from all persecution in Rome, and through which you will obtain the Holy Father's pardon of your past imprudence.'

The tone of voice in which these words were uttered was so decisive, so imperious, that there was no room left to doubt whether or not the speaker possessed the right to make use of them. *Salvator* ventured no reply, but left the pavilion, humbled and confused. *Ribera* himself stood for some moments in perfect astonishment; but he recollected himself, and passion found vent in language.

"Your rank, signor, may possibly entitle you to act thus towards a man whose previous imprudence has exposed him to the displeasure of the state; but I must still be convinced that this right extends to me, whose only imprudence, at least the only one of which you can accuse him, is, that he unsuspectingly opened his house to you, and received you into his family with open arms; and I would fain ask what is to protect you from the vengeance of the deeply-aggrieved father, the Spanish nobleman, whose daughter it was your purpose to have seduced? Under existing circumstances, caballero, and as the only means left me of obtaining satisfaction, I must insist on your appointing the place and hour where we may the more undisturbedly measure swords, and put the strength of our arms to the trial."

"In the name of the blessed Virgin, what is it you propose?" exclaimed *Rosa*, seizing her father's hand. "If there be any one culpable, it is I, and I alone! It was I who encouraged his addresses; I loved him first; he is innocent—fully innocent!"

"He introduced himself into my house in disguise, and with dishonourable intentions;—this demands satisfaction!" exclaimed *Ribera*, wild with passion. "Does it please you, signor, to appoint the rendezvous I spoke of?"

"I cannot lift up my sword against you," replied the youth; "and were I really guilty of the crime you accuse me of, there are considerations which I owe myself—your station—which render such a step impossible! Sennor," continued he, after a short pause, "to-day I cannot inform you of my real name and rank, but you shall soon know both; all that I can disclose to you to-day is little more than I have already said. My purpose in visiting your house was originally no other than the wish to perfect myself in your art. You will perhaps say, I might have attained this end by availing myself of your services in my own house; but certain reasons rendered this impracticable; and then I feared, when you once knew my rank, you would no longer treat me as one of your pupils, which it was my earnest wish to be. I loved your daughter as soon as I became more nearly acquainted with her, but as I could entertain no hopes of a union, I should have concealed, endeavoured to suppress, my feelings, had I not perceived that I was, in return, the object of her affections. Do not condemn too hastily the youthful heart; there are times and seasons when it is incapable of quiet reflection. It was wrong in me to disclose the state of my feelings to your daughter; but I assure you,

on my honour, that I immediately endeavoured to remove the obstacles which threatened to impede the consummation of our wishes. Without making any circumstantial disclosures of these obstacles to your daughter, I have not for one moment concealed them, and within a few days I hope I shall be enabled to speak with more decision upon the matter."

"More decision!" exclaimed Ribera, with exasperation. "Demonio! what do you mean by more decision? Are you the Grand Mogul, that you think it depends upon your decision alone whether you become my son-in-law or not? You think, perhaps, you do Rosa Maria a great honour by taking her to your wife; but let me tell you, good sir, I am a nobleman of Valencia, and the King of Spain himself hath not nobler blood in his veins, though he has more money in his pocket. Hell and the devil! More decision, forsooth! Look you, sennor, if there be any one here who has the right to speak with decision, methinks that person am I. You are a courtier;—be it so—I will not gainsay it—but you must know I don't care a rush about it; it is all the same to me whether you be chamberlain to the prince, or his private secretary; whether you have bought yourself some high-sounding Castilian title, or are in possession of the cap of a grandee; let you be all these together, there is another title to which I know you have as just a claim, and that is—a braggart! Do you understand me? What you have just now thought proper to communicate is nothing but a lie, with which you seek to stop my mouth, as you have done that of honest Salvator Rosa. But you must know, with me you have got another man to deal with. I am not to be fooled! I demand instant satisfaction! The morn is just rising, and we need not go far to find a fitting place."

"I cannot—I will not lift up my sword against you," replied the youth, with the same tone of composure. "I will not lift up sword against the father of Rosa—against the silver-haired old man, the esteemed artist, even if I had no other reasons to prevent me."

"Then you are a coward, sennor!" vociferated Ribera, drawing his sword.

"Father! dearest father! be not too hasty! Thy sword dares not touch him; sooner shall it pierce my own bosom!" exclaimed Rosa, throwing her arms around her father.

"Stand back, thou worthless, thou unnatural girl!" cried Ribera, casting her from him with indignation. "Draw, sennor! draw and defend yourself!"

"I will not lift up my sword against you," replied the young man. "Consider, sennor, added he, in a collected tone—"consider, your sword is still red with the life's blood of your own father-in-law; your own wife sank, brokenhearted, into the grave;—will you force me to imitate your example? Will you dig the grave for your own daughter?"

Ribera's hand fell as if paralysed. He stood for some moments speechless and motionless, and then pointed towards the door.

"Thou wilt soon hear from me, or we meet again," cried Juan, pressed the maiden to his bosom, and hastened out of the pavilion. Rosa burst into tears, and threw herself into the arms of her father.

Some days after the event above described, Ribera and his daughter were alone in the garden pavilion.

"I tell thee, thou silly maiden—what I have already told thee some twenty times—he is a liar, a braggart, thy Juan de Armillo!" exclaimed the old man, with his wonted vehemence. "I have made due inquiries; there is not a single courtier who occupies himself with painting, or who understands anything about it worth speaking of. The fellow, I repeat it, is an adventurer, and his rank and station, of which he boasted, are nothing but fiction—a parcel of empty words—nothing else!"

Rosa shook her head. "An adventurer!" said she. "Look at his open, his honest countenance, his bright, his beaming eye—"

"I have seen gallows-birds enough hung at Valencia with countenances and eyes just as handsome, as honest, and as beaming as his—and yet they were pickpockets, robbers, and murderers. But enough of the present. To-morrow the prince returns," added he, after a short pause, "and the steps which I purpose taking will effectually open all our eyes. The people speak so much of the intelligence, the love of justice of the young gentleman;—we shall see whether he prove himself so towards me. I shall endeavour to procure an audience, and shall make his highness acquainted with the gross injustice which has been done me, shall prove Zampieri's accusation to be groundless, and that I have been most causelessly banished from court; at the same time, be assured, Rosa, I shall not omit to make mention of this Juan de Armillo."

"And to gain what end, father?" Suppose Juan be—what is altogether impossible—what you term him, an adventurer, do you suppose the prince will assist you in discovering who and where he is? Would you accuse a man of whose very name you are ignorant?"

"I shall complain of the injustice which has been done me by the viceroy; that I have been insulted, and that, *on that very account*, every contemptible fellow makes no scruple to add his insult to that which a court has heaped upon me. I do not expect that the prince will be able to discover who my gentleman is, but I shall be able to do it—of that I give you my most solemn assurance; and when I have succeeded, I fancy the prince cannot hesitate to award him a month's quarters or so in the Fort San Elmo, or in one of the Presidias at Ceuta or Melilla;—an adventurer, who had the impudence to pass himself off as being one of his suite. Methinks *this* he cannot refuse, were it but to punish him for the insult done to himself."

"Believe me, dearest father, should Juan ever have the misfortune to suffer the imprisonment you allude to, it will never be from any deceit he has practised upon others. Do you think, were he an adventurer, would his words have had such an instantaneous effect upon Signor Salvator Rosa?"

"Why, that's nothing but some well-concerted plan—a cunningly-devised scheme, which has succeeded better than he had any reason to expect. Salvator knew that he was not included in the amnesty, he was afraid of being betrayed, and thus suffered himself to be bamboozled. But be this as it may, the prince shall hear of it. He shall be told how I have been treated—I, whose reputation as an artist is

not confined to Naples alone—I, Jose Ribera, called ‘el Espagnol’—who am still a match for many of my more favoured contemporaries, and, above all, who can produce what the dastardly Zampieri and the little Dominichino, about whom such a fuss is made, never have and never will! Yes, girl, I tell thee he shall hear of it; and, what is more, he shall hear of it from thy own lips!”

“From me, father?”

“Yes, from thee. Has not thy honour been tarnished? Has he not spoken to thee of marriage? Canst thou deny it? Have I not myself heard him speak about it? Ribera's daughter must be addressed in such language by him alone who is able to fulfil what he promises. To make such an offer dependent upon his own option to retreat when he pleases, is an insult which can be redeemed by the sword or the verdict of the law alone. Thou wilt therefore accompany me, and make thy complaint in person.”

“What! *I complain* of Juan? Never! never!” exclaimed Rosa.

“Then I will do it in thy name, and thou shalt confirm the grounds of my complaint. Juan de Armillo, or whatever may be the adventurer's name, has filled thy head with love and a promise of marriage—has held the latter out to thee as a bait to betray, to deceive thee;—this, I say, demands satisfaction; if I cannot procure it with my sword, I will seek it from the law!”

Ribera's strain of recrimination was suddenly cut short by the entrance of a servant, who came to inform him that a gentleman of rank, to judge from the St. Jago cross which adorned his breast, who refused to give his name, and who said he was a Spanish painter, was desirous of an interview with Signor Ribera.

“Conduct him hither,” said Ribera, after a moment's consideration. “Demonio!” added he, when the servant had left the room, “is it now-a-days the fashion for vagabondizing daubers of all grades to roam about the country with crosses and chains dangling to their breasts, that they may with greater facility impose upon honest and unsuspecting people? Some such marquis or prince in disguise this fellow will most likely turn out—perhaps the Emperor of Samarcand or Monomolapa himself! It's enough to drive one beyond all patience!”

Ribera had scarcely vented his ill-humour upon strolling painters in general, and upon the one whose acquaintance he was now, *volens volens*, to make in particular, when the door opened, and a tall and handsome man, whose strongly-marked features bespoke his country, and in whose eye and whole appearance nobility of soul was expressed, entered the room.

“Am I in the presence of the celebrated Ribera, called Spagnoletto?” asked the stranger, with a courteous but dignified obeisance to father and daughter.

“Celebrated? Um! It is an epithet of a very ambiguous meaning,” replied Ribera, whose ill-humour was not to be appeased on so short a notice, and with so doubtful a compliment. “There are many who look upon themselves as entitled to this epithet, whose very existence is unknown to all beyond their relatives and nearest friends. Celebrity, now-a-days, is looked for and sought after in the

outward man ;—the party-coloured vest more frequently confers the title than the intrinsic merit. As for Ribera, the man whose name you mentioned, he is nothing but a plain old man, and, besides this," added he, with a contemptuous sneer, "at present in disgrace at the viceregal court. Fools, it is true, have nicknamed me Spagnoletto; my real name is Jose Ribera el Espagnol;—and now let me ask the object which procured me the honour of this visit?"

The stranger seemed somewhat surprised at this extraordinary reception, but he immediately collected himself, and replied, with a benevolent smile, "The object of my visit was no other than to introduce myself to your acquaintance as a brother of your noble art; but the severity of your tone induces me to apprehend that you will scarcely receive me as such;—permit me, then, to term myself but a lover—a passionate admirer of your art.—"

"A lover of art!" interrupted Ribera. "Do you know that the acknowledged members of this class exceed in numbers the very devils in hell? We meet them in every shape and form!"

"You asked me my station and name," replied the stranger, after a pause. "My name is Silon, and I am major-domus to the King of Spain."

Ribera cast a suspicious look at the speaker; but his dignified manner and quiet deportment soon undeceived him; he felt that he had said too much.

"I look upon it as no little honour, signor, said he, bowing, "that you have sought me out in my disgrace, and must apologize for any inconsiderate expression which has escaped me. You should have announced yourself as a painter and—"

"Whether there be about me more of the major-domus or the painter, you yourself, Don Jose, shall eventually decide," interrupted the stranger, smiling. "I have given orders for some sketches and designs to be sent after me, which I shall take the liberty of showing you. But allow me, in the mean time, to look at these pictures with which your room is adorned, all of which, I see, are by you or your scholars."

The stranger examined the pictures with the eye of a connoisseur, and his observations were so judicious, frequently so complimentary to the talents of Ribera, that the good-humour of the painter increased rapidly. Although he praised the paintings of Ribera the most, and devoted to these the greatest attention, he still bestowed a most careful examination upon the productions of Luca Giordano, and then, addressing Ribera, said,

"Sennor, this youth is a perfect master of the noble art he professes; you must indeed be happy in having such a pupil. I know but one of the young painters at present living who can equal him—in one particular he perhaps excels him;—it is a young Sevillean called Murillo. He is not so adept in imitating the style of the most opposite painters as is your Luca, but he can do what no one can imitate. He himself paints in three different styles; he excels in the low, the comic scenes, as well as in the highly poetical. When he represents a harlequin or a beggar, he adopts a style which I term the cold; when he paints the holy transports of

the saints, he avails him of a style I call the warm ; in Annunciations and Ascensions his style is something quite different—it is almost impossible to express it with words."

"Why, according to your account, your Murillo must be a perfect conjuror," said Ribera, in a tone which was indicative of incredulity on his part. "But tell me, sennor, who is the maestro who has brought this genius to such a state of perfection?"

"The maestro? Why, as regards that matter, his merits are not so very great," said the stranger, smiling. "Posterity will forget his name in that of the pupil. This maestro am I."

"You!" exclaimed Ribera, taken by surprise. "Did you not say you were major-domus to the king?"

"I said nothing but the truth," replied the former. "Is there any thing particularly strange in the union of art and rank?"

"Yes, sennor, in my opinion very strange; and, generally speaking, the merits of the man who unites both in his own person are of no very extraordinary nature."

"Why, I don't know but that you may be right in many cases," replied the stranger. "But," added he, looking out of the window, "yonder comes the friend I expected; I will show you a few paintings, and, amongst others, three of Murillo's; you will then be able to judge yourself."

The door opened, and a man with an unusually large portfolio under his arm entered the room. His curly hair and thick lips, to say nothing of the more than ordinary swarthiness of his complexion, bespoke him a mulatto.

"Your honour, I trust, will excuse my coming so late," said he, addressing the stranger; "but the fact is, I could not for some time find out the house of Sennor Ribera."

"Another painter!" said the stranger, pointing to the new comer. "You shall learn his name when you have seen some of his productions. It seems one must act with some degree of prudential caution with you Neapolitan painters—excuse me for calling you so; you seem to have adopted the symbolium of St. Thomas—*first see, and then believe!*"

The portfolio was now opened. The stranger took out three pictures; one represented a fruit-woman, counting the profits of her marketings; the second a beautiful group of children, Jesus and Johannes embracing; the third, St. Bernhard appearing to Jesus.

"Look you," said the stranger, "in these three pictures of Murillo you see examples of the three styles I spoke of."

No sooner had Ribera cast his eye upon the paintings, than he broke out into an expression of surprise.

"Your Murillo is a very devil of a painter!" exclaimed he. "Just look at the old woman there, how she lets the copper ochavas slip through her bony fingers; she has just found a customer for her last orange, and her throat seems quite dry and parched from her repeated cry of '*Narangas!*'—at least, to look at her open mouth, you would immediately draw this conclusion; and here—Rosa, look here, girl!—can one possibly conceive two more beautiful, more lovely children than these? What mildness in the face of the infant Saviour! What

a beautiful idea his holding the shell filled with water to the lips of his little friend! Superb! most beautiful! But as to 'Bernhard,' sennor—why, that excels them both—that's what I call painting! Do but look at the child;—that's not *playing*—that's *thinking*! What sublimity in the attitude! what nobility in the features! and then in the eye—this proud, this penetrating look—is expressed that which I term the *grand thought*!"

"You are right," replied the stranger. "I have no doubt but that Murillo, in course of time, will be accounted one of the greatest masters of his art."

"But now let us see something of your own," exclaimed Ribera, with enthusiasm; "I am curious to see something of the master who has instructed such a scholar."

"Allow me, beforehand, to show you a production of my friend," said the stranger, pointing to the mulatto.

"My gracious master!" said the latter, pressing up to the speaker, and offering to kiss his hand.

"Pshaw! Juan, pshaw!" said he, withdrawing his hand. "Have I not repeatedly told thee that art acknowledges no other distinctions in rank than those which she herself prescribes? Look you, sennor," added he, taking out a picture from the portfolio, "Here is the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, a production to which my friend, who once had the misfortune to be a slave, owes his liberty. Is it not well executed? and more particularly, when you consider that he was his own master; he did not consult me till long after this was finished."

"Beautiful! very beautiful!" said Ribera, looking at the picture with the eye of a true connoisseur. "The colouring and design are very good; the devotion in the features of the devotee masterly expressed; a little more sublimity in the features of the Virgin herself would, methinks, be an improvement; but, for all that, it is masterly executed."

The dark eyes of the mulatto, in which the most lively expression of joy was visible, were fixed upon Ribera during these words.

"As you are resolved on seeing something of my own composition," said the stranger, after some time, taking two paintings from the portfolio, "I will comply with your request, although I can show you, I am sorry to say, but a few inconsiderable sketches of larger paintings. You won't find any great worth in them, but still, I am desirous to hear your opinion on the grouping, which I must say, without any affectation, does not please me. This," added he, unfolding a picture, "is the representation of the Surrender of Breda—what my friends have called '*El Cuadro de las lanzas*.' The subject, you see, is very simple. The commander of the Netherlands is on the point of giving up the keys of the fortification to General Spinola. To the left are the Netherlands, to the right the Spaniards; I must say, the grouping does not altogether satisfy me."

"Not satisfy you, man!" exclaimed Ribera. "Why, what, in the devil's name, does satisfy you then? You a major-domus? Nay, nay; don't think to impose upon me. When courtiers begin to paint in this manner, why we may burn our brushes, that's all—it's all up with our profession! What boldness! How came you to hit upon

the idea of separating the two armies by an empty space alone?—a long line of light and air, and nothing more! The idea is new—do you know that? Another would have puzzled his brain to no purpose about it, but you—and you a major-domus, forsooth! Rosa, do but look, girl;—look at the Netherlanders, the broad-faced fellows, with their light-coloured hair; and on the other side our yellow-faced, grave-looking Spaniards. What nature! what truth! And there the hero Spinola;—he has just dismounted from his horse to receive the conquered enemy—he is complimenting them on their noble defence. Nobility, benevolence, grace—all, all masterly, most masterly expressed! Go to, sennor major-domus—you want to make a fool of me—you are an artist—a thorough artist, and that I will maintain!”

“I will not dispute the point with you,” said the stranger, smiling. “But look you—here is another of a different character—a small copy of a large work, which I must request you to accept from me as a keepsake. You see, I had the order to paint the Infanta Margarethe—I proposed to represent the whole scene of the ceremony. Look you, it took place in one of the galleries of the palace. There I am, you see, with my pallet in my hand, standing before my easel, the Infanta opposite to me, whom the two dwarfs, Nicolas Perlusano and Maria Barbola, are endeavouring to amuse by playing with a large dog. The two figures which you see in the glass indicate that the king with his royal consort are present at the sitting.”

“Signor!” exclaimed Ribera, in perfect ecstasy; “this picture you intend for me? Do you know the worth of the treasure you give away? You call it but the copy of a larger picture; but if I might be allowed to choose between the two, I fancy I should fix upon the copy. How splendidly, how correctly the whole is executed! The objects, the figures, the very atmosphere which surrounds them, have life—and then the light, the proportion! it is scarcely credible that *one* hand alone can have produced the whole.”

“True,” said the painter, “you are right; two artists worked at the larger picture.”

“Did I not say so?” exclaimed Ribera; “I was sure it must be so!”

“But what the one did was very little,” replied the other. “When the picture was finished, I asked his majesty whether he thought there was anything wanting; upon which he took the brush from my hands, and painted on the breast of the figure which represented me the cross of St. Jago.”

“You are Velasquez!” vociferated Ribera, and no longer able to suppress his joy, threw himself into his arms. “Ah, pardon me! pardon me!” exclaimed he; “I am very importunate—very bold—but, I am also a painter!” and with these words the old man’s eyes filled with tears.”

“Italy, Spain—nay, the whole of Europe will bear testimony to this truth,” said Velasquez, returning the embrace; “but there is another here to whom you must hold out the hand of friendship—he is deserving of it—it is my friend, Juan Pareja, an artist of no inconsiderable merit.”

“Willingly—from the bottom of my soul!” exclaimed Ribera,

shaking the mulatto's hand. "You have wound a wreath of laurels round the hands which once wore chains! But tell me, noble Velasquez, why did you not at once say who you were? What was your object in wishing to pass yourself off for a major-domus? You must know I have a pique against all courtiers, and as ——"

"I have told you no more than what is literally true; I am his majesty's major-domus," interrupted Velasquez. "The nobility of my birth entitles me to fill the office, to which his majesty was graciously pleased to appoint me. You must know I am now here at the express order of the king; but as the prince does not return till to-morrow, I availed myself of the few leisure hours this opportunity afforded me in procuring myself the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"You are sent to the prince?" asked Ribera, and a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "You most likely know his more immediate attendants; have you ever heard of a rascally adventurer, who has given me cause for vexation, more than I can tell you, and whom, as yet, I have not been able to find out—a certain Juan de Armillo?"

"To be sure I do," rejoined Velasquez with a smile, and casting his eye, as if by chance, upon Rosa, whose cheek was diffused with blushes. "To be sure I know him, he is a pupil of mine, but no adventurer, as you call him."

"Do you hear, father?" exclaimed the maiden; "he is no adventurer! Did I not tell thee I was sure he was no adventurer?"

"It may be," answered Ribera; "but the other part of his tale is still false, and I doubt not I shall be able to prove it."

"Have you any complaint to urge against him?" asked Velasquez.

"Complaint!—that I have, and one of no light a nature; he has completely turned my poor girl's head, prated to her about marriage, and the like, passed himself off upon me as a painter, and as soon as I get to know him better, and discover his baseness, he makes off, like the cat from the hen-roost. Morte de Dio! but he does not know the old Ribera. I will be revenged upon him yet, and that before he thinks of it. But that's a concern of my own, and I will not trouble you with it. There's one request still, Velasquez, I should wish to make you, if you would not take it amiss."

"And what is it? speak openly—if I can serve you, be assured I shall be most happy."

"Why, I scarcely venture, but yet, it must be. You are a man of celebrity, and a man of rank and influence into the bargain; you know the prince—could you not procure me an audience?—me and my daughter?"

"An audience for me? Good heavens! father, what is it you purpose?" exclaimed the maiden.

"Thou shalt bring forward thy complaint against Juan de Armillo, for the insult he has put upon thee. Thy maiden honour has been violated by the proposal which he now tacitly denies having made, and my honour is also wounded, and I shall humbly urge his highness to give orders that the fellow meets me, man to man, as is right and fitting. Besides, I have another reason for desiring to have an audience of the prince; I have been slandered and unjustly banished from court, and am naturally desirous to justify myself. Zampieri,

who has the heart of an arrant coward, stigmatizes me as the promoter of the insult which the young painters did him, and the vice-king believes him. But it is a cursed lie—I am innocent—although I do not, and never have concealed my dislike of the little Domenichino. I shall tell this to the prince, and maintain the truth of my assertion on the honour of a Spanish hidalgo! I fancy he will do me justice.”

“That he most certainly will—most assuredly I” observed Velasquez, visibly affected at Ribera’s disclosure.

“And may I then hope that you will procure me an audience?” asked Ribera.

“You may—to morrow—as soon as ever the prince arrives; but with *one* condition,” replied Velasquez.

“Yes, yes—I know what you mean—you take me for a hot-headed old fellow, and you think I might perhaps be induced to violate the respect —”

“By no means, my worthy friend; the condition to which I allude is of an entirely different nature, somewhat strange, you will say.”

“Well, what is it then?”

“That you permit me to have five minutes’ private conference with your daughter, and question neither she nor me as to the nature of our discourse. I hope you have so much confidence in me as—nay, you may remain in the apartment, if you please.”

“Dio! What do you take me for, sennor?” exclaimed Ribera. But,” added he, shaking his head, “after all, it is a most singular condition.”

“That it is a useful one, rest perfectly assured,” replied Velasquez; “useful both to you and your daughter.”

“Well, then, speak with her as long as it pleases you,” rejoined Ribera; “and let us, sennor Juan Pareja, take a turn meanwhile in my atelier; I will show you a picture at which Luca Giordano is now working.”

“Sennora,” said Velasquez, in a gentle and encouraging tone, when the two had left the apartment; “be not angry with me, gentle maiden, if I touch upon a chord which vibrates through your inmost heart. I do it for your advantage—for your eventual happiness. I shall put some questions to you, which I must entreat you to answer as truly and as unreservedly as were they put to you in the confessional. But that you may not think it extraordinary and impertinent that I, the stranger, consider myself entitled to put these questions, I must previously inform you that I am acting in the name of our mutual sovereign.”

“In the name of the Holy Virgin!” exclaimed the maiden terrified, “what does this imply? what have I done?”

“Nothing wrong—of that I am convinced beforehand. Dismiss your apprehensions,” added he, leading her to a chair. “The first question I have to put, sennora, is this: do you know the real name and rank of the youth you call Juan de Armillo?”

“I know him only under this name; he said he was a writer in the service of the prince. It was but the day before he left me that he

undeceived me on this point, but without making any further disclosure than that he was a man of rank."

"Did he promise to marry you?" asked Velasquez, in an earnest tone.

"Never!" replied Rosa with emphasis. "Never! It is true, when my father discovered how matters stood between us, he said something which might bear some such interpretation; but he never said anything of the kind to me alone."

"Sennora!" said Velasquez, looking earnestly at the maiden, "Juan de Armillo can *never* marry you. Insurmountable obstacles make such a union impossible. Did you ever picture to yourself the possibility of becoming his betrothed—his wife?"

"Never, never!" exclaimed Rosa. "There was a voice within me, which kept continually whispering that such could never be the case—that *so happy* I should never be."

"This voice has spoken but too truly," said Velasquez. "Juan can never be thine. You must resolve on never seeing him again—it is the wish of our sovereign."

"What!" exclaimed Rosa, in great anxiety, "does the king know?"

"He knows all, lovely maiden, and was displeased that matters had gone so far. The king, who does not know you—your virtues—your moral worth, thought you some artful girl, who had availed yourself of your powers of fascination to entrap the young man into a union beneath his rank. Without the intervention of a third person—I need not mention his name—the result might have been unpleasant—serious to both you and your father."

"I an artful girl! I entrap Juan into a union beneath his rank!" exclaimed Rosa, wringing her hands in an agony of grief. "Yes, sennor," added she, after some pause, "my father was right, but—my maiden honour has been wounded, and this injury must, and shall, even at the price of my life, be redressed. That which I yesterday looked upon as impossible—that, which at any other time would have driven me almost to distraction—that I will do, *voluntarily* do, tomorrow. I will never see Juan again!" She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands. Velasquez was deeply affected.

"You are one of those noble souls who think first of honour, and then of happiness. I expected no less from you, from the first moment I saw you. As I now find you what I then thought you were, and as Juan described you, I am sure I may venture—nay, for the young man's peace of mind I *must* venture, to request you, to urge you, to do that which only those like you could do. You must see Juan once more; he must hear from your own lips that you resign him."

"O God!" ejaculated Rosa; "no, that is too much—I cannot—I cannot!"

"It must be so, noble maiden—it must be so!" said Velasquez, compassionately. "I cannot take this bitter cup from you. I must entreat you to swallow its contents, and voluntarily. I could whisper two words into your ear, and you would immediately submit to the necessity, which you will but too soon perceive; but I will not—I will

rather dispel any doubt which another might entertain of the purity of your soul, and procure for you the best indemnification I can for the loss you must sustain—if indeed indemnification can be made when all is lost—and therefore it is I only say: what I urge is for your welfare—for Juan's welfare. Will you grant me my request?"

"For Juan's welfare!" exclaimed Rosa, brightening up, though her tears bedewed her cheeks. "Well, then, be it so! I will see him once more, and resign him."

"May God strengthen you in this resolve, sennora! To induce you to this step was the object of my journey from Madrid to Naples. I undertook the painful task, because it would otherwise have been entrusted to another person who would have been less tender in its performance, and who would have increased by unkindness the sorrow which even I cannot spare you. To-morrow at this hour you will be able to judge whether or not I have spoken and acted with truth and sincerity. To make you as happy as you deserve, and as I most willingly would, lies, alas! not in my power." Saying these words he pressed the hand of the maiden to his lips, and both left the pavilion.

Towards the evening of the following day Velasquez, Ribera, and Maria Rosa, proceeded towards the royal palace of Naples. The countenance of the maiden was pale, and her eye dejected. The soldiers on duty before the gates paid them every possible respect; their leader wore the St. Jago cross, and this was the safest passport. After passing through several corridors and halls, they at last entered a saloon, in which, beside the officers on duty, several courtiers were assembled. One of them, with the Calatrava cross suspended from his breast, hastened up to Velasquez.

"His highness is expecting you," said he, taking and pressing his hand with the sincerity of a friend, at the same time casting a look of curiosity at Rosa.

"Is he composed?" asked Velasquez in an under tone.

"He is, and bears his fate with resignation," replied the other.

"Have the goodness to inform him that I am here."

After a few minutes he returned, and pointed to an open door. They passed through two splendidly decorated apartments, and entered the third. It was a noble room, and the rays of the setting sun fell through the red silk curtains, and shed a magic light upon the pictures, with which the walls were profusely hung.

"His royal highness," said Velasquez to Ribera, motioning towards a window in the recess of which was standing a young man, dressed in black, who, upon the sound of voices, suddenly turned round and advanced towards them.

"Your royal highness will pardon my boldness," commenced Ribera, with a reverential obeisance, "in appearing before you to complain —"

An exclamation of surprise and terror from Rosa interrupted the speaker, and caused him to raise his eyes from the floor.

"What! Juan de Armillo!" faltered he, aghast.

"And Juan of Austria are one and the same person!" interrupted the youth in a melancholy tone of voice. "Yes, good maestro, you have just reason to complain of me; but Velasquez will bear me witness that I intended, honourably intended, to make good my error."

"That I will—that I must," rejoined Valesquez. "And though I was the bearer of sad, the saddest tidings, I am still enabled, when I return to Madrid, to maintain, in the presence of our sovereign, that Rosa Ribera is one of the noblest, the purest of maidens, and that your highness could love but one like her, to the extent you have loved. My friend," added he, turning to Ribera, "now learn the true state of affairs—true, upon the honour of a Spanish nobleman. As soon as his royal highness was convinced that his affection was reciprocated, he addressed himself to his father, and requested his consent to his union. The king considered the request as proceeding from a momentary ebullition of passion, youthful precipitancy, and refused his consent without entering further into the reasons which influenced him; but upon a repetition of the request on the part of his highness, his majesty was induced to believe that the whole plan was a design laid by you and your daughter, for the purpose of gaining over his son into your hands, and under this impression the order for your arrest was made out. Fortunately his majesty was pleased to speak with me upon the subject; I threw myself at his feet, and endeavoured to appease his anger. I told him that the prince, whose character I had deeply studied, and whose disposition I well knew, would, I felt convinced, bestow his affections upon no unworthy object, and did not rise till his majesty empowered me to set out for Naples, and examine into the truth of the matter. Willingly, as I would have contributed all in my power to induce the king to have consented to a union of his son with Rosa, I saw the impossibility of such a step, inasmuch as the prince's hand had already been disposed of. All I could effect was, in case I could, upon my return, assure him, on my word of honour, that Rosa, without knowing the rank of the prince, had loved him, and that she voluntarily, uninfluenced by any dread of the consequences, without compulsion, and solely from a desire of promoting his welfare, would consent to resign him, that his majesty would immediately confer upon her a testimony of his royal favour and protection. As regards yourself, Don Jose Ribera, I am happy to be able to inform you, that his majesty, well knowing and appreciating your merits as an artist, has appointed you his royal court painter and custodian of the picture galleries in the palaces of the Neapolitan empire, and conferred upon you the dignity of a knight."

"O sennor! friend!" exclaimed Ribera, "how happy would this intelligence have made me; but, my daughter—my poor unfortunate daughter!"

"Rosa, Rosa!" exclaimed the prince. "No, thou noblest, thou best, thou loveliest of maidens! thou shalt not be unhappy!"

The maiden collected all her strength, and raised her head. "No, father!—no, my prince!" said she. "I am not unhappy—I shall never be unhappy! *I have loved!*"

"Time will sooth your sorrow," said Velasquez; "it may perhaps repay you what you now lose."

"Lose!" replied Rosa. "I have loved Juan 'de Armillo—I shall ever love him! No king can forbid me to do this. What is it then I lose? His hand. I never hoped to call it mine. Do you wish me to resign him? Willingly—of my own accord. But, my love, that I cannot—that I *must* retain!"

"And this no king on earth can require of you," said Velasquez, deeply affected. "But, sennor," added he, "it is time that we withdraw—my prince, I beg you to dismiss us."

"O no, no!" exclaimed Juan, overpowered by his feelings. "Cruel man! every moment is precious; why would you wish to rob me of the few that are still left?"

"Because I have already outstepped my orders by bringing Rosa here," replied Velasquez in a respectful tone. "I did it, however, in the belief that I was acting for the best, and shall account to my royal master for the step I have taken, upon my return. And now, my prince, once more I must entreat you to dismiss us."

"Farewell, dearest Rosa, farewell!" exclaimed Juan, falling upon his knees, and pressing the maiden's hand to his lips. "I don't—I can't say, farewell for ever! We shall meet again."

"There!" said the maiden, raising her hands and eyes to heaven. "On earth we shall never meet again."

Velasquez and Ribera led her from the apartment; Juan rushed into an adjoining cabinet.

Two days afterwards, Velasquez, with Ribera and his daughter, were sitting in the garden pavilion. A paleness sate upon the maiden's cheek, but she was composed; Velasquez held her hand in his.

"If I had not come to take leave of you," said he, "I should not speak with you on a subject, which is only calculated to tear open the wounds, to heal which we must all endeavour; but I am an instrument in the hands of my royal master, and must execute the duties with which I am entrusted. His majesty is desirous of manifesting that he is graciously disposed towards you; he makes you a present of the Villa St. Polycastro, near Otranto."

"Permit me, sennor," replied Rosa, "to refuse—gratefully to decline his majesty's gracious offer. My resolution is taken—I seek an asylum in the cloister."

"Do not act too precipitately, sennora. Consider!"

"I have duly considered, and my resolution is taken—to-morrow I make it known to the abbess of Augustine nunnery."

"Rosa, dearest Rosa—be not too hasty!" exclaimed the father.

"You know, dearest father, I have long entertained the idea, and nothing but my acquaintance with Juan could have made me for one moment deviate from it. What should I do in the world?—the world which for me can be nothing more than a desert? I am still young," added she, and there was a placid smile upon her lip; "but I have tasted the greatest joy and the bitterest sorrow which this life can give. I have had enough of the world—I want no more!" She offered her hand to Velasquez, and left the room.

"God give her his peace, poor unfortunate girl!" said Velasquez folding his hands. "Let us hope that time will assuage her grief."

Ribera paced up and down the room without making any observation, now and then dashing away the big round tear which trickled down his cheeks. After some time he approached Velasquez and led him up to the Madonna picture, from which he drew the curtain.

"I wished to paint my Rosa as a Madonna," said he with a trembling voice; "but I could never hit upon the right expression of the eye. You have now seen it—the look with which she spake those words—it will never fade from my memory."

Convulsed with grief, he threw himself into the arms of his friend.

On the following day Velasquez embarked in a vessel bound to the Spanish coast; but before he reached his native country Rosa Ribera had been received as novitiate in the Augustine nunnery—a year later she took the veil.

Don Juan of Austria, who died in the year 1678, never forgot his adored Rosa. Though far from her in person, his heart, his thoughts were continually occupied with her image. The king himself publicly manifested his esteem, and at his instigation she was subsequently appointed abbess of the nunnery.

For the information of such of our readers as are not so versed in the Spanish Neapolitan history, we deem it right to observe that Juan of Austria, the son of Philip and the actress Calderona, must not be mistaken for an earlier prince of the same name, the son of Charles V. and Barbara Blumberg.

SONNET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THERE are who pry into the paths of others
With a mean malice, that would search for ill
Where no ill is ! There are who fain would kill
With leprous breath of hate their human brothers,
Because the bias of the banal will
Is to oppress whome'er it can ! Their skill
Extends not thus to all,—and so
For some they breathe the blasting hint of blame,
In secret whispers poisoning men's fame,
And striving shadows o'er their acts to throw !
Such enmity falls harmless, where the foe
Fears openly to point the honest sword ;—
For noble minds heed not the ignoble word,
But spurn the dastard hand that deals the hidden blow !

THE DERVISH LOVER.

A STORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Zaph.—Have at thee, fiend—ah heaven!
What cloud is this!

That thwarts upon my sight? My head grows dizzy,
My joints unloose—sure 'tis the stroke of fate!

Mah. (aside.)—The poison works; then triumph Mahomet!
THE IMPOSTOR.

Arp.—O Derival! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!
Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?
Patience! distraction! Blast the tyrant!—blast him,
Avenging lightnings! snatch him hence, ye fiends!
Love! death! Moneses!—nature can no more;
Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once!—TAMERLANE.

THE students of the college or *médressé* attached to the mosque of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople, had just finished their studies for the day. One of them, graver or more preoccupied than the rest, paced along slowly and alone through the narrow and winding streets which skirt the walls of the old palace of the sultana, leaving the merry-hearted crowd of his companions to rush with noisy mirth towards the “Golden Horn,” where the padishah, Mustapha the Second—the same who, about the end of the seventeenth century, disputed the possession of Hungary with the imperial troops commanded by Prince Eugene of Savoy—was to embark for a pleasure excursion on the lovely sea of Marmora.

After having walked for a long time thus, the young *sofa* (the Turkish name for scholar) suddenly stopped short at the corner of a narrow alley, which the overhanging roof of wood of the houses on either side as completely shaded as though some huge parasol had been extended above it, and which was at that moment silent and deserted. The student leant against the angle of a wall, and, heaving a deep sigh, fixed his eyes intently on the jealously-barred windows of a house that immediately faced him. He remained for more than an hour in that attitude, taking no heed of the *effendis* who began to tread the pointed and uneven pavement with their sounding *papoutes*, and who, not less sad and gloomy than himself, knocked at intervals at a small low door, which was immediately opened to, and then closed after them.

Our readers shall now know what, at that unusual hour, was taking place in so mysterious a house.

On a divan, covered with black cloth, lay extended the corpse of a woman; other females surrounded it, and busied themselves in preparing the senseless form for its last resting-place, with all the ceremonious particularities required by the Mahometan ritual. The body had, first of all, received the funeral purifications, beginning at the right side, and then passing on to the back. After having rubbed the eight parts, which are touched during prayer with camphor, and crowned the head with the flowers of the *khitmy*, they had clothed

the corpse in five large perfumed veils. Amidst the tears and lamentations of the assembly, the deceased person was then respectfully laid on the bier. At this moment, a young girl of angelic beauty darted suddenly forward from the extremity of the chamber, throwing herself passionately on the sad remains which were about to disappear for ever from her sight,

"My mother! O my mother!" she exclaimed, and wildly imprinting a kiss on the form of a human face which yet peered faintly through the thick pale mask of white veils, heaped as they were on one another, she staggered, and fell fainting on the floor.

"Gul-Bahar! Gul-Bahar!" cried the attendants, rushing to her assistance. "Take courage! yield not so! thy mother is now one of the blest in paradise!"

The young girl answered not; a clammy moisture covered her motionless features. She was carried into an adjoining apartment, and the physician of the household bound round her forehead, as an anti-spasmodic medicine, some verses of the Koran, whose speedy efficacy he guaranteed. The completion of the funeral ceremonies was then proceeded with. The door of the death-chamber was thrown open, and the friends of the family ranged themselves in order due in the neighbouring hall. The iman of the parish next advanced, and pronounced the four tekbihs of the funeral prayer, which ended with the salute of peace to the right hand and to the left, accompanied by a slight inclination of the head.

The bier, lifted upon their shoulders by four of the standers-by, was afterwards conveyed out of the chamber. The friends of the defunct rushed pell mell around the corpse, in order that each might in his turn take the place of one of the bearers; for it is an article of faith, that he who carries a dead body the space of forty steps, obtains the expiation of a sin of magnitude. Then the procession set forth for the cemetery—not with that studied slowness which we Christians practise, but with hurried, hasty steps, in accordance with those words of the prophet, "If the dead be of the number of the elect, it is good that he reach his destination the quickest possible; and if he be included amongst the reprobate, it is equally good to free yourself from his contact."

Let us leave the funeral train to reach the place of interment without our presence, only remarking by the way, that Mussulmen do not expose their dead in the mosques as we do ours in our churches.

The youthful softa, whom we left in the street in an ecstasy before a grated window, has not yet left his place; however, the gloomy expression of his countenance is changed into a sort of feverish animation, which partakes at once both of joy and sorrow. The grate of the window is half raised; at the obscure extremity of an apartment where the light of day can scarce penetrate, the ardent eyes of the young man contemplate, with mute delight, the figure of a lovely girl, pale as a lily. She is languidly reclined on a sofa of silver brocade, and resembles thus an angel sleeping on a fleecy cloud.

Gul-Bahar's veils are fallen to the ground, unfastened from her head-gear; the servants, occupied with other cares, have left her alone for a few brief instants; yet, short as they are, they suffice for the

amorous softa of the *médressé* of Santa Sophia to intoxicate himself with the sight of those beauteous features, lovelier far than those of the black-eyed houris promised by Mahomet to his elect. Yet would his life be the forfeit were he surprised in the midst of his guilty happiness.

The young girl half opened her eyes; her bosom heaved gently; with her two hands she softly put on one side the long tresses of her silky hair, twisted as they were with threads of silver.

"Where am I?" she faintly murmured. "My mother! O my mother! you abandon me! I am alone—alone in the world! O God! who now will love me?"

"I!" answered a trembling voice, from behind the half-opened *jalousie*—"I, whose only hope is in your pity, Gul-Bahar—I, who will return a month hence, when you shall have had time to weep your mother's death, to learn from your own lips whether you would have me live or die!"

Gul-Bahar uttered a cry of alarm, and ran towards the door of her chamber. The same instant the grated window was hastily shut to, and the young softa disappeared.

The sun had just risen, and already the public functionaries were at their posts in the government office, situate not far from the *seraglio*, and called the "Palace of the Gate." The Reis Effendi of Mustapha the Second, that is to say, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, was busily engaged transacting the duties of his situation, at once important and full of peril, as the lowliest of his *kodjahians*. Standing in a respectful attitude before him, appeared the interpreter to the divan, he who presented to the Reis the memorials and reports which required his signature, by name Mavrocordato, by birth a Greek, by constitution a coward, by education a mean and supple villain. After having completed his morning's labours, the secretary of state resumed his pipe, which he had momentarily laid aside, and turning towards the interpreter,

"Well," said he, "what news of our friend, Cara Mehemed Aga?"

"Eccellenza, he this very day arrived from Moldavia, where he has been travelling two months, as you know, to complete the supply of provisions for the use of the army."

"Dost not think, Mavrocordato, most enlightened of the interpreters to the imperial divan, that our friend Cara Mehemed is a sad plunderer of our sovereign's money?"

"Undoubtedly, excellenza, but—we are not without our advantage from that fact. You understand the affairs of the empire too well to be deceived by any one, whatever his imperial highness, our gracious master, may do. This Cara Mehemed well knows, and never fails to make your excellency some rich present at the most seasonable time. You are the best of friends."

"Right, right—and to prove to thee how much I esteem him, I intend this very day to ask from him the hand of his daughter—I, reis effendi to the most mighty sultan, Mustapha the Second. What thinkest thou of my plan?"

"Your intended father-in-law, in his quality of butcher to the

seraglio, has made the largest fortune in all Stamboul, and his daughter, the youthful Gul-Bahar, is said to be both lovely and accomplished."

"Thou wilt understand, Mavrocordato, that whilst making my own fortune I don't forget thine. If he makes me a present of any handsome furniture, it shall be thine, in just reward for thy past services, and as earnest of the future. Now that the death of Hussein Pacha leaves the office of grand vizir open to aspiring spirits, I purpose to put in my claim, nay more, with the mufti's help, confidently hope to obtain it. What man would dare to enter the ranks in opposition to me?"

"I know one who would have sufficient audacity," murmured the interpreter to the Sublime Porte, as he timidly seated himself at the extremity of the ministerial divan, whose angle the reis effendi occupied, fingering his ebony chaplet with one hand, and with the other supporting a long pipe of jasmine wood.

"Whom meanest thou?" asked the minister.

"A man who might with one blow level to the dust both your fortune and my own, excellenza—did not his duty and our good star keep him at this eventful moment at the extremity of the empire—a man equally terrible to the enemies of the state as his own private ones, who, twice condemned to death, has managed twice to impart new life and vigour to his name and fortune by the blood of Germans and Poles, like a tree, whose root some bright stream nourishes—a man who——"

"You mean Daltaban Mustapha Pacha," cried the reis effendi, agitated by a convulsive movement, which was near breaking the amber mouth-piece of his pipe between his teeth. "Yes, he is a terrible man. Old age, 'tis said, has robbed him of none of his astounding strength—his savage energy. My father has often spoke to me of both. He sprung from the ranks. He first of all served as a simple janissary under the banner of the great vizir Kioprouli Ahmed Pacha, and became, under that of Araboji Ali Pacha, aga of that same formidable body. Then, I've been told, he used to amuse himself by traversing the streets of Stamboul in disguise, followed by his executioners, and fell like the dreaded thunderbolt on the guilty parties, whom he seized, yet reeking from the commission of crime. His surname of Daltaban was given to him owing to these mysterious executions. Daltaban, that is to say 'dusty foot,' a man who walks without shoes, noiselessly."

"In Moldavia," resumed the interpreter to the Porte, "he made head against the Poles for four whole years with but a handful of men. In Asia he re-established order and discipline, overthrew rebellion the most dangerous. In Bosnia he got revoked for the first time a sentence of death which had been passed against him. Recently, in his government of Bagdad, you but too well know, excellenza, he has again escaped with his life from a capital charge we had brought against him with all the skill and labour possible. Should he ever return ——"

"We should be lost," interrupted the reis effendi. "But Dalaban is stationary for long in his pachalik of Bagdad—only let me be grand

vizir, and I promise thee, Mavrocordato, that he will never reappear in Stamboul, save to figure beneath the gate of executions.”

“God grant it, excellenza.”

The conversation was interrupted by the master of the ceremonies to the seraglio, who, after the accustomed salutations and salaams, delivered himself as follows :

Sultan Mustapha-Kan, second of that name, our well beloved and gracious master, gives you to understand that it is his wish to name a successor to the late grand vizir, Hussein Pacha, (whose soul is in the hands of God,) in consequence, do you, O illustrious and glorious reis effendi, see that all be ready for remitting the imperial seal into the hands of him, whom his highness shall select to be the right arm of his strength, the shadow of his brightness.”

The visage of the minister sparkled with joy, as soon as the officer of the seraglio retired :

“Didst hear, Mavrocordato?” he cried. “’Tis on me that this signal favour is about to fall ! ’tis I, who, under the name of Sultan Mustapha, am going to command the empire ! what a destiny is mine ! Yes, it shall, indeed, be a magnificent one, O my master, the ceremony, whose preparation you have just directed. The east and west shall long resound with the fame of the splendid fêtes which will anon astound Stamboul. Thy coffers shall pour out their contents into the hands of the Janissaries, in order that their acclamations may surpass all other previous ones in strength and heartiness. What care I for the loss ? I shall find easy means of regaining the gold which that first day of supreme power will cost me. Grand vizir, ’tis paradise itself opening before my dazzled sight ! Now, Mavrocordato, speak again of Daltaban Mustapha Pacha, of that senseless old man, who flattered himself with eclipsing my fortune ! The first act of my power, here I swear it, shall be to sign his death warrant. Let him come now, ‘the man without shoes,’ ‘the dusty foot,’ let him traverse noiselessly, if he can, and swift as the wind, the distance which separates Bagdad from Stamboul. I am grand vizir ! For the first time in his life I will learn him how to tremble !”

A month had flown away since Gul-Bahar had seen her mother’s corse borne from that home she had so long rendered so happy by her never-failing love and tenderness. The house she inhabited was become sadder and more silent than ever. Never once, since that cruel day, had the jalousie of the windows been raised, and the door itself only opened for the necessary passage of the servants of the family. The youthful softa, faithful to his promise, had never come to disturb the grief of her he loved. He had not even been seen to ramble stealthily in the neighbourhood, or glide by night beneath the jealous grating to surprise a look, a word of pity, or wake the surrounding echo into existence by the plaintive sound of some tender love song. However, the time he fixed for his return was now at hand. The evening was come. The new moon began to disengage her silvery face from the light clouds which enshrouded it ; she mount-radiant and pure, above the opal-like horizon, where glitter bright and calm in the pale light the thousand spiral minarets and djanies of Stamboul.

"Can the student of the *médressé* of Santa Sophia have forgotten his promise? Is't possible that another love has extinguished that passion, which seemed to burn so deep and lastingly within his breast?"

Whether it was she expected some nocturnal visit, or that the heat of the day tempted her to breathe the fresh air from without, Gul-Bahar, seated on the same divan of cloth of silver, where she before appeared to the entranced softa, leant, with careless but enchanting grace, her exquisitely shaped arm and elbow on the window sill, and appeared sunk in reverie, her mildly expressive eyes the while fixed intently on the azure vault of heaven, now spangled o'er with stars. At that hour, when Mussulmen repose after the evening prayer, she did not fear being surprised by any indiscreet gaze, and for that reason, therefore, she had doubtless thrown back her veils. But how shall we explain the studied beauty of her attire, the spotless pearls entwined with so much art and patience with her glossy ringlets, the luscious essences profusely scattered over her various garments, the delicately faint touches, which her slender fingers have applied with a brush of camel's hair to the borders of her eyelids, and the perfect arches which fringe her brow?

The whole mystery is explained by the following few words, which Gul-Bahar anon pronounced, in a low voice, in the ear of a man, who gently stopped beneath her window.

"I expected thee!"

"And I—I—dared scarcely hope for such great happiness!" replied the student, for it was he.

"Dost love me, as thou say'st?" asked the young girl.

For only answer to this appeal, the softa, plucking a dagger from his belt, stripped up the wide sleeve of his *djoubé*, and, fixing his eyes with a smile of joy on those of his mistress, made an incision, from which the blood flowed in abundance, in his left arm. Gul-Bahar witnessed without attempting to prevent the act; then by a gracious sign of the head, she assured him that the gallantry he had just displayed had completed the conquest of her esteem and good graces. The lover had only need to wrap his arm in a gold-embroidered handkerchief, which the young girl threw him as a present, and this strange love meeting continued as it had commenced.

"What would'st thou from me?" resumed Gul-Bahar.

"Permission to ask thee in marriage from thy father?"

"But should he refuse?"

"I'll kill myself."

The young girl proceeded:

"Thy name is Hafaz, is it not? Thou art a native of this country? Hast parents, relatives? art rich? What dowry dost thou think of offering my father? Thou knowest his lands, his treasures, his slaves, are numerous."

"Alas!" replied the student, "one alone of those questions is sufficient to reduce me to despair. I know no more of the place of my birth than I do of the name my father and mother bore, and have no relatives, and my only friend is an old dervish, who took care of my helpless youth, and has led me with him through all the capitals of the empire of true believers, to make a doctor of me. I doubt whether I shall ever become one. As for fortune, I have not a piastre. My

lands, my slaves, my treasures, my dignities, all, are as yet only air-built visions, indulged in when I think on thee."

"'Tis well!" answered the young girl. "Hafaz, thy frankness pleases me no less than thy person. But thou must know to what persecutions thou art exposed in seeking my affections."

"What care I," cried the youthful softa, "provided thou returnest my passion!"

"Learn, first of all, Hafaz, the Cara Mehemed Aga, my father, the butcher to the seraglio, is a terrible man."

"My prayers and tears will disarm him."

"Know also that he has chosen me a husband, both rich and powerful, who is able, the moment he learns thy design, to have thee spirited away by four Galioundjis, and thrown at night, bound hand and foot in a leathern sack, into the silent depths of the Bosphorus or sea of Marmora."

"Is that all?" asked the young man.

"Not quite. For some months past I have had a mysterious lover, who has never addressed a single word to me, but who, at night, whilst I repose, wearies my ear with serenades and love songs he seems to have composed expressly in my honour. I am astonished thou hast never yet stumbled upon him, for he keeps strict watch on all my proceedings, and has constituted himself, unasked, the guardian of my virtue."

"Let him make his appearance, murmured the student, and I'll handle him in such a way as effectually to ——"

"Beware, Hafaz, for very recently, in a fit of jealous frenzy, he poniarded beneath my very window a Janissary who was reposing his weary frame on the same stone bench where thou now sittest."

Without answering, the softa drew the blade of his dagger half out of its sheath.

"Now that thou knowest to what thou wilt be exposed," pursued Gul-Babar, "art still in the same mind?"

"I love, and shall love thee," was the young man's passionate reply, "to the last drop of my blood, to the last pulsation of my heart!"

"Then, dear Hafaz, make me some present, which will bind me to thee, and receive my oath, in the presence of God, never to be another's, whatever happens."

Hafaz covered with warm kisses the small, fair palm extended to him through the bars of the half-open window; then he felt about his person for the happy pledge to give Gul-Babar. Alas! he possessed naught beside his garments.

"Well! you hesitate?"

The young student stammered forth some incoherent words; tears rushed to his eyes, and for the first time in his life he felt ashamed of his poverty. Suddenly a thought flashed across his troubled brain.

"Await me a few moments," he exclaimed; "I am but running to my home, and will return anon, with a present worthy even of thee."

After a lapse of a quarter of an hour, Hafaz, in effect, returned to the window, where Gul-Babar sat in anxious expectation. He carried something under his arm, which he carefully concealed in the folds of his cloak. His features were smiling and animated.

"For my sake," said he, "preserve, I beseech you, fairest Gul Bahar, the most precious object I could find under my roof. And yet I solemnly swore to the dervish, who is to me as a father, that I would never separate myself from this mysterious present which was made me, he said, in earliest infancy by some person unknown. Perchance words of magic impart to it a virtue of which I have been ever ignorant. Perchance my whole future, my fortune, my life, are indissolubly connected with its possession; but future, life, fortune, all I gladly give for thy dear sake."

Saying these words, the young sof^{ta} produced a magnificent narghilé of chased silver, all incrust^{ed} with precious stones of the first water. 'Tis, I need scarcely add, a Persian pipe, composed of a vase and long flexible duct, through which is inspired the fumes of tomb^oki, and rendered cool and perfumy in rose or jasmine scented water.

Gul-Bahar had scarce thanked the student for the beautiful present he had just made her, than she suddenly uttered a cry of affright, and faintly murmured in the ear of the startled Hafaz—

"Fly! fly with the speed of light! The man! the man! Below, there! Look! behold him!"

She could not add another word. The jealousies of the window closed as of themselves, and the student, turning his head, saw, a few steps only from him, in the shade, the stationary figure of a man, regarding him fixedly.

The student, on calling to mind the words of Gul-Bahar, doubted not that he had now before him the mysterious lover, whom the young girl had just portrayed in such terrible colours. Obedient only to the impulse of his fearless spirit, he seized his poniard, and darted toward the silent figure, who, little moved at this warlike demonstration, contented himself with addressing to his opponent these few words in a voice grave and tranquil—"Hafaz, follow me, I command thee."

The young man started at the sound, and replacing his weapon in his belt, bowed the head with sad submission, and followed the steps of his strange companion. The latter silently led the way to the At-Meidon, the loveliest and most spacious of the public places in Constantinople, where he sat down on a stone bench, inviting the sof^{ta} with a gesture to do the like, and then held the following discourse.

"O Hafaz, with the aid of God I hoped that thou wouldst have repaid me, by thy submission and good conduct, for all the care and trouble thou hast cost me; and, lo! to-day I acquire the proof of what I have long suspected. But there is yet time—Hafaz, renounce a senseless passion, which can only draw a thousand miseries upon thy devoted head, or rather ——"

"Lala-Dervish," interrupted the scholar, "I am not ignorant that I owe all to thee. My father and mother left me alone in the world, without even the hope of one day regaining them. Thou hast had more pity for the poor deserted child than his unnatural parents. Thou hast taken him in thy arms, dying as he was with cold and hunger. Thou gavest him the bread of the soul as well as that of the

body. Thanks to thee, he has gone through all the degrees of science which are taught in the *Médressés*. If he is now able, with God's help, to make his way in the world, he will never forget that 'tis to thee he owes it. Should fortune open her treasure-house to him, come freely to his house, *Lala-Dervish*, and take the half of his possessions, he will kiss the skirt of thy robe in sign of eternal gratitude. Hast thou any sacrifice to demand at his hands? if it be his life he will make it. In a word, all that is in the power of man he will grant with his whole heart. But if thou hast ever known, O my father! what the passion of love is in a heart that has only seen twenty summers, exact not an impossibility from thy servant. I love *Gul-Bahar* to such an excess, mark you, that every drop of my blood, shed one by one on the ground, would repeat what I now tell thee."

The old dervish clutched his gray beard with his hand, and seemed to keep down with effort some violent emotion ready to burst forth from his overcharged bosom. After a few minutes silence he said to the young student,

"Hafaz, is that thy last word?"

"Yes."

"In that case," resumed the dervish, as he hurriedly arose from the bench whereon he was seated, "I give thee back thy gratitude, which I care not to possess. Relieve thyself of an irksome burden. Let there be nothing more in common between us. Leave my abode, and seek an asylum somewhere else. Let me never hear *Hafaz* spoken of more. Forget my name. Should I pass by thee take no more heed than if 'twere a stranger, an infidel, a dog. I shall treat thee so. 'Twill be yet another dream of my life dissipated. Before we part, however, yet one word more, which concerns thee nearly. Despite my warnings and thy own promises, thou camest to-night on tiptoe, silent, secret, like a robber who feared a surprise;—thou camest, I say, to steal that silver *narghilé*, which has never left thy bed-head since the hour of thy birth, and hast given it as a present to the daughter of *Cara Mehemed*. Recover it as quickly as possible. It may be that one day some person will demand back from thee that pledge, that talisman, to which perchance the happiness of thy whole life is attached. *Hafaz*, that *narghilé* is necessary to thee—I repeat, regain it!"

"Father, will you leave me for ever ignorant of the secret of my birth?"

"I must. Such a revelation cannot take place without at the same time discovering a crime whose knowledge would cause an illustrious head to fall. God is great! Wait patiently and hope. Farewell, *Hafaz*! farewell for ever!"

The *sofa* allowed the old man to retire without attempting to detain him. Greatly troubled at so unexpected a scene, he hid his face in his hands, striving to collect his scattered thoughts; then suddenly he ran like a madman across the square, at the extremity of which he came up with the dervish.

"Father!" he cried, all in tears, "do not desert me thus!"

A single drop rolled down the old man's withered cheek.

"Hafaz," he murmured, in a tone full of doubt and fear, "wilt do what I asked thee?"

"O father," answered the scholar, falling at the dervish's feet, "'tis impossible! Gul-Bahar loves me as much as I love her."

The old man's eyes seemed to flash fire.

"She loves thee!" he stammered forth.

The softa continued,

"Yes, I swear it to thee. If thou believest me not, come to her, thou wilt learn it from her mouth. Ah come, I conjure thee!"

"Leave me!" interrupted the dervish, in harsh and broken accents, violently withdrawing his hand from the young man's passionate grasp.

Then a fit of heartfelt sorrow succeeded to that momentary burst of anger.

"Father," cried the scholar, "before we part, answer yet one other question. Thou hidest something from me, dost thou not? Let me at least know the cause of thy strange conduct, and the profound despair which seems to overwhelm thee."

"Thou wouldst know my secret, imprudent one! Listen then. Thy mistress spoke to thee of a man slain the other night beneath her window by a mysterious lover, who ventures not to appear in open day, but rises by night like a ghastly spectre to guard the treasure he covets. That lover who is feared instead of longed for, fled—instead of sought out, selects the shade, as owls do, because he is old and ugly. He loves without hope, but he will not see another possess himself of the prize he has chosen. Woe to his rivals; for, not being able to conquer them in the lists of love, he attacks them with his poniard. 'Tis I who am that terrible lover! 'tis I who am that senseless old man! 'tis I who have sworn the death of all those who shall attempt to rob me of my only happiness on earth—and I will keep my oath. If thou, in the flower of youth and beauty—thou, who mayest meet with twenty other mistresses, preferrest death to the loss of Gul-Bahar, judge what I must suffer, and imagine what a passion so desperate as mine is capable of doing. My whole life long I have loved thee as a son; now that thou art my rival, I detest thee! Thou knowest all now; let us part; pray God that it be never to meet again!"

The dervish had disappeared, and the rising sun began to illuminate the immense expanse of the At-Meidon. The loud flourish of trumpets, and hollow rolling of drums, roused the young softa from the state of stupor into which he was plunged. Companies of janissaries, in gala costume, debouched on every side into the square, and ranged themselves there in battle array. Hafaz inquired the motive for all the uproar. He was informed the sultan was that morning about to commit the seals of state to a new grand vizir, whose name was yet a mystery. That post is, as is well known, the first in the empire. Often did it render its possessor more powerful than the sovereign himself. Anon the young softa saw in defile before him all the great dignitaries, who were marching in solemn procession to the seraglio, followed by their numerous officers and servants, to be present at the nomination.

The Reis Rami-Effendi, accompanied by the interpreter Mavrocordato, paced at the head of the cortège, sumptuously attired, with

lofty brow, and already receiving the compliments of his flatterers on his passage, for the public rumour ran that he was to be successor of the defunct prime minister, Hussein-Pacha. Sensible men in secret blamed a choice which nothing could justify. The soldiers were especially irritated at seeing the supreme power confided to the hands of a man, whom, besides his flagrant incapacity, and the extortions of which he was daily guilty, they justly reproached with the onerous and humiliating peace then lately concluded with the Germans and Poles.

Hafaz, diverted for a moment from his grief by the curious spectacle of so great a crowd, all glittering with precious stones, silver and gold, compared the dazzling luxury he saw around with his own poverty, and the thought flashed across his brain to seek himself also the road to fortune by entering the service of some great lord, who might be his protector. For an instant he was tempted to throw himself at the feet of Rami-Effendi, whom all pointed out as the future grand vizir, and to solicit some subaltern post in his household; but the satire which he heard on all sides lavished on the incapacity and avarice of that minister, soon changed his wish into disgust. Unfortunately each of the Reis-Effendi's colleagues became, as he passed along, the text of a similar commentary. The consequence was, that the counsel of the sovereign seemed to be composed of little better than a band of robbers.

"What a pity," said, as he shook his head, an old janissary, "that instead of these shameless thieves, as timid as hares, and crawling as adders, Sultan Mustapha the 2d, our noble master, has not thought of recalling some one of our old generals, exiled for their frankness, their bold courage in denouncing abuses."

"Yes," resumed another, "why is not Daltaban-Mustapha Pacha returned from Bagdad to save the honour of the Osmanlee name?"

"'Tis not Daltaban," pursued a third soldier, "who would have signed that infamous treaty of peace with the crél of Germans, and restored the town of Kaminick to the Poles."

"I have been in the wars with him," broke in the first speaker. "I saw him in Bosnia carry twenty-four castles in a single campaign by assault."

The young sofia listened with transport to these praises given to the bravery of a great warrior—praises which were not suspicious, since their hero was a man in disgrace. Tumultuous cries now issuing from the courts of the seraglio, accompanied by the rolling of drums, announced to the excited multitude, crowded confusedly together on the At-Meidon, that the new grand vizir had at length received the seal of state from the hands of the sultan. Hafaz ran with the janissaries towards the gate by which the procession was to leave the palace. What was the astonishment of the people and the army when there appeared in fine, surrounded by all the splendour of the vizirial power, mounted on a noble steed, caparisoned with housings of gold cloth covered with precious stones, Daltaban-Mustapha Pacha himself, secretly recalled from his place of exile by the sultan.

Two days after Daltaban-Mustapha Pacha's installation into his new dignity, Hafaz, the sofia of the Médrése of Santa Sophia, wore

the uniform of the grand vizir's household. Never had such splendid marvels struck the eyes of the young man before. On every side of him, in his master's palace, gold, silver, precious stones—an unheard-of magnificence, of which naught now-a-days can give the faintest idea,—saluted his astonished gaze.

The grand vizir's household was then maintained with equal splendour to that of the padishah himself. More than fifty officers, having under their immediate command many hundreds of subordinates and servants of all sorts, were charged with its internal economy. Amongst their number were especially to be distinguished the twelve alaë-tchaoachs, or masters of the ceremonies, all clad in ruby velvet, and armed with silver sticks; the eight chaties, or guards of honour, who marched beside their master's horse; the tohocadars, literally "silence enforcers," wearing whips ornamented with silver chains at their waist. Forty other officers presided over external matters, and had three hundred pages under their orders. The almost endless complication of these domestic dignities will be better understood by mentioning a few of the titles which these same officers bore; as for example, the keeper of the towels; that of the prayer carpets; that of aloes wood and rose water; the ewer-bearer; the sarikdji-bochi, whose sole duty was comprised in putting on the vizir's turbans.

Some idea may also be obtained of the immense riches collected together in the palace of a grand vizir, by the inventory taken of the property of the Rustein-Pacha, son-in-law of Soliman I., who died in office in the year 1561. He left behind him, according to a Turkish historian, 815 farms, to which were attached about 476 mills, 2,900 horses, 1,160 camels, and 11,750 slaves of both sexes. Besides ingots of gold and silver, and jewels, 780,000 golden ducats were found in his treasury; 4,880 complete suits in his wardrobe; 2,000 cuirasses in his armoury, together with 1,150 silver casques, 1,060 of silver, gilt, and solid gold, and 760 sabres, enriched with precious stones. Add to the above, 1,187 saddles and housings embroidered with gold and jewels. His library contained 6,500 copies of the Koran. We may as well also take this opportunity of informing our readers that by a happy foresight of the law, the whole property of a grand vizir, after his death, devolves of right to the state.

The good address of Hafaz, his information, his elegant writing—a quality much esteemed amongst the Mussulmen—facilitated his admittance into the department of the dividdar-aga, or secretary to the grand vizir.

The pacha himself had even deigned to remark and compliment him on his ready zeal. That master, so severe and harsh to so many others, speedily took the youthful secretary into his confidence and affection, who, on his part, felt every day increase within his heart the respect and devoted attachment, with which the warrior had from the first inspired him. At times, forgetful of the grave anxieties which his enemies caused him—amongst the foremost of whom may be named the Rami Effendi, whose more than suspicious honesty he closely watched—the vizir admitted the young softa to the threshold of his divan, and took a pleasure in questioning him about his travels and projects for the future. Hafaz had even

confessed to him his love for the daughter of Cara Mehemed, and the vizir promised to aid him in supplanting the secretary of state, who demanded the hand of Gul-Bahar, in the good graces of the butcher to the seraglio. One day, as Daltaban questioned Hafaz about his family, the young man confessed to him, for the first time, that he knew neither his father nor mother, who had long abandoned him to the benevolent care of an old dervish.

"Poor child!" murmured the vizir; "they are, doubtless, very culpable; but do not hastily pronounce a curse upon their heads. Perchance they have not suffered less than thou from this separation. Besides, if they could have the heart, of their own freewill, to commit such a crime, God is all sufficient to punish them."

Hafaz, as he kissed the skirt of the vizir's robe before retiring, could not doubt of the lively interest with which he inspired his master. His projects of future happiness assumed the loveliest appearance in his entranced imagination, and he fell asleep on the pages' divan, thinking that Gul-Bahar would perhaps keep the oath she swore to him.

All this time Rami Effendi, who lost sight of none of his plans, and who more than ever felt the necessity of strengthening himself against the powerful enemy whom his evil fortune had brought back from the plains of Bagdad, Rami Effendi had obtained from Cara Mehemed, his future father-in-law, permission to send one of his female relations to visit Gul-Bahar, as is the custom in Mahometan countries, in order to make sure that the butcher's daughter was as lovely as common report declared her to be. The young girl, however, having been secretly apprized of this intended scrutiny, in order to gain time, had a very ugly slave, which she had purchased a short time before, attired in her own dress, and passed her off for herself to the emissary of the Reis Effendi, her ancient lover.

The minister's relative fell completely into the snare, and failed not to make a faithful report of what she had seen to her principal, adding that he would be overwhelmed with ridicule were he weak or interested enough to take such a woman to wife. Hence ensued reproaches addressed to Cara Mehemed, retorted back with interest by the father, offended in the person of his daughter, and provisional rupture of the already-commenced negotiations. But Gul-Bahar could not flatter herself that such a scheme would prove successful for long. Some other means of delay were to be devised, until Hafaz had attained sufficient distinction to obtain the consent of his mistress's father to their union.

The day following the confidence which the young softa had made the grand vizir, the latter personage commanded the presence of the dervish at his divan, and after having questioned him vaguely with respect to a young orphan, named Hafaz, whose childhood's years had been spent beneath his fostering care, (an act of singular benevolence, which God would richly recompense in heaven,) the old pacha seemed to be desirous, yet only for the sake of amusement, of the dervish relating to him how and in what country that child had first been placed in his hands.

The dervish shook his head like a man accustomed to be on his guard against every surprise.

"What reward will your excellency give me if I tell you what I know?"

"A purse of gold," answered Daltaban. "Enough too, I think, to pay for the gratification of a mere whim."

"'Tis too much for a whim," replied the dervish, "but not enough for a service."

"Answer, I command thee!" resumed the pacha, who could not conceal his displeasure at seeing the secret wishes of his heart thus laid bare. "He was placed in thy protection in Hungary, was he not?"

"No, your excellency; in Egypt."

"An officer of janissaries confided him to thy care in the town of Peter-wardein, fifteen years ago now, with a large sum of money to defray the expenses of his education? Thou wert thyself then serving as a soldier in the Odjaek?"

"No, your excellency," answered the dervish again, as he bowed low, "a woman placed the infant in my hands at Grand Cairo. I wore the robe of a dervish then, as I do now."

"Thou liest!" cried the vizir fiercely, clutching the hilt of the jewelled poniard in his belt. Then calming himself somewhat, "Return to thy home, dervish. To-morrow at this hour thou wilt again be here, and if thou speakest sooth, shalt be content with my munificence. But consider well that I will know the truth, for thou hast rightly said, 'tis not a whim I fain would satisfy, but a service I expect from thee."

The dervish, without the least sign of emotion, humbly kissed the vizir's feet, and withdrew, displaying marks of the profoundest submission.

Scarce had he left the palace of the gate, than he quickly regained his own humble residence. When there, hastily plucking a quill from his belt, he wrote the following lines, which he afterwards himself placed in the hands of one of the servants of Rami Effendi.

"Four hours after sun-set come to say your evening prayer at the tarbé of Sultan Bajazet. You will there meet with a man, who will place the head of the grand vizir, Daltaban-Mustapha Pacha, your enemy, in your hands."

(To be continued.)

STANZAS.

ON SEEING A MOTHER PASSIONATELY CARESSING A SLUMBERING INFANT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Is it not pitiful that love should spend
The sweetest blossoms of its tree divine
On infancy's unconscious hours—which tend
To shed no perfume on affection's shrine?
All, save a mother's, ask a mutual flame,
But unreciprocate, that glows the same!

Those hours torpescent, before memory
 Hath waken'd, from the deep chaotic rest,
 Where, in abeyance, it doth dormant lie
 Unquicken'd, in the vegetative breast,
 'Till Reason's sun diffuses vital light,
 When they spontaneously their rays unite !

Ethereal essences—whose attributes
 Refine, from Nature's ore, the baser dross,
 The mind exalting, o'er insensate brutes :
 And all but compensating Sin's dire loss,
 The bliss of Eden—and that fateful ban
 Immutable, to fallen sons of man !

Thou mightiest magician, Memory !
 That, from the desolation of the past
 Canst conjure up, before the mind's fond eye,
 All chainless images, and bind them fast,
 E'en from the grave of long-departed years
 Giving the things that wake our dearest tears !

Enchantress !—did I know thy skill to bribe,
 To save for infants, when they must be men ;
 On thy enduring leaf, thou shouldst inscribe,
 With thy Ithuriel eternal pen,
 The lavish tenderness of mother's hearts,
 Bestow'd too oft when it no joy imparts !

Mark yonder one, in isolated bliss !
 Yet, what a very epicure is she !
 How she luxuriates o'er ev'ry kiss !
 How savours she her high felicity,
 Stealing remote from croud, and stir, and noise,
 To feast alone—that none may share her joys !

That nestling, slumb'ring apathetic there,
 Partakes not the emotion of her breast ;
 Yet she ne'er vision'd cherub half so fair
 As that young dreamer, now by her carest ;
 He feels no quicken'd pulse at her delight,
 Obscur'd for him is still affection's light !

O Mem'ry, wouldst thou friendly thesaurise
 The kisses she profusely squanders now,
 Like fragrant incense on his soul, they'd rise
 When manhood's cares hung heavy o'er his brow,
 When on the future his heart faints to gaze,
 And from the present, turns to thy past page !

In thy impregnable treasury hoard
 Those prayers, those blessings, kisses, spent in vain,
 'Till wisdom's maturated thoughts afford
 An estimate of all her care and pain,
 Erecting in his heart, Love's pyramid
 To tomb eterne, what her affection did !

MISS FINCH.¹

"Il suffit quelque fois à un jeune homme de rencontrer une femme qui ne l'aime pas, ou qui l'aime trop, pour que toute sa vie en soit dérangée."—H. DE BALZAC.

I HAD slept some hours, when I was awakened by feeling a hand pass across my face. At first I thought it was a frog, or a snake, which had crept from the hedge; but as I opened my eyes, I perceived by the clear light of the morning sun, which had just risen, and was chasing away the darkness on either side, that a miserably tattered, ill-favoured man, was bending over me. He had a knife in one hand such as the vine dressers use, and with the other he was fumbling about my neckcloth in a quiet, mechanical manner, but evidently with the intention of cutting my throat. A cold thrill came over me, and crept from the top of my head down to the very soles of my feet. Poor as I was, the idea of being thus murdered in the open air, under a wall, was repugnant to me; so I started to my feet, and, taking my friend unawares, I hit him between the eyes, after a fashion which sent him back against the wall, and thence tumbling over with a crash among the vines which grew thickly around.

He cried out loudly as he fell, and then, from a shuffling of feet not far distant, I became aware that others, his comrades and associates, were at hand. It was an awkward situation enough; I was quite unarmed, and I had no means of judging how many my opponents might be; so I thought the most reasonable thing was to run away. This I did at the top of my speed through the vineyard, crashing wildly among the branches and over the stumps, on to the open road leading to the bridge. Once I turned my head; they were three who pursued in silence, but with a deadly expression of feature which was not to be misunderstood; moreover, they were armed with thick jagged stakes, torn from the fence, besides the knives which hung at their girdles. So I sped on; but the odds were much against me; my limbs were stiff and cramped with lying on the wet grass; a mist was before my sight, and many times I stumbled and tripped over the rough stones which lay scattered over the path. I felt that they were gaining on me; I thought I could hear their breathing close to me just as I reached the bridge. With three bounds I was at the other side, and coming within shadow of the houses which straggle thence into the town, I began to think that I was safe. But it was hardly light; no one was stirring in the streets; the dreamy town was wrapt in its slumbers; doors and windows all were closed; sleep, sweet sleep, was shrouding the senses of the indwellers, bringing them all kinds of visions of the past and of the possible future, while I, a stranger, was about to be murdered at their very threshold. A momentary thought flashed across me as I ran;—what if *she* could see me? what if *she* knew the situation, no dignified one, in which I then was placed?—what would be her thought? But I had no time for

¹ Continued from vol. xxxiv. p. 446.

speculation ; my life was at stake. Swiftly I dashed down the narrow thoroughfare ; no sound save that of my own footsteps, and those of my pursuers, which came nearer and yet nearer to my ears. Once more I looked back—a strange instinct which causes one to turn when a danger threatens in the rear—and it was well that I did so ; the foremost of the villains was within a few yards of me. By a sudden impulse I stopped. With uplifted bludgeon he rushed on, and struck at me ; I dodged aside ; the blow which was intended for my skull fell glancing off my shoulder ; I closed with him, and threw him—he was a slight man—on his head ; the blood gushed from his mouth and ears ; I left him lying coiled up. A yell of rage and disappointment burst from his comrades behind ; but I waited not their coming ; I darted on. A little way further down, just beyond the corner of the Contrada San Lucca, I saw a door ajar ; I made for it, and sprang in ; there was a rude bar, which I drew across with a quickness and dexterity which only the instinct of self-preservation could bestow. I heard a murmuring of voices and suppressed oaths outside, and a huge stone was thrown in impotent rage against the door. Presently a sound of retreating footsteps, and then all was still. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and walked up the passage into the house, feeling that I should bless God, through whose mercy my life had been once more spared.

* * * * *

It was nine o'clock : I went, by appointment, to breakfast with the Finches at the Rosa ; the first good meal I had eaten for a fortnight or more. For this once I pocketed my pride, and fed lustily at the expense of another. But what could I do ? There are degrees of hunger ;—though a barrister, and an esquire by law, I could not starve, and I could not pay. There was no alternative, and I made up my mind to it, and I ate and looked (fool that I was !) in Helena's eyes, and ate again, and gave a garbled account of my adventure with the vine-dressers, and felt once more that I was the happiest man in the Austrian dominions. And so perhaps I was. Happiness is so ridiculously ideal ; and when a man can, by a little pardonable self-delusion, dress up its semblance, is not he a fool who denies himself the self-created bliss ? Because champagne is scarce, may we not drink punch ? I know no worldly philosophy equal to that of the marchioness in Boz's tale, who, rather than go supperless to bed, would drink pump-water, flavoured with a little orange peel, and said, " If you make believe *very much*, it will taste like wine."

But I am wearing out my tether, when I should be drawing to a close. After breakfast, I saw my friends depart, having once again refused the general's offer to take me on. Then I went to the post-office with a beating heart, for I thought that much depended on whether I got letters or no, and on what should be their contents. And I did get a letter, and it contained a remittance of twenty pounds—a gold mine—a perfect Eldorado in my imagination at that crisis ; and I could have shouted aloud for joy, save that such a demonstration would neither have befitted my years nor the solemn regulations of an Austrian post-office ; and then I went to a Jew, who changed the note, and did not cheat me more than a stranger ought

to be cheated; and subsequently to my friend the old woman of the night before, and I resumed my knapsack, and frightened her by throwing half a dozen swanzigers upon the table, double the sum I should have had to pay for a night's lodging and a breakfast, and shaking her violently by the hand. And then I strapped the knapsack on my shoulders, and with a light and bounding heart I breasted the three-mile hill which leads out of Trent on the Val Sugano road, with only two thoughts in my mind—that I was going to Venice, and that when I arrived at Venice I should see her again.

That day I walked thirty miles under a burning sun, and slept at Borgo di Val Sugano, an Italian Stony Stratford, inhabited by a thriving colony of fleas.

Three days more, and I reached Mestre: it was about five o'clock in the afternoon when I walked in.

I hired a gondola, and embarked at once; I was glad to get away from the horrid smells which make Mestre the abomination that it is. For a time we glided along a narrow canal, faced with masonry on either side, an Austrian bayonet or the top of a grenadier cap occasionally peeping above a bastion, and breaking the monotonous straight line; the sluggish water, thick with reeds and vegetable matter, more or less fragrant as more or less decomposed, and an occasional dead dog or cat, reminding one of Battersea Reach, offering a substantial resistance to the paddle. But presently this came to an end. Gradually the canal widened as we went along, till at length we issued forth into the open space. Never shall I forget the moment in which Venice for the first time appeared before my sight. The queen city, the sea-goddess, the art, the mystery, rising before us; the broad blue sheet of water which separated us from it, reflecting the yet bluer heaven; the liquid space glittering here and there with a gleam thrown from the ever-plying oars; the black boats, fruit-laden, or freighted with merry parties gaily garmented, and loud speaking, singing, and shouting in the dialect peculiar to the Lagunes, shooting with an arrowy swiftness, in parallel or in intersecting lines, leaving a light trail or ripple in their wake; the sea birds, which had lost their way coming in from the broad Adriatic, and here and there dipping their wings with a faint and startling cry; and in the distance, rising on its piles and its seventy islands, the long lines of the mysterious city; its towers, its spires, its domes, its cupolas, lifting themselves each distinctly from the bosom of the deep; the descending evening sun playing with slant rays upon burnished roof, and latticed window, till the whole took the semblance of a fairy vision, a combination of all elements blending and joining together to form a perfect whole.

Ere long we glided into the Canal Reggio, and from thence into the Grand Canal. Though I had never been there before, I felt as if I was going home: the stately palaces, encrusted with rich many-coloured marbles; the narrow bridges, the deep green water of the lateral canals, the dark browed, dark-skinned population, who in their fruit boats were gliding around; all these seemed to me acquaintances—nay, friends. I could hardly believe that they were new to me, so closely were they linked to the earliest and most romantic imaginations of my boyish days. As I went along, I began to lose

the idea of my purpose in coming to Venice ; the events of the last few weeks seemed for a moment to grow dim in my recollection, as though a veil had lightly fallen over them. Venice herself began to take entire possession of my imagination, and to constitute herself mistress of my thoughts—as the Frenchman who came to Venice, young and an artist, and lost himself, body and soul, for the love of her palaces and her towers, so I felt that perhaps I could have done, even as he, through youth to manhood, and through middle age even to gray haired eld, went ever gliding over those waters, crying despairingly, “ *Venezia la bella ! Venezia la bella !* ” so I thought that for these waters, these marbles, these mosaics, and above all, for this over-canopying sky, I also could have lived, and dreamed, and died. High names, and the recollection of high deeds, came thickly upon my memory ; Grimani, Contarini, Doria, Foscari, Foscari, were looking out from the green-blinded balconies, which reflected themselves in the canal below. Here lived one, a prince, who had wrested a princely fortune from the Turk ; there some noble youth, who had rescued the bride who sat beside him, soft smiling, on those velvet cushions, from the pirate crew, what time the men of Candia made their descent upon the Lagunes. A little farther off the palace-dwelling of some grave senator, a Brabantio or a Mocenigo, and shrinking with a fearful pride, half-hiding itself in one of the narrow side canals, while its outer decorations gave little sign of the magnificence within, the abode of the condemned Jew, richer than the merchant-nobles who flouted at his wealth ; rich perhaps, above all, in the possession of a daughter, tender-eyed as all the maidens of her tribe, on whom he lavished all his care, all his fortune, all his love, to be repaid, one day, by her stealing from her casement by a mellow moonlight, and flying with some graceful and graceless Lorenzo, “ as far as Belmont.”

So, wrapped in thoughts, wherein the past and the present blended and entwined themselves together, till my brain grew almost dizzy, we glided along the smooth water, shooting under the gloomy arch of the Rialto, and landed at the Leone Bianco as the sun was sinking beneath a mass of purple clouds. The first thing I did was to buy a shirt. I then dressed myself as well as the scanty contents of my knapsack would allow, and went forth : to the Place of St. Mark's I took my way. I felt certain that I should find her there : it was a presentiment—one of those feelings which men are apt to laugh at, and which are among the most curious, as well as among the truest and most often-recurring phenomena of our nature. Through most elaborate and labyrinthine passages I thrived my way—(I had chosen to go on foot rather than in a gondola)—over bridges, crossing narrow canals, by the side of churches, on the steps of which sate pious beggars, who, in exchange for a *quarant'anno*, offered me life-long prayers : by the seat of trade, where melons and pomegranates, and nuts, and olives were heaped in rich luxuriance upon the stones. After a time I came upon the Piazza, and stopped for a moment breathless with admiration and delight : but I had little time to gaze idly around ; my prophetic soul had not deceived me—there sat those whom I sought. They were seated on chairs in front of the Caffè Reale, listening to

the Jäger band, which was playing on the Place. I went to them, and sate down beside them, and they welcomed me as a friend, ay, as kindly as I could have hoped, or even wished : and there, beneath the moonlight did we sit, surrounded by the long arcades ; the mosque-like Basilica, its many colours sobered down to one mellow hue, rising on the one hand ; on the others the ruddy Campanile, and the ducal palace, in front of which the bronze horses seemed to paw the air, while the three flag-staffs, from which once flapped the banners of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, lifted their heads high into the deep-blue sky ; and about us the motley crowd, the flat-faced Hungarian soldier, an expression of stupid wonderment pervading every feature, with his white coat and tight blue breeches, embroidered with yellow worsted, and fitting close to his ill-shaped leg. The half-clad gondolier, or man of the Lido, his jacket thrown over his left shoulder, and his open shirt displaying his mahogany-coloured chest ; the dark robed priest, the bearded monk, and the Venetian dandy, a second-hand Parisian, all whisker and moustache, holding between his lips a thin black cigar, at least a foot long ; the slippered Greek, playing chess at the door of some caffè, or sitting in grave idleness beneath the colonnade, slowly puffing at his cherry-stick pipe, with amber mouth-piece, and gaily gilded bowl ; and scattered in groups all over the marble-paved space, mountebank and musicians, sellers of various wares, each endeavouring, by an inconceivable volubility of speech and energy of action, to attract and retain the attention of the passers by : there were sellers of iced waters and of Turkish slippers, of soap balls, lucifer matches, and of flowers ; above all, venders of "*caramel*," a pretty invention, fruits ready peeled and sugared, with little wooden skewers stuck into them for you to hold them by as you eat them ; singers, dark-eyed and melodious, who made their way through the labyrinth of chairs up to the very doors of the caffès ; and here and there a poor modest solitary fiddler, quavering alone some melancholy ditty, in the vain, almost hopeless effort thereby to get a centesimo or two.

But I must not dwell on the strange and novel pleasure of that evening ; how I sate looking on all these wondrous things with the feeling with which Aladdin must have looked around him in the enchanted cave ; and how all the time *she* was near me, and smiled upon me with an earnest and truthful smile. At eleven we left the Place, and turned towards home. After I left the Finches, I got into a boat and was rowed for an hour or two on the great canal ; while the moon shone above me, it was exquisite pleasure thus to glide noiselessly along, given up to all manner of wandering thoughts ; but when the queen of heaven sank low and disappeared, the silence became almost oppressive ; the grim palaces seemed to rise threateningly like giant skeletons from the water, shaking their moss-grown heads at me : a thrill of unaccountable misgiving took possession of my soul. I ordered the gondoliers to row homewards, and it was with a heavy heart, I know not why, that I landed, and sought my room at the hotel.

The next day we were again together, and the next day, and the next. So for an indefinite and golden time, during which, I

counted no hours save those which flew too quickly by her side. In the mean time, I received money from home; not much, but enough to keep me out of debt, living frugally as I did; and thus every morning we went forth to some new pleasure, returning at night satisfied, but not sated with our bliss.

It was sometime after that Francisco, the gondolier, whom the general had engaged ever since his arrival in Venice, came to us one evening, and advised that we should go to the Lido. "*Ci sarà un gran' bacchanale fra la gente triviale,*" said he,—but it would be a lively scene and worth going to,—so to it we went.

It was a delicious evening as we rowed out to the far-off shore; and Venice seemed to have poured forth her entire population upon the waters. When we arrived at the Lido we found a crowd;—much dancing, and drinking of small wine, and fiddling, and singing; altogether a gay and entertaining scene.

We stayed there long, it was late when we entered the gondola to leave the Lagune. We were among the last who were there: the motley throng of revellers had long since wended their way back to the city, leaving a comparative silence and solitude behind.

It was a fine starry night, and the broad yellow moon was hanging in the heavens, shedding a flood of light upon the water, which slept smoothly and placidly beneath; the bell from the belfry tower of the madhouse, on the island of San Servula, was swinging in the square turret, beating a sullen accompaniment to the gently washing waves. We went down into the gondola; General and Mrs. Finch placed themselves on the cushioned seats under the canopy, Helena and I remained on the bench outside. I know not how it happened, for such things are never to be accounted for, or described; I know not how it was, whether from the influence of the hour, the place, or the over glittering stars, but our discourse turned upon love: it was a fruitful theme, one on which our hearts were eloquent, if not our tongues: and from talking we began to feel. Rather, had we not before felt, but ignorantly, and without knowing, till the key-note was struck? How many has found the truth of the old tale, which Dante has so exquisitely dressed—

"Galeollo fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avante."

And so with us. Gradually withdrawing from generalities, I found myself confessing my love to Helena. And what said she? With eyes rivetted on the star-reflecting water, and blushes flitting one after another over her pure pale cheek, she listened, nor withdrew the hand, which I had clasped in mine: then came an exquisite half hour, an age of happiness, compressed into a narrow space; an interchange of words, which at another time would have been of little meaning, and which were now pregnant with deep significance and anticipation—half-spoken sentences, in which the tongue bore but a subordinate part. At that time I had no more thought of my poverty than I had of approaching death; and if my mind had rested on it for an instant, I should have thrust it aside. What had I to do

with the material world? Pounds, shillings, pence, nay, *sicanzigers*, what were they to me? Was I not a king, a kaiser? who should dare to gainsay my behests? who should stand in my path, and ask me for paltry pelf? Was I not the chosen of her who was the pearl of women—the idol of my imagination—the Evanthe of my long-cherished dreams?—It is true that I was mad, intoxicated with my happiness; but who would have been otherwise? who would have sate him down in the gondola, and fallen to muse upon his fortunes, at the moment that she was sitting by his side, and had bade him hope?—And yet, this was very wicked. I am not attempting to defend it; but it was natural, and it is true; for what I am writing is a mere record of facts which have burnt themselves into my brain; and if I write, it is in the hope that, by committing them to paper, I may in some measure cheat ever-recurring memory of its pangs. There were two geranium blossoms in Helena's bosom that evening, one she took out and gave to me—the other—and how little did I dream——

"Will your father be at home to-morrow morning?" said I, "and may I speak to him?"—she answered by an inclination of the head: as she bent forward over the side of the gondola, I thought a tear was in her eye—perhaps it was so; there are other feelings than those of sorrow, which cause us to weep. Then we began to talk of the future; whispering, and without many words; she spoke of her childhood, far away, amid the green hills of Devonshire, where the Dart winds and sports among its shadowy and overhanging dells; and she said she should like to see them once again; but before that, she would wish to visit Switzerland, and to see a "real glacier," and to tread the eternal snows, and to look upon the chamois bounding from rock to rock; but above all she hoped not yet awhile to leave Venice, where there was so much to see, so much to attract the imagination, as well as mere curiosity. "Shall we not often," she said, "glide over these waters, even as we are gliding now?" And then, she fell to half-formed fears of she knew not what, of time, and distance, and change, and forgetfulness; but while she spoke of them, she smiled, as though she talked of things which had been here and there, but which could not exist again, at least not for her or me. Meanwhile we neared the city; its thousand lights began to twinkle, near, and yet more near; a gentle hum, as of the voices of those revelling on the Place of St. Mark, was wafted to our ears; we rowed into the midst of a small fleet of gondolas which were putting off, or landing their living freight, at the steps between the two columns of the Piazzetta: suddenly a sharp little tinkling bell made itself heard, and then a hissing and a heaving sound, from a great black mass, under whose shadow we lay. It was the Trieste steamer putting off; we were close to the ducal palace.

"I may come to-morrow early?" I asked. A gentle pressure of the hand was my reply; our boat touched upon the steps: Francisco sprang out, and held his arm for us to land. I moved him aside; no other than I should henceforth assist her, or watch over her comfort and safety. She put her foot on the raised platform at the bow. Just then the general, who had been asleep, roused himself quickly,

and rose up; the boat wavered—she lost her footing; with a faint cry she fell; between the gondola and the landing-place she fell; the water scarcely plashed, so gentle was her fall. One faint cry rose as a prayer to heaven, and then the dark green waters closed above her head.

THE GREEN MOSS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

A DELICATE thing is the green, green moss
That clings to the crumbling wall;
Its mother's the damp from the cold, cold earth,
The air it its sire may call;
For 'tis fed by the breeze with the tiny dust,
And drinks of the eve's soft tears,
And daintily spreads forth its emerald crust
O'er the stone that had nurs'd it for years.
And living on the rich man's loss,
A tale is told by the green, green Moss.

It creeps o'er the tombs of the bold and brave,
That crumble to dust alone;
And spreadeth a shroud o'er the poor man's grave,
Which not e'en a friend will own.
It silently telleth how pride decays,
And how vain that pride has been,
And the mouldering towers of ancient days
It loveth to mantle in green.
Glorying in the rich man's loss,
A tale is told by the green, green Moss.

A carpet it spreads o'er the marshy bed
Where forests embedded rest,
And mildly it raiseth its delicate head
From the mouldering princely crest.
And the fair green moss on the old church spire
Tells how bright a life may be,
When age rings the curfew to quench youth's fire,
If the heart from guilt is free.
Rising on the ruined's loss,
How true a tale tells the green, green Moss!

SAVINDROOG.¹

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE CAUVERY.*

'Tis night, but over the broad expanse of heaven the fiery rockets are gleaming, and scattering their showers of brilliant stars to the wonder of admiring multitudes. The sulphury fire-works are flashing in a blaze that rivals the glory of day, and with an ever varying ingenuity of form and device that calls forth loud and lengthened plaudits; while a thousand torches pour their vivid light on Dowlut Baug's delicious bowers, illuminating the lofty pinnacles of the sacred temples, and the frowning battlements of Srirungaputtun. It is the nuptial night of that beneficent deity who, in the mythology of the Vedas, presides over and personifies the sacred stream of the Cauvery: when, by an ancient and mystic rite, she weds the god whose holy shrine is encircled by her limpid wave; and, borne by his exulting followers, Sri-Runga quits his lofty fane to welcome home his watery bride, and bathe him in her ample flood. For now, descending from those lofty mountains whence her infant rills derive their source, she swells into a mighty stream beneath the impetuous torrents of the monsoon, and flows onward to the main, through many lands; crowning in her progress, with fruits and flowers and golden grain, the grove, the garden and the vale.

The long winding streets and spacious bazaars were filled with happy crowds, enjoying the varied amusements of the festival, while vocal and instrumental music resounded on every side. The sacred Trump, which required two bearers to support its enormous dimensions, flung its brazen blasts on high, and the royal Nagara sent forth its hollow sound; while pealing matchlocks rang on every side, and exploding fire-works added to the noisy merriment of the scene. Through the scarcely moving throng the patient camel plodded his careful way, adorned with silver bells and glittering housings, and bearing on his back the golden penon and kettle drums of some military chieftain. With waving trunk and docile mien the towering elephant moved majestically through the mass, as if proud of his distinguished burthen; some young and lovely maiden, or superb Rajpootni dame,† whose sons had swelled the tide of military glory.

* The Cauvery is regarded by the Hindoos as one of their most beneficent deities. The arrival of the waters of the interior, when, swelled by the rains, the river fills the canals, is celebrated with festivity, like that which is occasioned at Cairo by the rise of the Nile; and the anniversary of the marriage of the river-goddess to the god Ranga-aden, (Sri-Runga-deo) is observed by the worshippers of Vishnoo.—*Conder's Description of India.*

† The Rajpoot mother claims her full share in the glory of her son, who imbibes at the maternal fount his first rudiments of chivalry; and the importance of this parental instruction cannot be better illustrated than in the ever recurring simile, "Make thy mother's milk resplendent,"—the full force of which we have in the powerful, though overstrained expression of the Bhoondi queen's joy on the an-

¹ Continued from p. 32.

Anon a martial troop of cavaliers appeared prancing through the admiring throng; with lance and shield and burnished armour, reflecting from its polished surface, like a mirror, the thousand flambeaux that blazed on every side.

And now the solemn cortege of the god appeared in view, amidst shouts of joy and the rattling of innumerable drums. The sacred pageant was led by a venerable train of Brahmins, the officiating priests of the temple of Sri Runga. Dressed in long and flowing robes of snowy white; with wrinkled brows, and beards descending to the girdle, they chanted hymns to the praises of their god. With winning softness and bewitching smiles, like spring succeeding winter, next appeared the Devadasi of the shrine: their sparkling eyes beamed with unwonted lustre, as hand in hand they slowly moved along in graceful measure, to the soft music of flutes; while troops of children, lovely as the day, strewed fragrant flowers in their voluptuous path.

High over all advanced the god's triumphal car, a moving tower of wondrous height, bedecked with gold embroidered flags, and ornamented with many a curious scene in richly gilded carving; where mystic symbols, and strange unearthly forms, stood out in bold relief and singular combination. Beneath a silver canopy, which occupied the centre of the lofty structure, sat enthroned the protecting deity: his form was of solid gold, and his eyes were diamonds of inestimable value. Around his footstool were ranged the chosen servants of the god; scattering baskets of consecrated fruits and flowers on the crowd, who eagerly pressed forward to obtain a portion of the sacred gifts. As onward, in slow and awful grandeur, the mighty frame rolled on ten gigantic wheels, young and old, with equal zeal and ardour, flew to the traces; and thousands thus combined to draw the wondrous fabric: while on the housetops and the trees that lined the way myriads of pious spectators, like swarming bees, hailed its approach with shouts of wonder and delight.

At length the grand procession arrived in sight of the sacred river, on whose broad expanse were gliding innumerable boats, richly gilt and decorated with variegated colours. These were filled with happy being, who enlivened the scene with vocal and instrumental music: their brilliant dresses and sparkling jewellery shone forth in the splendor of countless torches, which spread a blaze of light across the stream, whose placid bosom, like a dazzling mirror, threw back the bright reflection to the skies.

With quickening pace the train who drew the triumphal car of the deity now rushed on with frantic zeal towards the sacred flood; while deafening shouts of joy resounded along the shore, and across the river, the surface of which presented one living mass of devoted worshippers. With unwonted speed the lofty tower was now urged onward, by that resistless might with which religious zeal endues the physical powers of man: the mighty fabric rocked and reeled beneath the almost superhuman impetus; threatening every instant to fall

nouncement of the heroic death of her son:—"The long dried fountain at which he fed, jetted forth as she listened to the tale of his death, and the marble pavement, on which it fell, rent asunder."—*Tod's Annals of Rajpootana.*

and crush the adoring myriads beneath its ponderous mass, until at length its gigantic wheels were imbedded in the yielding soil on the margin of the river.

It was a fair and open space on which the majestic car of the deity now displayed its towering height, and richly ornamented outline, to the admiring gaze of the countless multitude. Many, whose finances were not flourishing, occupied a great portion of the space on foot; but those who could afford to pay for the accommodation were ranged around in galleries erected for the occasion, bedecked in gold and crimson tapestry, and flags and banners of every possible form and device. There many a young and lovely face was bent in pious ecstasy on the golden form of the god, whose diamond eyes shone with supernatural lustre beneath the shadow of his silver canopy: and many a fair devotee felt her soul expand with heavenly zeal, even to the exclusion of those earthly imaginings which are said, with unrivalled sway, to occupy the female heart.

But peerless above all the assembled beauty of a region preeminent in female loveliness, shone the incomparable Lachema, the fawn-eyed Begum of Mysore. Between her doting parents she sat on a splendid musnud, viewing the scene with tranquil joy; and smiling, with the secure triumph of unequalled charms, on the brilliant circle of her Royal suitors, who graced the fairy scene with all the magnificence of which their respective treasuries were susceptible. Some of these royal gallants were cased from head to heel in golden armour, their fiery Arab steeds wheeling and curvetting in the open space, as if their riders were determined to "witch" the Begum's heart with "noble horsemanship." Some from the lofty howdahs of their well trained elephants, shone forth in all the dazzling attractions of oriental splendor. Others in fancy suits, covered with jewels of inestimable value, fluttered round the musnud of their peerless mistress; vying with each other in high flown compliments, redolent of Eastern imagery, to her celestial loveliness: while each, as they revelled in the bliss of her smiles, fancied himself the chosen favourite of the hour, and already grasped in imagination the fair hand of the Begum, and the ardently-coveted sceptre of Mysore.

There was, however, one amongst the royal cortege whose cloudy brow betokened a heart but ill at ease, though the manly beauty of his noble form, the richness of his armour, the grace of his carriage, and the glory inseparably attached to his name, might challenge the love and admiration of all who beheld him. This was the gallant Kistna, who, with the modesty inherent in real merit, still more than doubted the possibility of a successful competition with his Royal rivals. Every smile bestowed by Lachema on another went like an arrow to his heart: every mark of approbation evinced by her for the gallantry or magnificence displayed by those who fancied that her love could only be won by such meretricious homage, shot a chill through his veins, and made him feel like a denizen of that marble city still fabled to exist beneath the waves on the shores of Coromandel. Ardently longing to approach her adored presence, to breathe the same delicious atmosphere, to listen to the music of her voice, to catch, perhaps, a wandering smile; but fearing, with all the

sensibility of true affection, some chilling repulse, or capricious humiliation before his haughty rivals, he kept aloof from the dangerous scene, brooding in silence over his own bitter thoughts and imaginary misery.

Nor did Lachema, on her part, suffer less than the lord of her affections, from the false position in which she happened to be placed. To have him by her side, and to listen to his unrivalled powers of conversation, would have far outweighed, in her estimation, the united splendour and magnificence of her other lovers; but the distance he kept, and his apparently averted looks perplexed and mortified her. She sought on one or two occasions to catch his eye, and bring him to her side with love's unerring archery; but this he appeared most studiously to avoid, contenting himself with furtive glances when her looks were averted, or bent upon another, and thereby feeding his morbid melancholy with all the self-tormenting ingenuity of incipient jealousy.

Somewhat piqued at this conduct, and influenced, in a certain degree, by one of the most powerful stimuli of the female heart, the Begum condescended to bestow a little more attention than usual on the rapid prattle of the young Rajah of Berar; casting at the same time a somewhat reproachful look towards the already mortified Kistna. This was enough for the bursting heart of the young warrior: with an impatient gesture he dashed the spurs into the flanks of his noble charger, and vanished from the scene with the rapidity of light; while his sudden disappearance caused a revulsion in the feelings of the fawn-eyed maid that effectually chilled all further hope of enjoyment from the festivity of the scene.

Meanwhile the entertainments of the festival proceeded, to the delight of all who were unconscious of the little *scena* we have just recorded, and with the secrets of which none but the two sensitive creatures concerned were, perhaps, fully acquainted. Ere the nuptial rite that was about to be performed between the god Sri Runga and his watery bride, the Cauvery, had commenced, a *Masque* of martial character was performed before the Rajah's throne; being one of many interludes laid down in the programme, revised and approved of by the sage Oodiaver, in his high office of *Arbiter elegantiarum* of the palace. Two equal parties of warriors, armed with sword and shield, appeared upon the ground ready for a hot encounter. One side represented the followers of that prophet whose faith was propagated *vi et armis*, as the shortest method of showing infidels the road to heaven. The other comprised the children of Brahma, whose temper, though indolent and pacific in the extreme, may still be wrought up to frenzy in defence of their hearths and altars. At a given signal the combatants rushed together as if in mortal strife: being chosen for their expertness at sword and buckler, the exhibition was admirable in its way, and elicited thunders of applause; especially when the Sword of Brahma's faith prevailed, and the haughty Moslem was driven, discomfited, from the field.

To this succeeded a burlesque dance by male performers, the tallest, the ugliest and the most ungraceful that could be found. In female habiliments, and decorated with jingling bells and chains of

steel, they presented the most laughable caricature of the lovely and graceful Bayaderes; and skipped and sprawled about in utter contempt of the graces of nature or the rules of art, though in perfect time to the music, which rendered the burlesque of their motions still more glaring and significant. The spectators, convulsed with laughter at the humour of the scene, were in the very zenith of enjoyment, when, suddenly, a troop of tigers, lions, and other savage monsters rushed through the crowd, yelling, roaring, and scattering on every side the affrighted multitude. Screams of terror were soon, however, succeeded by shouts of merriment; for the ferocity of the wild animals being merely skin deep, their onslaught was only productive of some ungraceful tumbles, and singular positions, exceedingly perilous to the nerves of overstrained and sanctimonious delicacy. Many little incidents arose out of this popular panic, offering food for fresh laughter; amongst which we may mention that a lovely young Rajpootni maiden of the Begum's train was indulging in an immoderate fit of laughter, at the undignified overthrow of the sage Oodiaver in the *melée*; when one amongst a troop of graceless young nobles standing near, effectually turned the laugh against her, by letting fly one of those beautiful little birds called Bayas,* trained for the purpose, which, with the rapidity of lightning, snatched the golden *tica* from her lovely brow,† and bore it in triumph to his master.

With the delighted feelings of parents enjoying the sports of their children, the Royal couple looked on and participated in the unsophisticated pleasures of their happy subjects; while the gentle Lachema, whose benevolent heart took ample share in the enjoyment of others, felt for a time beguiled of her own private cares, and every selfish thought was merged in the general hilarity. As if fate, however, took a pleasure in damping her innocent joy, she had not gazed around for many seconds, when the evil eye which, at a previous festival, had made so deep an impression on her imagination, again met her aching sight, from the midst of a group that was stationed alarmingly near her person. With undefinable horror she shrank within herself at the ominous intrusion, which now began to assume a marked and settled influence on her destiny, beyond the control of her own powerful mind or the reach of her father's authority. Though an object in itself detestable to look upon, the evil eye appeared to possess the fabled faculty of the basilisk; and when once seen it maintained its terrible powers of attraction, instilling its poison through the diseased imagination even to the heart's core of the helpless victim.

A general shout of joy now pealed along the heavens, for the mystic rite of marriage was about to be performed between the god Runga and the sacred nymph of the Cauvery. A wreath of Cusa grass was flung on the calm and glassy bosom of the stream by the officiating Brahmins, a symbol of indissoluble union. The nuptial

* Indian Gross Beak.

† The young Hindoo women wear very thin plates of gold, called *ticas*, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eye-brows; and, when they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines who amuse themselves with training Bayas, or Berberas, (Indian Gross Beak) to give them a sign, which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to the lovers."—*Asiatic Researches*.

hymn was then chaunted by the choral troop of the temple, containing highly wrought allusions to the might and majesty of the male divinity, the fecundity of the nymph, and the multiplied blessings which their junction must necessarily shed on their happy votaries. The golden image of the deity was then borne in a litter by four of the most venerable Brahmins a few paces into the stream, where the god received, as it were, the caresses of his bride, and conferred upon her the power of yielding fertility and fruitfulness to the nations she would visit in her progress to the ocean. The mystic rite being finally accomplished, the god was borne back in the same order to his triumphal car, and placed upon his throne, amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude.

Scarcely was the ceremony completed when a haggard wretch, bedecked with wreaths of Lotus flowers, rushed from amidst the crowd, with a piercing cry, and, with fearful speed, bounded in mystic dance round the triumphal car of the god. Awestruck, the people made way for his frenzied evolutions, conscious that he was one of those self-devoted victims* who frequently commit suicide in India, by drowning themselves in holy rivers; the motive by which they are actuated being a belief that they will be re-born Rajahs in their next state of transmigration. With every faculty absorbed in the greatness of the sacrifice he was about to offer, the doomed devotee continued to wheel in circles round the car of the god, yelling in frenzied accents; while groans of pity burst from the spectators, who would, however, have regarded any interference with his intention as a down-right insult to the deity. One moment he seemed to awake from his trance; and stopping suddenly in his career before the Begum's throne, he exclaimed in thrilling accents, as if thus on the verge of death imbued with prophetic power:

“ Princess beware of treachery !”

Again with rapid bound he flew in mazy circles round the car of the god, seeming to gain at every turn a fresh increase of fiery zeal. As in the midst of his wild career he drew nigh to the Royal party, again he stopped and raised the warning cry :

“ Princess beware of treachery !”

Once more round the sacred vehicle of the god he flew with unabated power, circling and wheeling with a rapidity that rendered the eyes of the spectators dizzy to look upon : and once more his warning cry broke on the awful stillness of the scene :

“ Princess beware of treachery !”

Then, as if his earthly mission was accomplished, and nothing else remained for him to do on this side of eternity, he rushed with the speed of light, and with a headlong dash, plunged into the sacred stream, whose angry waves sparkled for a moment, then closed above his head for ever.

* Self destruction among men, by casting themselves, during public festivals, from a rock at Onkar Mundattah, and from a precipice near Jawud, called Suk Deo, was once common. One of the leading motives by which they are said to be actuated, is a belief that they will be re-born Rajas in their next state of transmigration.—*Malcolm's Central India.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SERENADE.

The music and the mirth had ceased; the noisy merriment of the multitude was lulled to repose: the festive lights that gleamed on high, the artificial fires that blazed across the heavens were all extinguished, and the late scene of festivity was dreary and silent as the grave. Before the entrance of the Rajah's palace a sentinel was pacing his solitary round, all other living things having retired to rest. With his matchlock thrown carelessly over his shoulder, he was humming an air of his far distant land; for his dress and arms denoted him to be one of those foreign mercenaries who were then, as at present, occasionally taken into the service of the native princes of Hindoostan. Suddenly he ceased his music, and, bringing his matchlock to a poise, he challenged a party that had just emerged from one of the winding alleys of the garden, and was apparently endeavouring to gain the rear of the palace unobserved. The party thus challenged, consisting of only two individuals, finding discovery inevitable, approached the sentinel without any show of apprehension: nor was there anything in their appearance of a menacing nature; their festive attire indicating anything but treason against the state, while a single lute borne by one was the only instrument of any description they appeared to possess.

One of the two intruders, a little shrivelled old man, now advanced with a galliard step and an apparent knowledge of his ground: and, with the air of one who knew he was well supported, desired the sentinel to retire to the other end of the palace; for that he and his companion were directed to offer a serenade to the Begum, from a grove adjacent to her highness's apartments.

Bahauder Hafiz, however, for he was the sentinel, bringing his matchlock to bear on the venerable senerader, exclaimed in a threatening tone:

"Begone, with a vengeance, idle vagabonds that ye are; or, by my father's soul, I'll send ye packing to Eblees for presuming to disturb the slumbers of her highness."

At this the *ci-devant jeune homme*, who appeared to be so unseasonably playing the gallant, invoked the sturdy Afghaun in soothing accents, though his teeth chattered woefully in the midnight air; and besought his patience while he saluted the ears of the Begum with a Hymn to the season, composed in her especial honor by his companion, Mootee Gulistaun Sahib, or the Pearl of the Rose Garden; who, besides being a most delectable performer on the lute, was a lineal descendant of the Immortal Jayadeva, by a daughter of the renowned Hafiz of Shirauz, from whom he derived his Persian patronymic.

"By the honour of my five wives!" exclaimed the truculent Afghaun, "old man, it is a scandal to your gray hairs to play these unseemly pranks, at an hour when your aguish limbs should be wrapped up in sheep skins, and safely deposited in the cradle of your second childhood."

"Now that I look at thee more narrowly," rejoined the venerable serenader, "methinks we are old acquaintances; and, if I mistake not, I am indebted to thee for sundry degradations which, to my sorrow, I sustained at the hands of that arch infidel Kempé Goud —."

"Aha! old boy," cried the Afghaun, who had also now recognised the venerable of years and wise in council, the sage Oodiaver, "on that score we may cry quits; for, by my mother's honour! the memory of my elevation to the summit of yon cocoa-nut tree will never be obliterated from my brain, which even now spins round giddily at the recollection."

"And for my part," said the Brahmin, "many a malediction have I given thee for the wicked suggestions with which thou didst inspire the soul of that Pariah to soil the purity of my Caste."

"Hah! hah! hah!" roared the Afghaun, "it was glorious sport to see your Sagacity seated on your pigskin musnud."

"Horrible recollection!" exclaimed the ci-devant Vakeel. "Ages of penance cannot wash the stain from my memory."

"While you swallowed the savoury collops of the wild hog," continued Bahauder Hafiz, "with all the relish of an arrant forester."

"Nay, that I utterly deny," cried the Brahmin, whose wrath was excited by the gross imputation. "Against my will did I swallow the horrible mess, and bitterly have I paid for the defilement."

"And then," continued the tormentor, "to see the sobriety of the judge disappear under the influence of the sparkling Sendi."

"Mention it not, for the sake of Vishnu," exclaimed the Brahmin, wincing under the sarcasms of the Afghaun, "the sin was involuntary."

"By the holy Caaba!" exclaimed Bahauder Hafiz, "I saw you smack your lips with pleasure."

"False! false!" responded the Brahmin. "Wicked inventions! wicked inventions!"

"And you called for another horn of liquor," continued the Afghaun, "like a jovial soul as you are."

"Lies! lies! nothing but lies!" cried the Brahmin, grinding his teeth with vexation.

"And you swaggered in your cups like a mountebank," continued the ruthless Bahauder Hafiz.

"Nothing but the dictates of dignity and wisdom fell from my lips," replied the Brahmin, "although unwittingly they imbibed the poison of abomination."

"It was very wise, and dignified to be sure," resumed the inexorable Afghaun, "to see you strapped on the back of an ass like a bag of onions."

"Nay, nay, good soldier," cried the Brahmin in a deprecating voice, mortified that all his humiliation should thus be exposed to his companion, "that must be a mistake, indeed it must."

"There was no mistake however," said the Afghaun, in a tone of bitterness, "in my elevation to the top of the Cocoa-nut tree, or in the merciless flogging I got by your drunken folly."

"Well! well!" said the sage Oodiaver, "let us make up matters amicably. I heartily forgive you for your past misdeeds; and you,

in gratitude, are bound to afford free passage to me and my companion."

"Gramercy for nothing, old boy," rejoined Bahauder Hafiz, "you may be a fox, it is true, but you have a jackall to deal with; and pass here you shall not, at least without a hole in your skin."

"Come, come, worthy soldier," said the Brahmin, "do me this little favour, and I'll remember you handsomely for it."

"I'll have none of your remembrances," cried the Afghaun gruffly; "they have cost me enough already. As for that strapping companion of yours, that you have told me such an Arabian tale about, he looks more likely to handle a lance or a scimitar to some purpose than a lute; therefore, with your leave, I'll examine the brawny Pearl of the Rose Garden a little more narrowly."

Suiting the action to the word the Afghaun was about to seize the lutanist by the collar, when a straggling moonbeam fell on the features of the latter, which caused a sudden revolution in the frame of Bahauder Hafiz. Recoiling a few paces in astonishment, he placed his matchlock on the ground, and bending his body, raised the palms of his hands to his forehead in mute and humble salutation. The lutanist smiled and passed on, first flinging a heavy well-filled purse at the feet of the astonished Afghaun; and the sage Oodiaver, as he followed his companion, also smiled sarcastically at his quondam fellow prisoner, recommending him in a tone of irony to be more careful in future of the jaggery pot.

It was the witching time of night, and the Begum in her maiden bower, oppressed with many an anxious thought, was reviewing the troubles of her breast, while the assiduous Coornavati unbound her beautiful tresses, and laid by her festal ornaments in their respective caskets. A silent shower had fallen on the peaceful scene around; cooling the sultry air, and imparting a delightful freshness to the mingled perfume of myrtle, jasmine, and other odoriferous shrubs with which the garden was beautifully diversified: while a gentle zephyr occasionally swept over the calm expanse of the river, laden with the ripple of its tiny waves. The moon struggling through some scattered clouds, was shining with uncertain gleams; and the silvery tinkling of some distant fountains rose softly on the ear, as if the viewless minstrels of the sky had hung their harps abroad to woo the midnight breeze. In pensive mood the Fawn-eyed maid leaned against one of the marble pillars of the Verandah, richly screened with clustering creepers: and, while her inferior attendants slumbered at some little distance, unconscious that one so richly endowed with the charms of nature and the goods of fortune could have aught to banish sleep from her weary eyelids, she thus expressed her anxious thoughts to her prime confidante and favourite:

"My fate, Coornavati, resembles yonder moon, oppressed with dim and shadowy fears, forerunners, alas! of some darker destiny which seems to lead me to the tomb."

"Gracious princess," said the Cashmerian, "after the splendor of the festival, and the universal homage that has been justly rendered to you, I see no cause for indulging in so gloomy a reflection."

"Alas!" said the Begum, "I cannot shake off the dark foreboding

that weighs down my restless spirits. Again have I seen that monster's evil eye who haunts me with unrelenting and remorseless cruelty ! And thrice this night a self-doomed wretch on the verge of eternity, when, it is said, the mental vision can penetrate the misty future, has given me dreadful warning of some hidden treachery."

"Nay, nay," cried the alarmed deceiver, "think not of treachery in the midst of anxious friends and adoring lovers. The ravings of a crazy suicide are unworthy of a moment's thought."

"I view the matter in a different light," said the Begum, "and cannot help thinking that I see in this the finger of an ever watchful providence. My guardian goddess sure has sent these fearful indications of some future woe, to lead me from the fatal snare, or to imbue my soul with firmness to meet the stroke of Fate. But how to shun the fatal snare, or avert the threatened evil is all a fearful mystery to me."

"I," said the Cashmerian with an arch smile, "know a sure and certain remedy for all these gloomy thoughts and chill forebodings."

"In the name of goodness," exclaimed the Begum eagerly, "if you are acquainted with any occult charm to dispel melancholy, for your knowledge, Coornavati, often surprises me, impart it to me at once, I entreat you, by your allegiance and your love."

"Right gladly will I do so," replied the wily confidante. "The means are certain and within your reach ; but your highness must promise to follow my prescription."

"With pleasure," cried the unsuspecting Lachema ; "most learned physician, you will find in me a docile and a confiding patient."

"Then my invaluable recipe is this," said the smiling attendant. "Let all your royal suitors be assembled in grand divan."

"In the name of the goddess ! for what purpose ?" demanded the Begum.

"Your highness," continued Coornavati, "must then take a certain garland in your fair hand, and fling it on the neck of him you love."

"Pshaw !" cried the Begum, half pleased, half vexed, "is this your boasted recipe ?"

"There cannot be a more effectual cure," replied the Cashmerian, "for the vapours, with which malady your highness is at present afflicted."

"But suppose, Coornavati," said the Begum, "that in getting rid of the vapours I should catch the horrors."

"The remedy then," replied the Cashmerian, "would be worse than the disease : but of that I have no dread. Let me suppose, for instance, that you bestowed the garland on the renowned Kistna —."

"Mention him not," cried the Begum, while a frown struggled to usurp for a moment her lovely brow ; "he is a surly soldier that thinks of nothing but the battle field."

"But still he is a gallant soldier," cried Coornavati, "that far outshines all the rest of your admirers."

"There I differ with you," said the Begum abruptly : "others possess in my opinion superior merit."

"Will your highness deign to inform me," said Coornavati, "which of the Royal suitors can cope with the noble Rajpoot?"

"Several of them—all of them," replied the Begum, with a blush that contradicted the assertion.

"Name one," said Coornavati: "one will suffice to effect your highness's cure."

"Of what avail is it to name any," replied the Begum, "seeing that I have made a vow against an exhibition which, however consecrated by custom, is repugnant to my feelings and delicacy."

"I crave your highness's pardon," said the Cashmerian, with an arch smile; "I was not aware of your vow, but I hope it is not yet registered in heaven."

"Registered or not," said the Begum, "I have this very night resolved never to comply with so absurd a custom."

"But your highness has evaded my question," said Coornavati. "I knew you could not name one who was fit to cope with the noble Kistna."

"In my opinion," said the Begum pettishly, "the Rajpoot is totally eclipsed by the Peishwa of the Mahrattas."

"Oh true," replied Coornavati, smiling at the comparison, for the Peishwa was the most illfavoured of all the Royal suitors; "the gallant Mahratta is by many degrees a handsomer man than Kistna Sahib."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Begum with a start of surprise.

"Certainly," said the Cashmerian, "more graceful in his person, more elegant in his manners —"

"How!" cried the indignant Lachema.

"More brilliant in his conversation," continued Coornavati, "more noble in his bearing—more daring in his courage—more generous in his nature—"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the Begum, rising with great dignity and hauteur. "You may retire, Coornavati; I dispense with your further attendance."

The wily Cashmerian accordingly made her obeisance and retired; smiling inwardly at the adroit manner in which she thus played on the sensitive mind of her royal mistress, for her generous and unsuspecting nature laid her entirely open to the designs of one whose wisdom was cunning, and whose inventive faculty was always the ready minister of a depraved and callous heart.

Left to herself the Begum indulged without restraint the melancholy inspired by the apparent and chilling indifference of Kistna; and was more than ever confirmed in her resolution to decline the public choice of a lord and master, unless some unhopèd-for change took place in his sentiments. Leaning in a sombre mood against one of the pillars of the Verandah, she mentally exclaimed:

"Alas! yes," Coornavati was right, "the choice of him I love, were that love reciprocal, would be, indeed, an effectual cure for my melancholy; but herein lies the insurmountable difficulty. Did he," and here the maiden heaved a heavy sigh, "did he who ought to seek me for his bride, partake the wasting flame that now usurps my soul, and bow to love instead of that frightful passion called military glory,

how gaily would I chase the gloomy fears that now prey upon my peace. His conduct is mysterious and perplexing; for though last night he seemed to shun my presence, yet, when provoked by his indifference I affected to smile on all but him, methought it stung his noble heart to the quick. Oh Cama! bend his stubborn soul, or else —"

Thus far the pious princess had proceeded in her prayer to the capricious deity, when a mournful strain of music stole upon her ear; but whether it derived its birth from saint in heaven or man below, the startled maiden could not imagine, so sweet yet transient was the swell. In mute astonishment she held her breath; fearful, if it came again, to lose even a portion of the sound that seemed so unlike any thing she had ever heard: nor was she held long in suspense; for again the melody rose upon the midnight air, from amidst a grove of Amra trees that grew on the sloping margin of the Cauvery, a trifling distance from where she stood.

The Begum at first imagined that it was the music of some boatmen gliding down the stream, who thus whiled away the tedious watch of night, but a more lengthened measure led her to a very different conclusion. The sound was that of a Veena; but the touch was so light, the strain so exquisite that, in her opinion, one hand alone throughout the broad territories of her sire, could produce any thing like it: nor was there more than one, she felt assured, through all the land, that could sing those loving words so well which now, in light and lively tone, fell thus sweetly on her delighted ear:

SERENADE.

While the sun in the bright azure firmament glowing,
O'er hill and o'er valley his splendor shall pour,
Every joy and delight upon mortals bestowing,
So long shall I love thee sweet Fawn of Mysore.

So long as the moon o'er the mountains appearing,
The brightness and beauty of day shall restore,
With its silvery radiance the night sweetly cheering,
Thee alone shall I love gentle Fawn of Mysore.

Like the Madhavi's tendrils the mango embracing
Thy beauties entwine round my heart's inmost core,
Like the first blush of day night's obscurity chasing
Thy smile cheers my anguish bright Fawn of Mysore.

Thou should'st reign in my bosom in joy and in sorrow,
Tho' mine were the globe and its vast golden ore,
Were I king of the earth from thy smile would I borrow
My sole hope of bliss, lovely Fawn of Mysore.

Surprise and joy ecstatic played round the features, and illumined the heart of the Begum, when thus melodious, soft and expressive, the voice and lute of the noble Kistna resounded on her wondering ear. Mute and motionless she stood, gazing intensely forward, as if to penetrate the shadowy obscurity of the grove, and trace the manly outline of her lover's form. She looked, however, in vain: no object whatever met her aching sight in the deepening gloom; and,

with a feeling of something like disappointment, she was about to retire, when the magic tones of the Veena again swelled on the air and fixed her to the spot.

As the former strain of the unseen musician was of a lively and cheerful character, that which now met the ear of the Begum was exquisitely plaintive; and indicated more the feeling of a broken and despairing heart than of one that was prosperous in its wooing. The words were extremely well adapted to the sorrowing style of the accompaniment, but it is difficult to say whether they gave more pain or pleasure to the delighted listener:

Farewell! the rose of life is faded
Cold disdain has chill'd its bloom;—
Farewell! the star of Hope is shaded,
Lost, alas! in cheerless gloom.
When first I felt its rosy ray,
I little thought from thee to sever;
I little thought I now shall say,
Farewell! my only love, for ever!

Farewell, sweet Fawn! tho' hope is dead,
And Fate is frowning drear and chill,—
Tho' every joy on earth is fled,
My ruin'd heart is with thee still,
Ah! thus the axe may rend the tree,
And strew its scatter'd fragments round,
The faithful ivy still, like me,
But closer clings at every wound.

Farewell! no more the Cocil sings
For me her once delightful strain,
No more the Lotus blossom springs
To cheer me like thine eyes again.
No more thro' Cama's jasmin bowers*
With thee delighted shall I rove,
And chide the swiftly fleeting hours
So sweet, but ah! too short for love.

Farewell! when with the giddy crowd,
I sink in wand'ring error lost,
Or when the storm howls fierce and loud
Upon the foaming billow tost,—
Thy memory still will keep me free
From other chains where'er I rove;
My heart will proudly bleed for thee,
For thee, my first, my only love!

Farewell! the light of Love's young dream
From thy bright eyes' warm glances stole,—
From them too came the frozen beam
That chill'd the rapture of my soul:

* There was always a garden or grove attached to the temple of Kamadeo, which was the resort of the young of either sex at public festivals, and the scene of many love adventures, although the reserve to which Hindoo women were always subjected in public rendered it no school for the Daphnisci Mores inspired by the Shades of Antioch.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

But still my prayer, when I depart,
 Shall be may'st thou experience never
 The anguish of the bleeding heart
 That bids thee now farewell for ever !

"He loves ! he loves !" cried the Begum with unrestrained delight, "the traitor loves at last ! Fallen is the warrior's pride, and lowered to the dust is the hero's brow. Fierce Kartikeia yields before the god who bends the bow of sugarcane, and cruel doubt and grief no more shall chill my heart. Cama, son of Maya, accept my thanks ! Thou hast heard my prayer ; thou hast bent the stubborn heart of the warrior. Daily shall thine altar be dressed with fruits and flowers, the offering of thy grateful votary, and Kistna alone shall wear the garland of my love."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RAKHI-BUND BAUER.

The morning sun had travelled far towards the meridian ere the happy Lachema unclosed her eyes, so unusually sound and sweet was the sleep she enjoyed after the midnight garden scene, described in the last chapter. Despair no more oppressed her anxious thoughts, but hope and rapture filled her gentle bosom, and shed around her peaceful slumbers many a vision of delight ; in which the adored image of her gallant lover occupied as prominent a place as her fondest wishes could assign to him. Nor did the evil eye once cast its hateful glare across these happy dreams, but all was undisturbed repose and peace without alloy.

When balmily sleep at length withdrew its curtain from the Begum's eyes, she saw her new favourite Coornavati beside her couch, immersed in musing mood, and looking as if some weighty secret occupied her thoughts. In light and cheerful tone the princess besought her to unravel the mystery that seemed to hang upon her brow, and the dissembling Cashmerian, with a sigh, thus broke her ominous silence :

"How cruel, alas ! is my destiny, that I, who with my life would shield you from even one anxious thought, am yet destined to be the bearer of intelligence that must wring your gentle breast with sorrow."

"Merciful powers !" cried the Begum, alarmed at this gloomy commencement, "what mean you, Coornavati ? Aught of my parents ?—speak—or of ——" the unaffected modesty of the maiden here cut short the sentence, and the wily Cashmerian, with a furtive smile, resumed :

"Oh princess, ever dear to my soul ! well may you start and tremble when I disclose the painful tidings that, urged by some sudden and most pressing intelligence, the gallant Peishwa quits your lovely presence, this very day, to meet the fierce Mogul in arms ; for it is said that the mighty Aurungzeb's troops even now beleaguer the royal towers of Poonah."

"Thank heaven !" exclaimed the smiling Begum. "If this be all

that has caused your sighs, take comfort, my gentle friend, for your news imparts no pain to me whatever."

"Your highness relieves me from a load of anxiety," replied the Cashmerian, "for I verily thought the departure of the gallant Mah-ratta was likely to affect your peace."

"Not in the slightest degree," replied the Begum. "Nay, not only the Peishwa, but all the rest of the royal troop of selfish wooers may go for aught I care: their importunities begin to be troublesome, and my heart requires some respite from this never-ending pageantry."

"Indeed!" replied the Cashmerian, with an air of well-affected surprise. "From the conversation with which your highness favoured me last night I was led to form a very different conclusion."

"Oh!" said the Begum laughing, "matters are much altered since then. At the period referred to I was somewhat oppressed with gloomy anticipations; but I am now, praised be the sea-born goddess, the happiest creature in existence."

"It gives me unutterable joy to hear your highness say so," replied the sympathising Cashmerian.

"Yes, my dear Coornavati," said the Princess, "positively the happiest creature in existence. Nothing can now disturb or interrupt my felicity: but what other news is stirring in the palace besides the bagatelle you have mentioned?"

"I have nothing else of novelty to amuse your royal ears," replied the Cashmerian, "except a rumour that seems very current, and which, of course, can have no interest for you."

"What is it, I pray you?" demanded the Begum, who, though a princess of high intellect and rare accomplishments, was endued with a reasonable portion of the curiosity of her sex.

"It is said," replied the Cashmerian, "that many of our noble Rajpoots have volunteered their services to assist the Peishwa against his too powerful adversary, and are even now preparing to depart under the command of the gallant Kistna ——"

"Forbid it heaven!" cried the Begum, springing suddenly from her couch, and completely thrown off her guard by the artifice of the Cashmerian. "Forbid it, protecting goddess! who hast ever graciously listened to the prayers of thy humble votary! Did I not dream that his martial pride had deigned at last to bow to love? He said 'Farewell,' 'tis true, but, alas! I little thought he meant it to be so."

With all the haste that her confused and troubled spirit permitted, the Begum now flew to the apartment of the Queen, and thus confided her new affliction to her fond maternal ear:

"O ever true and tender friend and parent! who knowest every secret of my soul, and whose every wish is centered in my happiness, lend now thine aid and counsel to relieve my misery."

The Ranee, half smiling, half alarmed, inquired the cause of her daughter's agitation, and the latter continued:

"Best of parents! too well you know how long I have vainly tried to suppress the wishes of my heart, and you may feel assured that if fate required it my unhappy secret would have died with me: but

now when hope smiles once more, and my bosom bounds with the conviction that its feelings were not wasted on an ungrateful object, new fears and anxieties rise up again to blight my happiness."

"What is the nature of those fears and anxieties, my child?" demanded the indulgent Ranee.

"Kistna loves me," replied the Begum, covering her blushing features with her hand. "He himself has confessed it, and yet he goes to fight the foreign enemies of the Peishwa! Who ever heard of such inconsistency? What are the Peishwa's foes to him, that he should dim the lustre of his glory by drawing his sword in any foreign cause? Has Mysore then no wars to wage to glut the martial ardour of his soul; and must he, like a mercenary stranger, shed his blood upon a foreign field, and in a cause unhallowed by the pure spirit of patriotism? You smile, dear mother, but I see a glistening tear upon your cheek that proves I do not plead in vain."

The Ranee did smile with joy and pride upon the lovely face of the maiden, flushed with the active workings of her affectionate spirit; then folding the Begum to her breast and kissing her radiant eyes, she replied in a cheerful tone:

"It shall ever be my anxious care, dearest Lachema, to chase the troubles of your breast, and gratify your innocent wishes. Long have your sire and I observed, and highly have we approved the choice you have made; for never yet has man deserved such a bride better than the noble Kistna. But though he dearly loves the trump of war, I'll undertake before he roves to foreign regions to bind this eagle to his cage, and this shall be the talisman I'll use."

The Ranee here unbound a diamond bracelet from the lovely arm of her daughter, and exclaimed with playful smiles:

"Now let the brazen trumpet sound, for we defy its martial summons, and Kistna shall ere long become my daughter's Rakhi-bund Bauee."*

One of the most interesting customs of a singular people is that

* The festival of the bracelet (*Rakhi*) is in Spring, and whatever its origin, it is one of the few where an intercourse of gallantry of the most delicate nature is established between the fair sex and the cavaliers of Rajasthan. Though the bracelet may be sent by maidens, it is only on occasions of urgent necessity or danger. The Rajpoot dame bestows with the Rakhi the title of adopted brother; and while its acceptance secures to her all the protection of a "cavaliere servente," scandal itself never suggests any other tie to his devotion. He may hazard his life in her cause, and yet never receive a smile in reward, for he cannot even see the fair object who, as brother of her adoption, has constituted him her defender. But there is a charm in the mystery of such connexion, never endangered by close observation; and the loyal to the fair may well attach a value to the public recognition of being the Rakhi-bund Baé, the "bracelet-bound brother" of a princess. The intrinsic value of such pledge is never looked to; nor is it requisite it should be costly, though it varies with the means and rank of the donor; and may be of floss silk and spangles, or gold chains and gems. The acceptance of the pledge, and its return, is by the *Katchli* or corset, of simple silk or satin, or gold brocade and pearls. A whole province has often accompanied the *Katchli*; and the monarch of India (Hemayoon the son of Baber) was so pleased with this courteous delicacy in the customs of Rajasthan, on receiving the bracelet of the Princess Kurnavati, which invested him with the title of her brother, and uncle, and protector to her infant, Oody Sing, that he pledged himself to her service, "even if the demand were the Castle of Rinthumbor."—*Tod's Annals of Rajpootana*.

which prevails amongst the Rajpoot nation, of selecting a champion on the part of some princess, or damsel in distress, amongst the Cavaliers of her acquaintance. This is done by transmitting to him a Rakhi, or bracelet, by which he becomes the Rakhi-bund Bauee, or bracelet-bound brother of the fair; and thenceforward deems it incumbent on him to devote himself exclusively to her service, as her sworn defender on all occasions of difficulty or danger. The acceptance of the pledge, and its return, is by the Katchli, or corset of satin, or gold brocade and pearls; which, as defending the most delicate part of the structure of the fair, is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of devotion. Under the sanction of this ancient and highly venerated usage, the Ranee resolved to gratify the wishes of her daughter, by retaining the gallant Kistna in the precincts of the Court at so critical a period of her fate; she accordingly despatched a page for the venerable Oodiaver, who had been sometime restored to his former place in her confidence and esteem.

The quondam Ambassador soon made his appearance in the Royal presence, when the Ranee addressed him as follows:

"Sage Oodiaver, heard you aught last night of the warning cry addressed to the Begum by that unhappy wretch who committed suicide in the Cauvery?"

"Great princess," said the Vakeel, "too surely did I hear that ominous voice; but may your slave be pardoned for observing that the act, which your Majesty terms suicidal, was one of the most praiseworthy and heroic ——"

"Well, well," interrupted the Ranee, "we shall not, wise Oodiaver, discuss that point at present, but proceed to one of more pressing importance. It appears to me, if my fears do not obscure my reason, that some hidden plot or treachery against the princess was indicated by that dying wail."

"Doubtless," replied Oodiaver, "your majesty, on all occasions utters the dictates of truth and reason, and you have correctly interpreted the warning of the self-doomed; who, on the eve of his glorious sacrifice, saw as clearly into futurity as the Charun did when he uttered his last summons to the impious Kempé. Every word of that awful summons, may it please your majesty ——"

"Wherefore," resumed the Ranee, cutting short the eloquence of the Vakeel, "it is our bounden duty to take immediate measures to baffle the plot, of whatever nature it may be. For this purpose, hie thee, good Oodiaver, with the least possible delay, to the palace of the noble Kistna, and present him with this bracelet on the part of the princess, who doth thereby confer the high honor of constituting him her adopted brother and champion, in all cases of difficulty or peril that may befall, from open force or hidden snare. Further say to him, sage Oodiaver, that the Ranee looks that her adopted son forego all foreign wars, and that henceforth he shall draw his victorious sword alone to guard my fawn-eyed maid."

The sage took the sparkling trinket with a look that denoted the high sense of the honour conferred upon him, in being selected as agent in so delicate a negotiation; and in a reverential tone exclaimed, "Great Queen, thy royal will is done." He then quitted

the presence, having first stolen a sly glance at the blushing Lachema, whose lovely face was bent down to her embroidering frame, with which she appeared to be most industriously occupied.

With a throbbing heart the anxious Begum awaited the return of the venerable Pundit, who had not been gone many minutes before she began to wonder at his extraordinary delay. She then began to chide his tardy age, and very reasonably thought that messengers of love should fly with the wings of light. At length, when all womanly patience was on the point of giving up the ghost, the Brahmin returned from his mission, and eagerly were his features scanned by his fair expectants, for some indication of success.

With all possible diplomatic gravity, however, the Ambassador stood bowing in the presence of his queen, nor did his venerable features betray a symptom of what was passing in his statesmanlike and highly politic mind. At length, being somewhat impatiently desired to disclose the result of his mission, the sage Pundit put his tongue in motion, with all the self satisfied garrulity of age, which is, however, so utterly distasteful to the ears of youth.

"These eyes," said the venerable man, "have gazed on many a gallant knight, not only in the mimic course of the festival, but also when arming for the deadly field of war. For though my thoughts are prone to peace, and strife is cursed by my divine creed, these aged eyes still love to gaze upon the sparkling gems of chivalry, if I may be allowed a poetical expression in aught that concerns the high diplomacy of my present character."

The Ranee here besought her Ambassador to use any expressions he chose, provided they led to the shortest and speediest delivery of his message."

"Many thanks, great queen," resumed the sage Oodiaver, "for your gracious permission; but when I talk of chivalry, I cannot help recalling to mind those happy days when, yet a boy, our royal prince first dared the foe in battle. Full well I recollect the day when the pagan Moslems, led on by the fierce Nizam-ul-Mooluk, were defeated by his boyish sword, and fled before his conquering arm; and right vividly can I recall the glories of that dreadful chase."

"Enough, enough, good Pundit," cried the Ranee, "your graphic powers we have often acknowledged, and now can very well dispense with; for all impatient as we are, we pray you recollect that you wander from the point in hand."

"And so in sober truth I do," replied the venerable man, "but when I look back on deeds and heroes once so famed, I feel so fresh and vigorous that I scarcely know how to check my rambling tongue. But gracious queen, as I said before, in ancient or modern times never have these aged orbs been fixed on one more skilled to win the prize on listed plain or battle field than Kistna, the spear and buckler of Mysore."

"Well, well," cried the Ranee, "we sent thee not to act as herald to his fame; all this we knew before, good Pundit."

"But had your Majesty beheld him," persisted the Ambassador, "as I have done even now, cased in golden armour and encircled by his chosen band, but surpassing all in martial mien and knightly bear-

ing. His gallant war steed neighed aloud, as vaulting lightly on his back he darted across the plain, leaving no broader trace, such was the splendor of his course, than lightning in the collied night; while poising high his lance he struck the ring in mid career, and bore it off in triumph. Ah! many a time, I said, the Pagan crest will bow before that fatal steel, while chasing Delhi's scattered troops he frees the ravaged lands of the Mahratta from their hateful sway."

"Immortal powers!" cried the Begum, betrayed into sudden emotion, while tears gushed to her lovely eyes. "He goes then to a foreign soil to glut his soul with martial strife, and love and duty are alike smothered in his savage breast!"

"Nay, gracious princess," cried the sage, "your reproach I trust is unmerited; for even though he should embrace a foreign cause, the noble Kistna will never prove a recreant from the laws of duty. Nor yet, as I opine, will he turn traitor to the devoirs of love, in which the brave are always true. Had you but seen his matchless grace when, midway through his swift career, the gorgeous train of the princess Louli appeared upon the field, and that proud beauty sat resplendant in her howdah, you would have acknowledged that no living knight better knew his duty to the fair. Reining in his fiery charger, he stopped at once his lightning speed; and, bending even to the flowing mane, he bowed with all due reverence to the princely maid, who with a smile repaid his gallantry."

"A truce to this idle prattle," interrupted the Begum, with a flush of rival pride. "Bethink thee of thy mission, sage Pundit, ere our patience fail; and say, in brief, what answer gave the warrior—will his highness go or stay?"

"Most gracious princess," replied the Brahmin, "forgive the privilege of age: this silvered head and babbling tongue forget the impatient eagerness of youth. In brief, then, when the course was done, I sought the gallant Kistna in his tent, and found him apparently overwhelmed with some internal grief; but when he beheld the Bracelet, and heard your Majesty's most gracious message, his heart seemed to swell with sudden rapture, and gloomy thought vanished from his brow. As Lotus buds* put forth fresh beauties beneath the bright autumnal moon, so flashed his eyes as, over and over, he kissed the Begum's royal boon. Then pressing the Bracelet to his heart, he swore by Indra's thousand eyes that he would thenceforth forego all other cares, and consecrate his heart and hand, from open force and hidden snare to guard the treasure of the empire, and his heart's most sovereign mistress. Furthermore, the noble Kistna, in token of his soul's content, confided to my care this Katchli bright of gold brocade, embroidered with pearls of inestimable value, and this necklace of sparkling jewels, each stone of which might serve for a monarch's ransom; and humbly he begs the fawn-eyed maid to wear these pledges of unalterable faith."

* ————— the lotus

Buds in full beauty to the tender light
The moon autumnal sheds upon its leaves.

Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.

With intense and all absorbing interest the Begum listened to the words of the sage, and never before had his eloquence obtained so devoted an auditor, or so precious a reward of bewitching smiles. When at length he brought his oratory to a close, the delighted Lachema took the jewels from his hand, and pressed the valued pledge to her bosom, while the bliss that filled her heart enhanced the glowing beauty of her charms. Then springing to her mother's embrace, tears of rapture gushed from her eyes, mingled with sparkling smiles, that shone like sunbeams through a summer shower.

IRISH SONG.*

A HEALTH TO SWEET ERIN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

HERE's a health to sweet Erin!
 When roaming afar,
 She shines in her beauty,
 My soul's guiding star:
 O, 'tis long since the green hills
 Of Caven I saw!
 Erin savourneen!
 Erin savourneen!
 Slan laght go bragh!

Here's a health to old friendships,
 And times full of joy!
 To the home and the hearth
 Of my heart when a boy,
 'Mid the wreck of my hopes,
 Nature still keeps her law;
 Mat'air† savourneen!
 Mat'air savourneen!
 Slan laght go bragh!

O! the land of the shamrock
 And harp has a spell,
 For this lone heart of mine,
 That no language can tell:
 Though 'tis long since the green hills
 Of Caven I saw!
 Erin savourneen!
 Erin savourneen!
 Slan laght go bragh!

* The Irish songs by Mrs. Crawford are to form part of the great national work,
 (by F. N. Crouch, Esq.,) "The Lake Echoes."

† "Mat'air means mother in the ancient Irish or Ibero-Celtic."—*Vallancey*.

A WEST-END BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY HUMPHRY HOGARTH, ESQ.

BITE THE BITER.

Pray Mr. What-d'y-e-call-him—or you, Madam Thingum—or you, Mademoiselle Chose—have you ever lived in a west-end boarding-house? No. Then you are still an infant in fact, if not in law—still unfit to be released from your swaddling clothes—still lamentably ignorant of one half the wonders of this vagabond earth. You may have travelled eastwards as far as Persepolis, and studied ancient nature among its silent stony population of men and monsters; you may have journeyed westwards, even to the Rocky Mountains, and contemplated modern life amidst Blackfoot Indians, and grizzly bears; nevertheless your knowledge of the “dead science,” of the “living arts,” of old tricks, of new inventions, of precarious existence, of bold designs, of strange histories, of ingenious fable—in short, of the queerest doings of queer mortals—is but scant, unless you have sojourned for some time in one of these comical menageries of unclassed and unclassable bipeds. The human species is ordinarily divided, by the learned, into two pretty equal classes—that which is preyed upon, and that which preys. London too is universally admitted to be the world in miniature; but the west-end boarding-house, while, like London, it is beyond doubt a little world within a greater world—or, as a scholar would say, an *imperium in imperio*—unlike all other worlds, large or small, is peopled by but one only class—that which preys.

According to the category of Shylock, “land-rats and water-rats” are the generic names of these two distinct branches of the human family, which possess the great world betwixt them; but the creatures who inhabit the west-end boarding-house are content with one patronymic—they pretend to no invidious distinction of caste or instinct—they are all simply and equally—sharks. Like the Kilkenny cats of Irish imagination, they go on devouring each other until nothing positively remains, except the respective *tails*, and yet, strange to say, such is the continuous influx, or reproduction of new fishes, that the victims are not missed, which phenomenon will be understood by those who have viewed the grotesque monsters in a drop of water, through the microscope, and seen them swallow each other by shoals, without the least apparent diminution of numbers. Occasionally indeed, though rarely, an unfortunate devil of the other class may slip in, and then—O vampires and ghouls! what a treat for the *habitués*!—then, by secret accord, they leave feeding on each other, and fasten one and all on the new comer. If he or she be fat, what a glorious spectacle it is! The interloper may escape without being blood-sucked until nothing is left save the dry skin, but he or she has as little chance of doing so as the unwary fly who intrudes his tempting body into the spider's nest. Notwithstanding the appellation, we caution those who

think of a boarding-house as a place where they are to be fed, not to be deceived. The word would imply as much in our common vernacular language, but it is used only *ad captandum*. Once caught, the beguiled intruder soon finds his mistake; he may indeed be treated to supper, but, like poor Polonius, it is not where he is to eat, but where he is to be eaten. This sort of innocent intruder is however rare, and in proportion to the rarity is sought after and enjoyed. The usual play of bite the biter is between mutual sharks. We are about to paint a game or two for the edification of our sporting friends.

It was that hybrid half-hour, properly belonging to no regular division of the day, which so agreeably leads us on directly towards dinner, yet which so disagreeably interposes itself betwixt us and our object. The inmates—a word happily discovered to supersede the old vulgar one of boarders, and used to induce folks who are very green to flatter themselves that they are accommodated in a private family—of No. 35, — Street, — Square, were assembled in the drawingroom, awaiting in various moods and tenses of anxiety, the tinkling of the summoning bell. There was a carefulness about the toilette of the ladies that denoted the expected appearance of some visitor. The hangings of the apartment were disposed so as to present their best, or rather their least worn, side to the eye. The furniture bore evident symptoms of having received that day an extra rub. The nic-nackeries were placed so as to show themselves to the utmost advantage, and at the same time to hide any little defects which, without their friendly connivance, would be visible in the principal moveables. No persons understand the value of love at first sight better than boarding-house keepers, and therefore all this art, ingenuity, and means, are put in requisition whenever a new guest arrives, in order to give him an agreeable surprise, and to prepossess him from that moment in favour of the establishment. It was evident, from all these symptoms of domestic order and personal embellishment, that something out of the ordinary course was anticipated at that day's dinner table. Some mystery lay behind all these preparations. Yes, a boarding-house mystery; and as such we will keep it most inviolably; that is, we will whisper it to you, discreet reader, as our most particular confidant, beseeching you not to betray it to—more than one at a time. The mystery then was, that on that day Miss Skinflint, the amiable hôtesse, had announced the addition to her "select circle" of a "perfect gentleman from top to toe." We cannot refrain from pausing here a moment to remark how universally good-natured, and how ingenuously credulous ladies who take inmates invariably are. They may be a trifle or so niggard in sugaring your tea, but they are the most bounteous of creatures in sweetening your reputation—while you remain under their roof of course we mean; they may exhibit of cows' milk but a scanty supply, yet with the milk of human kindness you will find them full even to overflowing. They could no more think of doubting a person who says he is a gentleman to be what he says, than they would think of questioning their own perfect respectability; and as to think of making inquiries, or asking seriously for references, it would be an insult as well to the individual making application for admittance into their genteel family, as to their

own infallible penetration. No, far from betraying such littleness of mind in judging of people by appearance, and their own representations, the benign creatures who keep houses for others' use evince the highest magnanimity in their reports, and in general go beyond the stranger himself in brightness of description. Should he announce himself simply as a gentleman, ten chances to one but he will be announced to his fellow inmates as a lord in disguise; should he claim admittance as a travelling stranger, in all likelihood he will find himself received as an ambassador incog.; should he happen to let slip that he has a small independence, he will, beyond the possibility of doubt, be reported as the possessor of immense estates. Nay, such is the more than human charitableness of the hearts of ladies who preside over boarding-houses, that even an erring sister's shame is slurred over by them, and instead of thrusting the frail fair ones, as women too frequently are accustomed to do, from their door, they take them to their bosom, and by giving them a good report, and by introducing them to the élite of their acquaintance, they enable them to regain the position they had lost, or, at least, to mix with the best of boarding-house company.

But to return from this digression.

The door at length opened—not with that awful creaking of the hinges, or with that blood-freezing noiseless motion which precedes the entrance of ghost or goblin, but—with a sudden jerk which none save a mortal hand could cause; the assembled inmates started almost from their propriety, and the expected gentleman made his appearance. Three steps, executed in as many seconds, brought the new-comer to a sofa, on which he literally flung himself *sans gêne*, and in two seconds afterwards he was stretched thereon at full length, with the exception of one leg, which he so placed as to dangle gracefully over the back of a neighbouring chair. Lord Chesterfield, when he laid down the maxim “that a handsome face is a letter of introduction,” only half stated it; he should have added “when set off by a handsome suit of clothes.” But doubtless the noble earl never dreamt of such a thing at all as beauty save in befitting garments, and therefore the omission is easily accounted for. Had he written that fine apparel is a passport to the world's consideration, he would have been nearer the truth, and his maxim have a much more general application. Good looks!—pshaw! we have seen the most divine specimen of the human countenance in rags, but never yet claimed, or noticed any one else claiming, acquaintance with them merely on account of their unadorned beauty. Mr. Newton, the last arrival at No. 35, was certainly not an Adonis, yet he had not been longer than the five seconds above recorded in the drawingroom, when, one and all, the ladies pronounced him, in their secret thoughts, a superior man—a magnificent creature—a most decidedly splendid catch! It is true the gentlemen meditated differently; and such of them as ventured to allow themselves the occasional luxury of an opinion, or even the half of an opinion, concluded that, though unquestionably some great nabob, he was a d—d impudent fellow. One gentleman, however, went farther in his judgment than all the rest, though like all the rest he kept it to himself. This was one of those characters to

be found as fixtures in every boarding-house, aged, sickly, keen witted, and lynx-eyed, who sit in corners unobserved, noting, realizing, and extracting sweet essence of scandal from every motion, look, whisper, or gesture that passes within their ken. The household Thersites of No. 35, after indulging in an unusually great number of sneers, malicious grins, and suppressed chuckles, decreed him in his secret court of conscience a swell-mob man of the first water. What, however, is the tainted opinion of envious men, or the villainous judgment of a foul-minded railer to one who is blest with the smiles and the tender regards of lovely woman? Mr. Newton, besides, guessed not at the injurious doubts and conclusions of his own sex against his fair fame, and therefore they hurted him not; but he saw plainly enough the sensation produced in the amiable bosoms of the softer and better division of mankind present, by his person and style, and this placed him on yet more excellent terms with himself, if that were possible, than he was previous to his entry; and this made him feel as much at home, and as free from all kinds of restraint, as if he had passed half his life amidst the family circle he now joined for the first time.

Inquisitive readers may be impatient to learn what manner of man this could be, who thus in five seconds set some half dozen ladies wandering into happy regions of variously-imagined paradises, and drove a dozen gentlemen moping in the dark and dismal realms of jealousy. A determined squint was one of the natural endowments of Mr. Newton, which would first strike a physiognomist, and next, an inability in his otherwise sharp gray eyes to look one straight in the face; but it could not be these peculiarities, or varieties, of ocular beauty which caused the effects related. A long, lank, bony figure, six feet in longitude, and eighteen inches in latitude, constructed on a plan different from that of any known species, was another of nature's gifts to Mr. Newton, which would attract the eye of the anatomist; but it hardly was this comical conformation which won the women and jaundiced the men in a time so incredibly short. The prodigious bumps of acquisitiveness and self-esteem that adorned his cranium, and the absence thereof of those protuberances which usually denote the presence of intellectual and moral faculties, would immediately interest a phrenologist; still we cannot suppose it was these external marks of mental character which enabled him to progress so rapidly in woman's heart and man's liver as we have seen he did. Was it then his tawny skin, his large coarse paw, his mean contracted lips, his affectionately kissing knees, that wrought him into favour and into fear? No, no, no—none of these, believe us. What the diable, then, could it be? Faith, gentle or ungentle readers, we cannot say; unless it were the pea-green coat, cut in the extremest fashion, which hung upon his narrow shoulders—unless it were the white and blue figured satin waistcoat which enveloped his tortuous bust—unless it were the rich crimson scarf that wound its ample folds round his scraggy neck—unless it were the superlatively varnished boots that encased his huge feet—or, more probable and potent still, unless it were the the undoubted brilliants that sparkled in his cravat, the massive gold chains that coiled through every button hole of his vest, and hung therefrom in divers glittering points, the rings of emeralds, rubies, and

diamonds beyond count that circled every finger of his far from immaculate hand. Take these all or any, and recollect that his mode of making his *débüt* was novel, and remarkable for its assurance,—two things that go far indeed with the ladies; and do not forget that, from the principle of contraries the loveliest beings will occasionally affect the most deformed opposites; and then perhaps you will be able to divine the true causes of Mr. Newton's sudden ascension into the fair or unfair graces of Miss Skinflint's inmates.

The dinner-bell pealed long and loud through the house, and the ladies arose to descend to the dining parlour. Mr. Newton sprang up too, quick as a rattle-snake, but it was not, as was evidently anticipated by the half dozen female rivals for his condescension, to present his arm to any of them according to vulgar custom; it was to plant himself before the mirror that stood on the mantel-piece, and to arrange his recently curled locks, which he began combing with a small instrument for that purpose taken from his pocket. The inmates were astonished; none of them had ever seen or read of gentlemen turning a drawingroom into a dressing chamber—an elaborately ornamented mantel-piece into a toilet. Still it might be the fashion in *very* high society, and no one likes to exhibit the least ignorance of what is done there; it assuredly had the appearance of being quite at ease, which everybody admits to be the great desideratum of the man of elegance; the person who did it dressed in the most costly manner, and entered a room with all the nonchalance of one in a very superior station; it was clear then it was a wellbred freedom—a distinguished act of new refinement; this was the tacit conclusion the ladies came to, at all events;—the gentlemen we pass by as immaterial, for in laws of custom their protest avails as little as that of a few dissenting peers in laws of parliament—the royal assent of sovereign woman puts the seal to the statute despite their protest, and anything to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding. A mixed company at any dinner-table is a subject of curious observation—of various philosophical speculation; but that which congregates round a west-end boarding-house *table d'hôte* is one superlatively pregnant with the purest elements of remark and reflection. Not one out of those twenty or five-and-twenty individuals, who sit down daily here ostensibly for the sole simple purpose of oiling their animal machines, who has not some covert, duplex, triplex, or quadruplex motive for so doing. Not one who has not some underhand game to play, some assumed character to sustain, some fictitious part to enact, some secret plot to weave or unravel. Each motion has its design, each word its mission, each look its instruction,—and all, more or less the opposites of those which they seem. You notice yon pale, delicate lady, with the languishing eyes and frame as transparent as alabaster,—she, who touches not a morsel of food, and who seems as though, snipe-like, she lived on suction alone, and that most probably the pure juice of the waterlily. You would hardly dream in your philosophy that that moon-tinted being has managed to pass through her dainty portal, not two hours since, a lunch composed of a pound and a half of nearly raw beef-steak, with the supplementary etceteras of a pot of stout, cheese, fruit, and vegetables. You notice yon gaily habited little dame,

who is so very particular in her choice of dishes, who turns up her nose at everything brought to table, and who eats and speaks of the viands, as if, like a feminine Atlas, she supported the whole establishment on her shoulders. Possibly you will gape with astonishment when we assure you that that saucy lady has never paid a shilling for her board for the last twelve months, and that she is under perpetual notice to quit—a notice renewed every week, and every week received with a laugh of contempt, for the vulgar person who gives it, as well as for the vulgar law which suggests it.

You see —————

But all this time we are shamefully neglecting our hero, who, being a stranger, has just cause of complaint against us, and mayhap will set this particular discourtesy down to what strangers illogically enough call our national incivility.

The chief duty of every individual at a west-end boarding-house dinner table is to talk as much as possible about himself, that is, as much as his imagination will furnish, in aid of his sustaining the character which he chooses to play. Great relatives—powerful acquaintances—temporary derangement of finances—mysterious circumstances—strict incognitos—incurable afflictions of the heart—desire to see life;—these are the most usual themes, openly avowed or trickingly hinted at, on which the present position of the speakers are founded; but these vary, or others are substituted, according to the judgment and creative fancy of each autobiographer.

Mr. Newton did not, like the Arabian Nights princes, or like our countryman, the renowned Tristram Shandy, enter into the particulars of his birth, parentage, and education; and thence he showed excellent discretion and praiseworthy modesty, for where is the use of destroying the chaste and childish illusion that we are all found in the cabbage gardens? and, how inconvenient to most people, who stray from home, to be obliged to name their fathers, when perhaps they never had any—to talk of their country, which may have discarded them—to speak of their education, when haply they received it in the charity schools. But though Mr. Newton was discreet enough to eschew everything like a minute history of himself, he recited sundry snatches and portions of history which gave the company generally a very exalted notion indeed of his station and personal greatness. From these it might be inferred that he was a young American of fortune, who had been sent, by his father, from his native Boston, to improve himself by travel in England, and to bring home a fresh importation of graces from the supercivilised continent of Europe—whither it was, he intimated, his intention to go as soon as the first half of his mission was accomplished.

When people are themselves conscious of being in a suspicious position, and of supporting dubious characters by dubious tales, they are wonderfully easily satisfied—or at least affect to be so—with the representations and stories of others similarly situated. “A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind!” and no persons are more lenient to one another in this particular than boarding-house ladies and gentlemen. Whatever the new-comer deemed expedient to assert or hint about himself, was swallowed with zest and with every demonstra-

tion of good-breeding by the family circle of No. 35. Once only a doubt of the *verysuperior* station of the dashing stranger exhibited itself on the countenances of the inmates, and that was when, in the midst of one of his most flaming descriptions of his father's establishment in the far-west, of his style of living, and of his princely magnificence, he drew towards him one of the dishes, which stood opposite a neighbouring carver, and commenced helping himself *en masse*, and with the consummate coolness of one who is determined literally to "take his ease in his inn." But this doubt came and passed merely as a shadow, for, in performing this rather equivocal act of high refinement, the diamonds in his cravat, the chains in his vest, and the jewels on his eight fingers, contrived simultaneously to blaze in all their lustre, and—heigh-presto!—every suspicion injurious to his exalted birth, worth, and finished breeding, vanished like mists before the sun. Mysterious power of sparkling gems, that can thus dazzle the judgments of reasonable beings—that can make practised eyes see light in this centre of darkness—that can blind them to objects the most glaring and palpable! Amidst that large company of cosmopolites, every one of whom lived, more or less, by his or her wits, the scandal-loving old gentleman before alluded to, alone was able to withstand the influence of dress, jewels, and gold;—but then he was a confirmed sceptic in everything, and had established for himself a system to believe nothing that he saw, and to credit as nearly as possible the reverse of what he had heard—in west-end boarding-houses.

It is a portion of the disease of hypochondriacs, and of persons afflicted with the itch of prying too closely into our nature's abuses, to think meanly of men in exact proportion to the ostentatiousness of their present appearance. They ridiculously gather the notion, from their oblique observations, that a noble mind, polished manners, extensive information, or personal dignity, requires no exterior badge, and that in the practice of the world they rarely carry any. They likewise imbibe the idea that glittering apparel is principally used to cover empty heads, ill-shaped bodies, and vulgar souls; and contract the habit of setting down incontinently as swindlers, whomsoever they encounter bedizened beyond the common. This is decidedly a most erroneous conclusion in principle; yet we wager our modest goose-quill to the gorgeous Pitt diamond, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will turn out a just one in practice.

Old Thersites felt doubly convinced that the new guest was a swell-mob man.

It was odd; but at the moment he came, as he thought irrevocably, to that uncharitable decision, a circumstance arose that would cause any other man save himself to reverse it as absolutely.

A learned doctor—learned, Heaven knows in what! and doctor, God wots of what!—puts forth his regular diurnal query to a quidnunc captain (we believe of the horse marines) opposite of—

"Well, captain, how go on the funds to-day? Is the Spanish up?—By Jupiter! I was wrong not to have sold when you advised me."

It may be as well here to illumine the reader as to the vast interest in the Spanish funds which the doctor had, and which gave him the

lawful right to dilate each day on the state of the unfortunate Peninsula, present and prospective—to rejoice as her finances improved, and to put on a face of black despair as they retrograded. The doctor, then, be it known unto all men whom it doth concern, was legal owner of just one whole Spanish bond of five per cent., the nominal value of which hovered about twenty pounds sterling. He was *legal* owner—that is, he had purchased the bond in his own name, with the money of an old lady who had been silly enough to confide it to him, to lay it out in some public security for herself; not knowing the difference between equitable right and legal right, the old body thought all was right, and the doctor therefore remained, without question, master of the unlucky bond, and a creditor of Spain, which last he took good care to proclaim to the world, morning, noon, and night—merely concealing, in pity to poor Spain, the formidable amount.

The doctor's question and its reply easily brought on the subjects of exchanges, funds, shares, dividends, and all the etceteras of the monetary system—favourite topics with those who have nothing to do in them—in the conversation on which Mr. Newton eagerly joined; concluding a list of interesting inquiries regarding the best way of speculating a little on the Stock Exchange, as a pleasant amusement while he remained in town, by drawing forth his pocketbook, and exhibiting bank bills to the amount of a thousand pounds, which he had, he carelessly said, no objection to sport.

This was a clincher. Even old Thersites was at fault. Credulity began to expand itself over his relaxed features. It was, however, only for a second. His sharp gray eyes pierced intensely through the corners of their half-closed lids; they rested on the bank-bills; his thin lips immediately curled into a smiling triumphant sneer, despite the showy dress, rich trinkets, singular style, big talk, and undoubted money, he came back to his first obstinate conviction, that Mr. Newton was a swell-mob man, and no mistake!

That rapid glance at the notes informed him that they were dated from Georgia, and made payable to bearer; quick as the successive flashes of a British broadside the thought shot across his brain—What could possess a fellow from Boston with notes drawn in Savannah? A man of fortune to send his son out with such paper? such costume, manners, and assurance? such a public exhibition of his money? Pish! And the result of this uncomplimentary answer to the series of questions he put to himself, was the wicked sneer and unchristian judgment above recorded.

If, however, Mr. Newton suffered from the vile humour of one unbelieving scandal-monger, he was amply compensated by the every moment increasing estimation of the other inmates of No. 35. From Miss Skinflint downwards, with the solitary exception mentioned, he was regarded, not simply as what he intimated he was, but as something higher, richer still; and this estimation was not in the most trifling degree diminished, by a few other peculiarities he evinced during the repast—such as popping everything to his nose, turning round to spit upon the carpet, &c. &c. The gentlemen reckoned him a monstrous capital acquaintance—the ladies a most exquisite and desirable fish. How to hook him was the difficulty. Each set about this cruel sport with the ability and means which nature and art supplied

As only one—particularly if of the feminine gender—could succeed in catching him, we shall only notice the efforts of that one who angled with the greatest perseverance and skill, and who finally succeeded in ———

But we must not let the cat out of the bag too soon; that would cut short your pleasure, gentle reader, and our secret.

Miss Ringdove was a charming creature—charming in boarding-house acceptance. She played a little on the pianoforte, sung a little, danced a great deal—waltzing being her favourite—chatted a little French, worked little presents for gentlemen, came down to dinner *en grande toilette*,—and if not a real houri—formed out of pure musk—ever redolent from head to foot of that agreeably odorous perfume. Short, fat, and surrounded by graceful airs—independent of the musk—her “auburn” locks and well displayed bosom possessed a piquancy about them, as she sat at table, that instantly attracted attention, which her inviting and delicately painted cheek seldom failed to arrest.

The eyes of this seductive couple encountered numberless times during the meal; hers, ever stealing timidly from beneath their modest lids, and veiling themselves the instant they were met; his, boldly darting their rays, though in an oblique direction, in such way as to prove how killing would be their fires were they, or could they be, levelled in a straight line—an operation, however, that kind Nature, in charity to her sex, had effectually prevented. Such discharges of Love’s artillery, whether intended by the respective parties to be real or sham, never pass without creating intense speculation amongst the spectators. Here it was evident that the fire was a mere salutation, a round of blank cartridges, in which no vital danger was to be apprehended for either of the cannoniers; but in this hot and open exchange of courtesies, so harmless to the individuals giving it, there was decided peril to the hopes of all who witness without having any participation in it. First impressions are half the battle. The inmates of No. 35 saw that Mr. Newton and Miss Ringdove were impressed, each with the other’s personal appearance and chattels; they judged, from experience, that their chances of securing the new fish were gone; therefore they generously left the fascinated pair to prey upon one another as they best could.

There is a code of honour peculiar to all classes;—that established among thieves is singular enough in its enactments; that prevailing amongst west-end boarders is very curious in some of its principles. One of these principles is—the very reverse of that of the dog in the manger—that, in all pursuits after prey, when you cannot appropriate the game to yourself, you should abstain from interference with the appropriation of your more fortunate fellow sportsman. This statute is construed, like all other statutes, more or less strictly, according to the views and chances of the expounder; but the rule more generally received is, to give it its widest interpretation; and thus, not only is an honorable boarder bound, in such cases, not to interfere with, but he is held obliged to assist, his comrade in striking down and securing the thing hunted.

At No. 35 the boarding-house laws were observed with the most enlarged and liberal spirit. Any one there who would attempt to

spoil sport would be held infamous, and expelled immediately. It followed, then, that the moment it was clearly perceptible that Miss Ringdove had fairly harpooned the rich American, he was voted unanimously as her lawful prize, and all magnanimously set to work to assist her in taking possession of him—body, bones, and all.

It were a tedious task to particularize the several efforts made to bring about this consummation, so devoutly wished by more than one party. There were many difficulties to be encountered in satisfying the cautious inquiries of the suspicious and coolly calculating gentleman. But a division of labour makes light work of the heaviest undertaking; and by the assurances of one, the firm beliefs of another, the hearsays of a third, the mathematical demonstrations of a fourth, and the elaborate eulogies of a fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, every possible question was answered, and the lady was represented to her admirer as the most agreeable, virtuous, well-behaved, and respectable person in the world, with connexions of the first class, and an undoubted income of two hundred pounds a year. This last was the most essential point to be clearly established, according to the notion of the keen Bostonian, and he took care that it should be so in a way that rendered "assurance doubly sure," and left no standing-ground for doubt or fear. He accompanied the maiden to her bankers, saw her, with his own eyes, receive five ten-pound notes, and ascertained, in the cunningest manner imaginable, that that was her net quarterly payment of a charge, secured on one of the best estates in England.

All other considerations dwindled into nothing, after the possession by his intended of the two hundred a year had been proved; and such was the liberality of Mr. Newton's sentiments, that he would readily have overlooked any blots on her escutcheon, or any defects in her person, character, or family, had such appeared, provided the great keystone of the arch of his happiness, the rent-charge, was left solid, secured, and unimpaired. Ladies, in all cases in which matrimony is concerned, are, on account of their natural disinterestedness or defective mercantile education, much more easily satisfied on all points than gentlemen; and, in conformity with the general rule of the sex, Miss Ringdove, having beheld the thousand-pound notes in her admirer's hand, and seen the diamonds and other jewels on his person, asked for no other patent of his gentility, thought of no further proof of his legitimacy, could conceive no stronger idea of the certainty of his fortune. He was a capital catch, and she only wished that she had him.

"There is many a slip between the cup and the lip,"—a maxim that had been repeatedly brought home to the bosom and business of Miss Ringdove, young as she appeared, and one, of the truth of which Mr. Newton had had some confirmations in his experience—so, to avoid another exemplification of the proverb in the interesting affair in hand, they resolved to seize time by the forelock, and, by promptness of action in all that remained to be done, to defy chance and the devil. They had both heard, and agreed with Macbeth's advice,

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

And they were resolved to test the wisdom of it in the most serious act of their lives—their wedding. Never before did two people enter into the silken bonds with more decided convictions that they were making a most fortunate hit; and as the preparations advanced, the proofs multiplied that, instead of overstating, they had understated their respective fortunes to each other.

The sister inmates of the bride elect could not, notwithstanding the rigid principles of boarding-house honour, keep back all feeling of jealousy at her good luck; but, to do them justice, not one had the baseness to attempt to undermine her, or to filch surreptitiously from her her destined prey.

The day on which the two sharks were to seize upon each other approached, and the order of festivity was worthy of the occasion.

A flash wedding in a west-end boarding-house is one of the flashiest things in life, and it would require a larger canvass and more numerous details than are at our disposition just now to sketch it forth to the eye of the reader in anything resembling itself. We must leave it, then, to his imagination; and of this wedding of our hero and heroine, we can only beseech him to fancy the ribbons, the coaches, the hubbub, the finery—in short, the “flare-up”—as superexcellent, and the spectacle, from beginning to end, as one remarkably splendid in the annals of bridal glory.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton, now tied together fast as the church and the law could bind them, and the brilliant company which witnessed and bore part in their nuptial ceremony were indulging in the pleasures of a sumptuous feast after their return from church; all parties seemed delighted with the day's work—both that part which was done and that which remained to do; and the bride and groom, becoming momentarily more and more fond, appeared ambitious to give the lie direct to the poet's naughty assertion, that Love,

“ At sight of human ties,
Waves his bright wings, and in a moment flies,”

when the servant delivered to the “happy man” a formally sealed and folded letter.

Mr. Newton hesitated to think whether or not he ought to desecrate his wedding day by attending to any business save that of love. As the undisputed master of two hundred a year, he felt inclined to postpone the trouble of examining its contents until some more fitting opportunity; but, as a sharp American, that should ever be wide awake to anything that concerned his interest, he had a strong inclination to learn what it contained. The native disposition carried the point in dispute, and the seal was broken.

This letter certainly did not contain fulminating mercury or other material detonating ingredient, yet any one who saw the reader of it, as he cast his quick eyes over its contents, would suppose that, if not actually deprived of life, he had been stricken in a vital part. Electrified he assuredly was; and good reason he had to be so. It was a notice from the possessor of the estate on which Miss Ringdove's annuity had been charged by the late tenant for life, informing Mr. Newton, that the charge having been made by the present tenant's

late respected papa (while in his dotage) in favour of his last mistress, Miss Ringdove, to be paid so long only as she should remain single, it was consequently at an end. The writer concluded his epistle by congratulating the bridegroom on his happy choice, and himself on his release from the incumbrance created by his ancestor. It should be here noted, that the author of this unnecessary notice was a bit of a wag, and having been advised by his attorney of the intended marriage, he had seen the noose firmly tied, and thus amused himself at the expense of the wedded pair, by informing them on their bridal day of what another would have left them to discover at their leisure. This tale, however, was too true to be made a jest of.

To catch an ex-mistress was bad enough, though a philosopher might contrive to bear it; but to catch an ex-mistress and to lose an annuity of two hundred pounds at the same throw, was beyond human endurance. Mr. Newton flung philosophy to the dogs, and, rushing up to his bride, who sat enwreathed in blushes and orange flowers, he seized her violently by the arm, and, confronting her with the fatal letter, demanded, in a voice of thunder, if it were true that she had been what was therein attested, and if her annuity were really limited to her while she remained sole. To the first question the ingenuous creature timidly answered "Yes;" to the second and more important one she replied, that "there must have been some mistake."

"There has been a mistake, and a d—d one, by G—!" roared the now furious bridegroom; "but don't think I'm to be kidnapped in this manner—I don't care a fig for all the marriage services in Europe." And he snatched up his hat with the resolution to bolt, and to carry his person and moveables to some more profitable market.

The entrance of a police officer stopped his exit. The executor of the law bore a warrant in his hand, and presenting it to the astonished bridegroom, he politely said,

"Mr. Newton, I believe?"

The person addressed made no reply, but a slight colour came and went alternately in his cheeks, and his knees betrayed considerable trepidation.

"The gentleman who rather suddenly decamped from his employers, Messrs. Brown and Buckram, of Savannah, in Georgia, after having taken a loan from them of three thousand?—Eh?" again politely demanded the man with the warrant.

If silence be the token of consent, Mr. Newton assented.

The injured bride's turn to be indignant was now come. Advancing rapidly up to the accused, and throwing aside the affectation of honeymoon gentleness, she spat upon him, and cried, at the crack of her voice,

"You inhuman deceiver!—you ugly brute!—you low swindler! How could you take in a poor confiding innocent girl like me? But I'll see you hanged—that'll be one comfort, you thief? Policeman, how soon, do you think, will he be hanged?"

"I really cannot say for certain, ma'am," replied the gallant officer. "All I can assure you of is, that he will be immediately delivered over to the agents of the American government, to be tried for robbery, and hanged, quartered, or gouged, as the case may be."

"If I could only see him hanged," cried the two hours' wife, "I should die contented. O, he has barbarously played upon my credulity! I am a ruined girl! I knew he wasn't a gentleman, by his villainous looks; but I thought he had plenty of money. O my annuity! my annuity!" and suffocating sobs, in this instance not simulated, choked her further utterance.

Mr. Newton threw a look of intense hatred, accompanied by a loud laugh of triumphant revenge, on his spouse, and then delivered himself, without resistance, into the hands of justice. Despite the canon of the church, the strong arm of the law separated those so lately united for ever and for ever.

Old Thersites, who had been a passive spectator of the whole game from its commencement to its conclusion, when he saw it finished, shrugged his shoulders, and whispered to his next neighbour, with his habitual sneer, "This is the last pair of biters we have seen bitten, but others are yet to come. The last trick is always esteemed the best, until a better is made; we shall see a better even than this, though, ere long—that is, if we continue to live in a West-end Boarding-house."

THE OLD CHURCH CLOCK.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

HARK! the Old Church Clock, with its bell and its chime,
Loves to mark how swift travel the feet of Time!
It counteth the minutes, it telleth the hours,
As spring marks its season by blossoms and flowers.
O, dear are the chimes of that Old Clock to me!
They float like soft music o'er memory's sea!
I knew not a pain, shed in sorrow no tear,
When those chimes first in melody smote on mine ear.

By that Old Clock I've counted how years passed on,
How youth lost its brightness, how friendships have gone;
By its chimes I have measured how life's joys flew,
That Time brush'd away as the sun sips dew.
O! they bounded along like an atom at play
With the young Summer-wind that is fanning the day,
Like a dream of the morning they've faded,—they're gone,—
But the chimes of that Old Clock play merrily on.

Hark! the bell strikes twelve, and the tide of Time
Is mark'd by the merriest peal of the chime!
It is sweet in the moment of joy to hear,
But it mocketh,—it mocketh the mourner's ear.
The chimes have mock'd mine, but I love them still,
Let them make merry with woe as they will,
For they shed o'er the mind of the watcher a ray
Of joy, as they welcome the new-born day!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AN ENGLISH TOURIST.

"O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times."

SHAKSPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.—CHAPTER I.

Preliminaries.—Southampton.—Rouen.—St. Germain.—La Poissonière.

It is now two or three years since an English family took their way into the province of Anjou, bringing with them an only little girl, whose delicate health had obliged them reluctantly to leave their home on the beautiful shores of Devon,—and after residing for some time in one of the old seigneuries in the outskirts of the antique city of Angers, were encouraged, by the rapid change in the beautiful child whose apparently numbered days had brought them into a foreign land, to engage a more commodious house further in the country, and gradually to enter into the interesting society which that neighbourhood furnishes, but from which the object of their coming, and the anxious watching connected with it, had at first secluded them.

The antiquities and associations in which that part of France is so rich, especially to the English traveller, had from the first attracted their attention; and a series of letters whose vivid and graphic power of description would add much to the interest of these pages were it allowed to insert them, induced us to accept the invitation of friends, whose society alone would have been a sufficient inducement for a longer journey, to pass a summer with them in exploring the footsteps of old King René in the giant fortress, that, rising threatening, as of old, from its iron rock, encloses with its eighteen tremendous towers the ruined palace and deserted chapel of the ducal sovereigns of Anjou and Provence; or in the quiet convent, once his summer residence, with its gardens on the cliff hanging above the clear waters of the Maine, as it widens before entering the Loire,—and seeing something of the Vie de Chateau, as it still exists among the bosquets and vineyard-covered slopes of that magnificent river.

It was early in the summer of 1841 that we stopped, two solitary English travellers, at the lonely cottage of the ferryman, whose office it is to watch for the light steamers that are passing constantly up and down among the large wooded islands of the Loire, and pushing hastily off as one emerges from behind the trees, to receive and land

any passengers who may wish to make their way to the beautiful villages of La Poissonière or Lalleu. Any one who passed the early part of 1841 in the country, will probably remember the peculiar beauty of the spring of that year,—the sudden burst with which a week of unusual and almost summer warmth, brought out the foliage, so that we passed at once from the leafless boughs of March to the green and welcome shade of May. We had witnessed the sudden and brilliant transit among the Cambridge avenues which every day seemed to clothe with fresh enchantment; and after giving ourselves up to the influence of the delicious season, left England in the commencement of the long vacation, with our heads fully impressed by the belief that no trees could be like those we had spent so many hours pacing among, and no architecture, new or old, like the mysteriously hung roof of King's College chapel. The summer passage-boats which cross the channel, not starting till night, gave us a day in the clean and airy town of Southampton, many hours of which were spent within the ruined walls of Netley Abbey, or in the woods surrounding it,—the romantic and occasionally broken footpath, which winds along the edge of its fine river, bringing us back before the light was too far gone to allow of our exploring the ancient gate of the town, with its guarding statues, whose antiquity and fine preservation interested as much as the novelty of the elegant floating bridge had amused us; and at nine, on a June night, with the moon unseen,—the lamps of the town glittering in the clear mirror of the harbour,—we crossed the long pier amid the queries of one and another eager voice as we passed, “English, sir?”—“Hope you're going in the English boat, sir?” and found our way to the broad deck of the “Grand Turk,” as she lay waiting for her passengers. The time they took to come, (or their not coming took to ascertain,) gave us full leisure to admire the picturesque town as the deepening shades fell over it, and the long images of its reflected lights glittered brighter and brighter; till starting at length, we glided rapidly down the still Southampton water, and soon everything of England but two very brilliant beacon lights, burning like stars in the northern horizon, was hidden by the bold swell of the channel. The gale of the preceding night had died away, but the sea still felt its influence. As the darkness fell, something like a moving star gleamed through it, and seemed to be following us, and a black object approaching rapidly was soon discerned, which the dry, half discontented comments of one or two old sailors as it swept by us and was lost in the obscurity, proclaimed to be the French opposition boat, the *Hamburgh*. A huge bank of clouds hid the moon, which did little but fringe their edges till midnight; when it rose above them broad and golden, and flung its rich light upon our solitary path. Neither of us saw the sunrise; but a few hours from that event beheld us gliding beneath the massy tower of Francis I., as it stands guardian to the “shield of France;”—and a few more were sitting over our heads among the orchards of Normandy. That day's twilight lingered to show us the light shafts of Rouen's matchless cathedral, where sleeps the Lion-heart, and the road that, winding under vast rocks and grey old lines of arching trees, leads away from that ancient city;—that night's moonshine glittered upon the broad and graceful curves of the

Seine, meeting the eye here and there as through a dream; and our shutters were thrown back after a few hours' rest, to gaze upon perhaps the richest valley the world of modern things holds, out of Italy, and apart from the holy memories of eastern climes,—that which stretching from the foot of the terrace of St. Germain, showed to the infant Louis from his pavilion, still hanging as when he slept cradled in its vaulted saloon, on the steep above the vineyards, his capital spread along the banks of the bending river, whose waters left it to wander among calm meadows and green islands, beneath the terraced gardens of his birth-place, with the tall white shrine of Saint Denis rising as if it lifted its warning finger in the distance. There is something very beautiful in that observation of Marchangy's when he makes his Tristan wonder at the few graves to be found among the hamlets of Brittany,—“One would say there are but just the number needed to embellish the horizon of this sorrowful life, with the grave and solemn vistas of eternity.”

I remember a friend writing to me from Versailles many years ago, spoke of the feeling given one by observing that the princely rearer of its vast palaces had there the same still monitor for ever in his view.

I do not think one loses much by starting on a journey hastily, and without much time to study one's track beforehand; there is such a vividness in the pleasure with which some object, long familiar in old pages, the stories of childhood or life of a favourite hero or scholar, breaks unexpectedly upon one's sight. Sleepy and tired, we had entered the Hotel Henri Quatre, on the heights of St. Germain, not knowing that it had anything more to do with the father of his people than that it had done him the honour of taking his name. The conducteur, stopping in the midst of a long narrow street, in a closely built, uninviting town, turned us out of the coupé before we were half awake, and in five minutes we found ourselves in the grey dimness of a summer's morning before sunrise, handed over to the care and keeping of an old porter, who seemed the only person awake in the silence around us, and who was resolutely bent on carrying off us and our luggage to the Hotel d'Angleterre, as the most proper place for English people. At first we obeyed in silence, but coming to ourselves, at the sight of nothing but a street instead of the Park and the Valley, we insisted upon turning round, and being guided to the large buildings which contain the ranges of sleeping apartments in the gardens of the Béarnois, the once royal residence being reserved for the greater desecration of having to officiate as the café-glacier and restaurant part of the establishment. The days which followed and the scenes they passed among, seemed to be looked back upon rather like the vision of an hour of idle fancies, than that which life has known of real. Perhaps one's first entrance upon scenes of picturesque grandeur and historical intensity of interest, possesses a glow which is not thrown over one's path of further travel. Many things have more interested us since, but I do not think we have felt anything like the thrill impressed by the solemn beauty of that gigantic row of lime trees which shades the broad and lofty terrace; its almost infinite line reaching into vast distance before and behind

us ; while the bees' deep humming in their leaves, and the scent of the freshly-mown hay, filled the air, and we looked over the parapet across a thicket of green vines, among which, here and there, a peasant woman was scattered at work, to the broad Seine rolling beneath.

The loveliness and unexpected heat of the weather had brought many loiterers from Paris to saunter away the day in their shade, or in rambling through the endless drives of the forest that lay behind them ; groups of old and young sate on the benches here and there ; or a father mounted his troop of happy children on the donkeys and ponies that stood ready saddled for hire ; while neat old women in the graceful peasant costume spread out their stalls upon the grass with heaps of bright cherries, and decanters of lemonade ; your thirst being freshened all the while by the some twenty rinsings every glass had to undergo in a pail of fresh water ; girls with baskets full of roses wandered about among the throng, offering you their little nosegays, whose buds exhaled the rich scent of Provence, "only for three sous,"—"only for two sous,"—"and I have three little children to feed," added the poor woman who last came up to us, as a poor little girl added her cry, to beg we would buy of her mother.

In the forest the profusion of wild flowers was almost as irresistible, and I longed for the ransackers an Easter holiday brings into the hazel wood, and the primrose groves that shelter our village. All our ideas of St. Germain centred in the exiled Stuart to whom it so long gave refuge, and finding a large house in the forest shut in with iron gates, and altogether with enough in its situation and aspect of the air romanesque, to be converted into anything one liked to think it, we asked two elderly ladies of the bourgeois class, who were passing in their white caps across the park we were leaving, if that were the château,—but they civilly told us they were only strangers come over for a day from Paris, and ignorant as ourselves. They were nearly the last of the throng of visitants, and as we paced slowly back towards the distant pavilion, the darkness gathered along the terrace, and here and there a lamp flung its ray far down into the river.

We were looking into Masillon as we sate waiting for our *vases* of coffee and boiling milk, in one of the lower rooms of the pavilion next morning, which we generally had to ourselves, being not earlier risers, but earlier breakfasters than the French,—when just as we had finished the impressive passage in which he reminds Louis the Fifteenth of the monarch's baptismal vow, our eye was caught by an appearance of sculpture in an opposite room, in which some waiters were washing cups. We asked the lady president, who from the elevation of her marble table directed the movements of all around, whether we might go in, and were surprised, on entering, to find ourselves in a vaulted chamber, whose faded gilding still here and there conspicuous, was alternated with a profusion of white shellwork, though masses had in many parts fallen away, leaving the walls bare, and giving the whole an air of dreariness and decay. "This was the chapel," said one of the waiters, who had followed us ; "here was baptized Louis the Fourteenth." And we were alone in such a spot, with only the waiter of a *café* to tell us of what had passed there !

A modern looking church, very like a London chapel of ease, attracted us one morning, for the possible chance of finding pictures, of which there were plenty, and all much of the order with which every French church abounds; but in one undistinguished corner was a very plain grey and white marble monument; we stopped to read it; it was in memory of James Stuart, King of England. And close by the quiet church, where slept his ashes, a building rose, dark, stern, and gloomy, which there was no mistaking—a palace, now a prison—it was the château of St. Germain. Between it and the still gay and graceful though deserted dwelling of “the bright and lofty Louis,” there seemed a contrast like that caused by the lapse of ages. Yet how fast was preparing for his descendants, even while his palaces were in their splendour, a doom that casts into shadow the island monarch’s milder fate!

In one of the chambers we occupied in a hotel of the Place Vendôme, was a large portrait of the beautiful Henrietta, holding James, a baby, in her arms, while his little brother played at her feet. St. Germain gave the picture a strange interest. One seemed to be looking back into the life of the past.

Paris was all beauty with its green bowers and its diamond fountains, when we left it for the south, and watching the dome of the Invalides traced against the blue sky of the early morning, as our road wound beneath the Luxor obelisk, (that strange phantom from the solemn east in the midst of Europe’s gayest centre of revelry,) and along the banks of the Seine,—till we lost the graceful fabric in the clouds of summer dust that obliged us to pull up the window of the diligence; passed Versailles with its terraces and vast orangerie, and Longjumeau, famed in French song for its gay postilions, who still wear their antique dress,—and took our way into the provinces.

The sky was overcast and threatening, and it was in an interval of heavy rain, that the Nantes’ steamer turning aside into a little green cove among the islands, just after passing the Isle of Behouard and the Bourg of Rochfort sur Loire, stopped for a moment to transfer us hastily into one of the long narrow boats, which, navigated by long poles, frequent the shallows of the river,—then sweeping on, vanished behind the copsewood of the bank. We looked first at the solitary place where we were; then at our baggage lying disconsolately on the wet turf; and asked what was to be done with it. The boatman seemed to know no more than we. His look and tone were anything but hopeful; his cottage stood alone at the entrance of a lane, in the corner of a little piece of green prairie separated from it by a little creek, with a great flat stone thrown across it for a bridge, and bounded by a small wood; beyond it the turrets of a distant summer-house on a hill side were the only signs of human habitation. It would have been difficult to imagine, at that moment, amidst the sombre aspect which a gloomy sky, added to fatigue and strangeness, threw over the solitary spot, how many associations of interest and pleasure would, in the course of a summer, gather round the ferryman’s dwelling, with its green lane and sheltering trees, the haycocks standing so long in its surrounding meadows, the path through the pretty wood beyond, and the peasants in their crimson dresses, sitting knitting

or spinning beneath the hedge, as they waited the arrival of the steamer,—while the boatman's merry youngest boy, with that arch round face peeping up from beneath his broad-brimmed hat, spun his peg top before the door, and his lovely little sister, in her snowy cap and neat handkerchief and apron, set off up the lane for the daily school kept by the kind "Sisters" in the Bourg.

"Is there no one here who can carry our trunks for us?"

"No one but this boy."

"Well, *he* could take them by making two journeys, couldn't he?" for the sight of a wheelbarrow gave a gleam of hope that such things might be *sometimes* done for travellers. Certainly a few of the fifty commissionnaires who throng round one on the quays of Havre or Nantes would have been less in the way than usual at that moment.

"Do you know the house of the English gentleman who lives at Poissonnière?"

"O yes!—he knows the way." So putting ourselves under the guidance of the young waterman, whose safe conducting led us a few weeks after under the prow of a steamboat, and all but under water too, we followed up a long slope by which the lane entered the Savanières Road, and passing an old stone cross, we continued to ascend between high hedges which shut in our view, the vineyard-covered hill rising on our left above the road, and crested by a little clump of mulberry trees, whose flat tops were woven into a sylvan roof, and a few rustic benches planted in their shade, to which a little green path led up through the vines; when suddenly reaching a bold descent, the retreating slopes on each side showed us, to our left, across a green valley, the broad expanse of the Loire, stretching like a lake, and studded with island groves till the land seemed to close round it beneath the white tower of Chalons, and, on the right, the beautiful village of La Poissonnière, with its antique farms and vine-wreathed cottages, the rich gardens of the château forming the foreground, while from the trees of the park beyond rose, gray with time, and stern as the years it spoke of, a tall fragment of broken and ivy-hung ruin, the last relic, except a few cachots and a large vaulted souterrain, with two or three embrasures for cannon hid among the shrubs and luxuriant turf at its feet—of the strong old castle of St. René, which, after its first destruction, the royal troubadour of Anjou gave leave to rebuild, four hundred years ago, for love of his patron saint; and further still, the quiet spire of the little church, rebuilt since the revolution by the family who reside there. Around, every hill-side, every slope was mantled with vines; but on the banks of the Loire long strips of meadow land, shaded here and there with trees, or interrupted by coppices, varied a prospect of which the eye was never weary; the long heavy charrette, with its two huge wheels and its team of gigantic oxen, wound along the lanes, the peasant women sat spinning under the hedges as they watched their cows among the meadows, and here and there a tall white sail, of peculiarly graceful form, and bending like a crescent moon, came gliding slowly from behind the boughs of some distant island.

The whole was suited to make one feel the force of Lamartine's

touching lament on forsaking his native place, so beautifully rendered by Miss Landon :

“ Yes ! I leave weeping, in a valley’s depths
Trees heavy with green shadow, fields, a home,
Yet warm with memory, peopled with the past.
I leave a shelter deep in quiet woods
Where party clamour is a sound unknown ;
I only hear, instead of civil strife,
The voice of joy and blessing.”

A little moat, crossed by a light-swing bridge which was flung over it at pleasure, allowed the eye to wander over the beds of roses that lighted up an interval of lawns and shrubberies among the grounds of the antique residence, whose spired tourelles and battlements of latticed stone-work retreated among the birch and chestnut and broad-leaved plaintains that sheltered it ; the comparatively modern air of some additions which had been made on the side nearest the road being redeemed by the time-worn and reverend look that hung about it on those turned towards the great court of entrance and the approach from the park ; while strange faces, quaintly carved, looked down here and there from the height of its fortified windows, and a double row of casements gleamed upon its tall roof. The wavy line in one of its large gables added very much to the air of ancientness it wore ; but the whole had probably been the erection of later ages, only taken to when the feudal towers of the castle went to decay.

Losing sight of it entirely as our road wound beneath the walls of the park, over which the branches reached far enough to overhang our path, we passed the blacksmith’s shop, and then his picturesque cottage, with the long out-of-door stone staircase leading up to his upper apartment, and the vine creeping over the window in the pretty gable that stood towards the street, in which cheerful window we sate before long, tasting his wines—for Monsieur le Serrurier was a man of some consequence in the village—a fine, honest, self-respectful specimen of the upper class of peasantry, and his hospitality was as frank as his open, intelligent countenance ; and seeing *les Anglais* standing among the groups in the street to watch the pretty rustic procession on the fête of St. Jean, when every house was hung with garlands, and every road strewn with green leaves, *Madame l’Anglaise’s* nursery carpet being borrowed to kneel upon in front of the principal shrine, for which ceremonious thanks were returned shortly after by a priest and two nuns—he invited us up to where we could have seats and a better view. *Mais revenons !*—for at present all unknowing of what the future might have in store for us, we passed the workshop of our friend the blacksmith, his mother’s quiet dwelling, that of the good *Sœurs du village*, and that of the poor old widow who has “ no one left in the world but a niece who lives far across the Loire ;” and thinking of little but whether the next house, or the next, or the next, could be the one we were going to, wound through nearly the whole of the village, till turning up a lane between the vineyards which leads to the summit of the hill on whose long slope it lies, we arrived at where “ *la maison des Anglais dominoit le bourg*,” and looked down

across its winding streets to the still and mirror-like waters of the Loire, as they led their bold curve round the broadening landscape, cottages and hamlets gleaming here and there among the distant cliffs.

CHAPTER II.

The countries that lie along the course of the Loire are well known, as having been the scene of the hottest strife of the revolution ; there the white banner floated in its ancient pride, defying long and well the whole force of the republic ; and there is hardly a tract of ground from Nantes, and far beyond, to the Ponts de Cé and the citadel of Saumur, that has not been hallowed by the footsteps of the Vendéen armies. Apart from all political opinions, their heroism and their devotedness in the fierce death-struggle are the relieving features of an age which sickens the mind by its hollowness even more than by its horrors. A charm lingers round the path of "the Saint of Anjou," brief and sad as was its passage from his quiet hamlet of Pin et Mauges to the death that met him beneath the walls of Nantes. There is a repose about the whole character of Cathelineau, a something of the calmly sublime, upon which one's spirit rests, amid the more exciting enthusiasm of the young nobles who gathered so eagerly round the standard of the lilies, and, like the Scottish chiefs of old, called their clansmen and faithful peasantry to follow them to the field. And as we look into the clear waters, and see the images reflected into their depths of a tower upon the heights, or a green coppice that rises, as it were, from out of their bosom, we seem to hear the faint voice of Lescure lifted to plead against severity, as he lies stretched in the council-chamber at St. Florent, and see Bouchamps dying "*si jeune encore*," in the little isle of Meilleraye. "*Moissonné à trente-trois ans, pour la cause sacrée des Lys*,"—his relics sleep in the chapel of his ancestors, on the heights of St. Florent, while Larochejaquelin lies, with his brothers, the victims of a later day, within the confines of their beloved La Vendée. Its heroes,

" Though the general doom
Have swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land ;"

while the children of those who perished, faithful to the last, still hold their memory sacred, and, like the muse of the Grecian shores, point to the eye of the stranger

" The graves of those that cannot die."

In such a neighbourhood, it may be imagined there must have been found many characters the story of whose life possessed interest for the listener ; as all the elderly people—from the good old priest, whose garden upon the rock that rose among the vineyards to the right of our hill side, with the flowers that took up so much of his heart, made one think of one's childhood's tale of the roses of Monsieur de Malesherbes—to the aged woman whose low cottage, where, sum-

mer and winter, she sat spinning, stood at the end of our garden, could remember the reign of terror, and the melancholy scenes that had passed. Who would have thought, to look along those tranquil shores, the clustering grape showing its rich promise, and the tall corn waving in the light river breeze, while the brilliant green of the graceful hemp gave to every spot where the opening trees allowed the sunshine to fall among the islands, a tinge of emerald—who could have dreamed that there, for such long years, desolation and agony cast their terrible shadow, darkening the outer landscape and the inner heart—that the poor survivor of the doomed legions of La Vendée wandered in despair beside the Loire, whose bright stream stretched in all its hopeless breadth between him and his native thickets, in whose shelter lay his only hope of rest and refuge, while his ear for ever caught the echo of the distant cannon borne along the waters, and proclaiming the fate which some one, like himself pining for home and rest, and, venturing to try the dangerous passage, had met with from the armed gun-boats that kept watch upon its breast? The large white sails of the barges that, like spirits, for ever fit up and down in the open sunshine or the shadowy twilight upon the river, have something peculiarly graceful in their appearance; very tall, and fastened to a mast so slight and reed-like as to be usually invisible to the eye, they bend like a crescent moon as they glide hither and thither among the woods that fringe the lake; for the Loire, in its gigantic breadth, has much more that appearance than the air of a tideless and rapid river. They have an indescribable charm to the eye as they break upon it, glittering like snowy wings in the level beams of the early morning, or with something almost mysterious in their shadowy aspect and noiseless motion, as, caught in the advancing nightfall, you hasten your steps along the solitary prairie; but it is deepened and shaped into reality when you hear how, while the Loire, in the bold language of the revolutionary orators, was declared to be crimsoning the sea, and its victims were cast by the wave upon the quiet shores it swept; at night, when all eyes were closed but those engaged in the work of evil, or kept watchful by a hope to save, the poor peasant woman and the fisherman's child would leave their chaumière in silence, and their barge would steal along amid the darkness, while with their poles and fishing implements they searched the depths through which they floated, to find if perhaps some fellow-creature, in whose frame life still lingered, might be within reach of their aid. They say more than one was saved in this way; and what made the charity with which these simple people risked their lives in disobeying the implacable republic more remarkable was, that they were, for the most part, Breton and Angevine peasants of the very lowest class, living on the opposite side of the river to that in which the population was royalist, and having taken themselves no part in the war. The fatal vessels of the murderers, as they took their fearful course from Nantes, carried alike the young and the aged, mothers and their little children, on into the silent flood, whose voice was to be lifted for ages in witness against them to the heart of man and the ear of heaven; and one poor woman, who was rescued by the wife of a fisherman, began, in the first moment of returning sense, to ask so earnestly if

her child was safe, that her kind-hearted deliverers dared not tell her they had found none, lest the bitter news should extinguish the struggling flame of life before they could row her to their cottage. While Carrier, from his luxurious halls, was ordering, in the midst of his revels, deeds that outraged the ear of the unrelenting Robespierre, and made him displace his creature, though not before every family in Nantes was in mourning—Nantes, that had turned back the bold Vendéens—Nantes, that had held out with such desperate bravery for the republic!—the poverty-stricken and ignorant dwellers in the lonely hamlets by the river-side and among its islands—the families that had most felt the evils of the oppressive salt-laws, and all the heavy taxation that followed the *grande monarque's* reign of reckless splendour—these unthought of cottagers, hidden in their safe obscurity, for which so many of the high born and lofty hearted, the jewelry of France's ancient crown, would have been thankful to exchange their perilous eminence, save that it gave them the more to sacrifice for faith and honour's sake, or, at all events, would have blest its humble shelter for those most precious to them—unnoticed and unremembered, were leaguely together to rescue the perishing, and snatch from the grave the defenceless families of those aristocrats who had so long forgotten to think upon their wrongs. A regular system was established along the banks of the flood; a crumpled leaf torn out of a poor fisherman's mass-book, was a talisman in the hand of any hunted wanderer, which, presented at the door of the first cottage he came to, secured him food and a hiding-place at their lives' risk; and if he were a priest, the peasants of the neighbourhood gathered at night round the hearth that sheltered him, and the danger they ran for his sake was repaid by his instructing them in the religion and leading the worship forbidden by a nation which, too long deceived with semblances, had rushed to the wild extreme of unbelief and infidelity. The Catholics of the hamlets on the Loire met in secret, like the persecuted Vaudois of other days, or the Covenanters of the Scottish Highlands, to serve their God according to the light they had. Many a wayside cross, thrown down and broken by the scornful followers of the sophist—the wanderer "without hope and without God in the world," and scattering round his path desolation like that which reigned in his own bosom—that deserted shrine, where the highest and loftiest should have had his dwelling, the wreck of what was once magnificent, has been lifted again to its simple pedestal since the return of better days, and stands there to waken thoughts of peace in the passer by, but with the rent or the deep fissure across its shaft, betraying the trace of what has passed. May the day come when no superstition shall cloud the meaning with which they point to the *one* atonement and *all-sufficient*, which, alas! in his present ignorance, the frequent cross, like the shrined image that rises beside the southern husbandman's pathway, but helps to darken his view of. A Christianity pure as ours once lighted those shores; the walls where they meet to pray, the very shrines they kneel before, were reared in memory of *its* martyrs; they left to the beautiful land of their birth a Gospel whose truth they had sealed their faith in with their blood:—"How is the gold become dim! the fine gold changed!"

One of our first acquaintances in La Poissonière was la mère Salmon. The old woman's cottage was the first in the lane which ran down towards the bourg, between our friend's garden wall and that of a neighbouring vineyard, at the lower corner of which stood the small cabin, scarcely rising above the wall itself, with the tendrils of the vine straying before its narrow back window, whose rusty iron cross-bars still told their tale of the days of the war, like its inhabitant, and between vine leaves and gratings, allowed the sun to shed but very little and very dim light on the chamber within. However, the door was always open if any one were at home, and your eye caught, in passing, a little low figure, in a neat cap and handkerchief, the rest of her dress as dark as her abode, sitting on a very low chair beside a vast open chimney, in which lay a few logs dimly burning, with a mild smile flitting over her thin anxious face as her eye met yours; and holding the thread of hemp she was untwisting from her long distaff with one hand, while the other, never stopping in its task, twirled the rapid *fiseau* which serves the French *paysanne* instead of a wheel. It is simply a little reel with an iron twisted top, which, hanging from the end of the thread, spins round like a humming top, while the *quenouille*, the distaff, formed of a long piece of cane, with one or two cross wires to keep the hemp on, and often some wicker-work with little stones inside to rattle and make music, is put through the waistband, and fastened with a loop of ribbon to the shoulder. The advantage of this simple machinery over ours, our not less picturesque "whirring wheel" of the olden time, when

"Minny was given to hap and to hae
A braw linen web by sweet May day,"

is, that their work can be proceeded with alike, sitting, standing, or walking; and thus, whether driving home their cows, fetching up their sheep from the prairies, or sitting under the hedges to watch them all day, the peasant girls, from four or five years old, have their spinning or their knitting, their purple tricotage of stockings or chaussons, the thick socks that line their wooden shoes, constantly in their hands; even while waiting to cross the ferry to Rochefort, or to take the "Vapeur," they sit down in the lane and continue their occupation just the same; and on the long deck of the steamers, as they pass up and down, the *paysanne* goes on with her rustic work in the fore-castle as composedly as the ladies on the benches of the aft-deck are pulling out their *tapisserie* and their *broderie*. The effect of this steady out-of-door occupation is very striking to the English stranger, and its consequence in the stores of linen, stout and strong, which are brought from all quarters to tapestry the streets with in honour of our Lady, or the patron of the day, on any village fête, are not less a surprise to him. Scarcely a cottage but has its large wardrobe, its *armoire*, with its carved and polished doors of oak or chestnut, and its shining locks, to glimmer through the gloom which allows you to see but little so long as your entrance is darkening the doorway—for the use of a house in France is to sit outside, not inside, so the peasantry do not let too much light in; and as the lessive is made—that is to say, the linen is washed, *alias*, boiled and hammered—only two or

three times a year, two or three hundred shirts, and other linen in proportion, is no uncommon quantity for a moderate family. "I keep but a small stock in my house," said one of our neighbours, in speaking of her *menage*, which was not large, as she had only three children; "I have only ninety pair of sheets." "And how many shirts, Victoire, have your father and brother?" inquired our friend one day of the little daughter of a farmer next door to her first residence, who had just been saying that all they had were chiefly spun by herself—"O, madame, about a hundred."

Sometimes in sunny weather the *mère* Salmon would leave the shade of her huge chimney, where she sat like a sybil in her cavern, and following the example of the younger women, would bring her spinning to the little bit of green bank beside her door—that low round door, from a little niche above which a small image of the *Madonna* and her child looked down upon the visitant, and then the old woman would stop to talk a moment to the passer-by from the *maison des Anglais* as one of us took our way into the village; or, if, as she returned from some labour among the fields, she met the English children in their walk, she would stay to take up "*la petite mignonne*" in her arms, and express her fears for the little delicate head, whose covering *would* fall back, and leave only its beautiful ringlets to shade it from the sun. The French peasants never leave the heads of their children bare; at least, not of the girls; and the boys most frequently make their appearance in a cap of gay cloth, or of knitted or woven cotton or worsted. Thus, day by day, our friendship grew, till at last some casual remark made in passing, when she was busily engaged in the operation of bread-making and baking, (quite another thing in France from what it is in England,) led to an invitation to come and be witness next time the event took place. As it only occurred once a fortnight, both invitation and acceptance were very nearly forgotten by the time the day came round in which the sixty pounds of bread that would serve the lone old woman and her son for fourteen days were to be manufactured; and though we failed not to receive due notice on the appointed morning, it was not till the *mère* Salmon, coming up a second time, entreated *Madame l'Anglaise's* immediate presence, as her bread *must* soon be got ready for the oven, that our friend, recollecting the engagement, and feeling quite unequal that morning to the fatigue of going down to look on, dispatched me as a substitute. I was kindly welcomed, and the first proceeding was to find me a chair to sit down on; but that was a matter of some difficulty, as the only two in the cottage had each a very large hole in; however, the great *armoire* in the dusky corner behind the door was opened, a pillow was first produced and laid across the vacuum, and then a clean shirt of her son's was spread over that, and when all was arranged nothing could have been more comfortable, if the chair had not been placed exactly on the edge of a considerable lake upon the floor, which the *mère* Salmon seemed to consider of not the slightest consequence, and which was probably only occasioned by the rinsing out her breakfast things, as emptying them out upon the ground is considered the readiest plan. Everything sinks into the *carreaux*, those charming square tiles; or if the floor happens to be clay it

vanishes faster still, and a deluge all through the apartment, "once in a while,"—not very often—sets all as it should be again. Keeping my feet as near as I could to the shore, for nowhere else could the chair stand so well for an advantageous view, I turned my attention to the process, which consisted, as far as I could see, in waving the arms backwards and forwards through the whole length, or nearly so, of a large wooden chest, containing a great quantity of flour, into which I had previously seen a large jug full of warm water thrown; and when this had gone on for a considerable lapse of time, the liquid thus prepared was poured into three or four large empty beehives which stood by, the mouths of the beehives stopped up with cloths, and then was explained the mystery of why the bed in the corner of la bonne mère's room had been left open all this time. The beehives were put into it, the sheet, blanket, and coverlet laid over them; all was made neat, and there they were left till their contents should have risen sufficiently to go into the oven. No yeast was used; but I have since been told a piece of the old leaven is put in to serve the purpose; this, however, is a very secret and mysterious part of the process, and nothing about it was said or shown to me—at least nothing intelligible. In the mean time, I had found intervals to gather something of my old friend's history, as well as of her character, and there was something touching in its mixture of extreme simplicity, and fervent devotion of spirit. She paused in beginning her task to utter a short and low prayer, telling me, with a quiet feeling which spoke the sincerest reality, that she never began any fresh piece of labour without asking *le bon Dieu* to bless her travail; and evidently thinking me unblest with any knowledge of christian truth, she repeated to me, with an earnestness which showed her feeling of their importance, and an anxiety to impress them on her listener's mind, what she called the three things whose belief was necessary to salvation, and which were precisely what our Church Catechism has in nearly the same words set forth, as a summary of our ancient and still adhered-to creed. *Ma pauvre amie!* if I had not myself led on to debateable ground by going on to ask her some question about the Virgin, to which she replied in terms of reverence that sadden a Protestant, I might have thought we had still "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

Her mother had died when she was quite a child, leaving a large family; and her father, she said, when the war began, was forced to fly. Her brothers and sisters were scattered, she hardly knew whither; and she, the youngest, was left to wander about and beg her bread. She was but nine years old, and she remembered better than anything the kindness of some nobleman, who saw her one day as he passed in his carriage to church, and made the poor homeless child a sort of pensioner upon his kitchen, allowing her to come there continually for food. As far as I could make out from her rather indistinct account, it seemed to me to be at the great Château of Serrant that he lived, for she brought it in in her story, and the inmates of that of La Poissonière were scattered by war and imprisonment in the very beginning of the revolution. Her mind seemed impressed and terrified by much that she had heard of horrors, but she did not speak of many of them as having been an eyewitness.

Under the same roof with the mère Salmon, but in a cottage made a little more imposing by the fall of the road, so that you went up to its door by three deep steps, dwelt a tall stout elderly paysanne of the better class, but as kind-hearted as her aged neighbour, and so fond of the children, for whom some great pear, or fig, or bunch of white grapes, was continually put by when they were likely to walk near, that at last it became difficult to get them past her door; and the little invalid, the deep rose in whose cheek was now fading into the milder bloom of health, and who was the favourite of all the paysannes she met in her walks, would begin to run before she reached the door, and try to clamber up the steep step for admission. There is a gentleness and kindness about the French peasantry, at least about all we had the opportunity of mingling among, which wins upon the heart, as much as the so often spoken of grace of the peasant lad in his wooden shoes pleases the eye of the stranger. Perhaps their characteristic gaiety and lightness of heart have something to do with it; their minds are not so full of deep-thoughted care as the English labourer's, their consciences less awake, and thus their attention is more alive to what passes in the present. I remember one day walking with our friend's children along a large tract of land among the vineyards, which was broken up into the little family patches called by the country people "*les champs*," and very much resembling one of our fields of allotments, only that instead of the "*sace*, agin come winter like!" grown by the Suffolk cottager, every here and there the little square, sometimes but a few feet broad, and its boundary marked by a large loose stone, showed the large tempting melon, or the light and elegant flax, with its blue flowers and bright green stem, or the giant gourds that make so much food for the cattle and soup for the winter. Rather original stuff it is—whitened with milk, and sweetened with sugar; but all the French potages are original, from that made of two leaves of a cabbage and a bit of butter, upwards. Very pretty inviting paths wind through the "*champs*" in different directions; and as you follow them you every now and then come upon a man thrashing out his little patch of corn in a place he has swept clean on purpose; or a girl spinning as she watches her large goat, that it may not stray on to a neighbour's portion. We were threading our ways through them, devious as the inclination of my little guides or my own, when a respectable woman of middle age passed us, and, stooping down to speak to the children, good-naturedly stopped to gather them each a large handful of the purple Venus's looking-glass which was growing wild on a piece of summerling close by. "O! they are welcome," she said, as I thanked her for her kindness; "one likes to please children when one has children of one's own. I have two at home!" and then followed an invitation to call at her house, to which we were directed as the "*Débit de Tabac*" in the principal street of the bourg, and which we found a large well-ordered dwelling, full of roomy and well-furnished apartments, and comprising a sort of private hostelry, having beds for lodgers, and even in one large upper room, an apparently not very often frequented billiard-table. From that time the mère de Tabac, as the eldest of the children named her, became one of our special friends,

the more so because she kept the post-office, and well might she speak with pleasure of caring to please children, for her house was gay with the prizes won by her son and daughter; the best girl in the large well-ordered village school was her child; and at the picturesque fête, when the young villagers received their rewards beneath the broad-leaved plaitain trees in the great court of the château, the sweet face of Perrette Boileau, as she bent her head to receive her eight crowns, was not one to be soon forgotten. Such a face, with its gentle and modest expression, as it was lifted in silent greeting to the English lady when we passed her knitting on her little stool by the step of her mother's dwelling, carried one's thoughts to Wordsworth's Lucy Gray,

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."

Indeed, there was a thoughtfulness and repose there which had less in it of French than English.

And connected with Perrette Boileau come recollections of one of another rank, but her story is for another time.

In one of our first strolls through the village we were struck with the extraordinary hieroglyphics, accompanied, if I recollect rightly, with some sort of mysterious ciphers, which were rudely portrayed upon the wall of a kind of wing-like or outhouse-like appurtenance to what seemed to have been once a considerable mansion, though sundry joints of meat, apparent through the bars of a sort of gate beneath the phenomena in question, spoke of fallen fortunes. A tower at the other end of the house, with a long flight of stone steps, ascending on one side to the first floor, gave it an antique and very picturesque air; and it had probably once been a structure of some importance, for it stood near the site of a large church and priory, destroyed entirely in the revolution. The spot of ground where they stood still bears their name, but that is all that rests of them; though one or two other houses in their neighbourhood are very curious; but indeed almost every third or fourth house in the village has something to strike the eye; and the continual occurrence of those long stone staircases, sometimes straight, sometimes winding, adds very much to the charm. Perhaps the bourg never looks more interesting than late on a summer night, or a quiet autumn evening, when the deep twilight is hanging over all things, and the glow of here and there a taper or a low wood fire is dimly lighting up the large chambers, whose low arched doors standing open give a glimpse into the interior, while armoires, antique bits of china, and pictured walls reddened with the gleam, are seen within. Often as we have wound slowly homewards, returning up the hill from our evening walk in the près by the riverside, our path has led us through scenes which might have supplied subjects for many a Dutch painting.

The mysterious characters remained unexplained till the occurrence of a peasant wedding, which we went down to the church to see; it was crowded, for the bride being a servant of the principal family in Lalleu, half the population of the two villages seemed to have accompanied her to the ceremony; as this was the first day of the

wedding they were all in their best dresses ; on the second day they appear in their second-best, that it may on no account be supposed their stock of clothes is small ; and very picturesque such a scene always is, with their gay graceful costumes, and the bride's nosegay of flowers ; but when a heavy shower falling, as we crowded out at the church door, obliged them to put up their crimson umbrellas, the scene became highly novel ; and as the bride turned anxiously to make room for her aged mother under that which her husband held over her, and the crowd left the little square, on one side of which the church stands, with the house of the curé, gay with the golden flowers in its upper window, and the vines that trellis its front, and peep above its garden wall, close by—we followed them till they had all entered *pêle-mêle* the door of the house I have described, and which proved to be *l'auberge du village*, or no less a place than the hotel of *la Poissonnière*. Its owner, best known to us as *Monsieur le Boulanger*, exercised at the same time the trades of baker and butcher, and indeed, as it seemed, of architect and stonemason also, for we found him more frequently than anything else, engaged in superintending the building of a house in the neighbouring street, the piles of stone, sand, and clay, belonging to which, occupied for some weeks at least two-thirds of the narrow road ; but to have to drive over a heap half as high as your wheels, if not as your vehicle, is as common as possible. Neither *Madame la Boulangère* nor her husband had anything about them to claim equal attention with their house, except perhaps the great politeness of the latter, whose entreaties that she would take a seat, placed "*Mademoiselle la Bonne*" in a distressing predicament when one day she happened to enter the huge *salle* with a tin of cakes to be baked, just at the moment her master was there engaged in paying a bill ; and their son, supposed to be heir of some wealth, and generally seen mounted on or leading a small grey pony, was no further distinguished than by the way *Pierre's* kindness and ready help if any one in distress were spoken of among their poor neighbours ; but they had a daughter, a beautiful creature, whose refined and quiet grace, as one passed her with her bundle of long *miches*, rolls of French bread three quarters of a yard in length under her arm, would never have spoken of the bustling *auberge*. You could not wonder as you looked at her, and received her simple salutation, that her father and mother should shrink from the loss of such a child, and refuse their consent to her heart's desire of devoting herself to the church ; but her elder sister had already taken the vows as a nun of the order of *Providence*, and she was bent upon following her steps. The life of a *Sœur de Charité*, or *de Providence*, those orders which are such blessings to France, is far from being, like the triste and desolate fate of one who takes the veil, for ever immured in a convent ; the *Sœur de Providence*, never admitted when too old to learn, immediately upon her entrance goes through a laborious course of education, intended to qualify her as nurse and doctress of the sick, and preceptress of the young ; schoolmistresses so finished, as well as so laborious, are, I imagine, rare to find in England ; and their system, like their motive, is one of love : they are sent forth by two and three into the villages, by ten or twenty

into the larger towns, where they nurse the sick, visit the poor, and educate the children; thus everywhere beloved and welcomed, their course may be often a very happy one, where no regrets embitter it, and the heart, content with its quiet lot, does not sink with a sense of emptiness; but it is a complete separation from home and kindred, from all familiar ties; and even those they may form around their place of location are always liable to be suddenly broken, as once a year they all meet at the *Maison mère*, the convent where they have been educated, and of which the order of Providence has many in France, and on these occasions they leave their school and little dwelling, and all the associations which may endear it, never knowing whether they shall return. They are taken from all classes of society, and while the young daughter, the last one left, of the good *Boulangère* of *La Poissonière*, was locking herself up for days in her chamber, and refusing to open her heart to the dreams of a life such as her parents would have chosen for her, the eldest child of a decayed noble family at *Lalleu* was carrying the same resolution into effect, to the bitter grief of her mother, *Madame de V—*. Her young and lively friends, *Ernestine* and *Félicie de S.*, children of a family celebrated in *Vendéen* annals, and now inhabiting the chateau of *Lalleu*, went over during our stay to visit her in a convent at *Angers*, where she was undergoing her noviciate. Some circumstances which will be related in the next chapter gave a saddened tone to our interest in the fate of our young *voisines*.

IRISH SONG.

SWEET KATTI NI ARA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SWEET Katti ni Ara! the days are gone by
 When I gazed on the light of her blue laughing eye;
 When the song from her lip to my heart sent a thrill,
 As I heard it float wildly from valley to hill.
 O, there's nothing so dear as the love of young days,
 When the first breath of passion around the heart plays,
 As it played around mine, when by lone *Derrevaragh*,
 I pledged the fond vow to sweet Katti ni Ara.

Sweet Katti ni Ara! ah, where is she now?
 Does she wander like me, where the green lindens bow
 To the breeze that awakens their mystical tone?
 Does she sigh, as I sigh, for the days that are flown?
 I fly to the mountains, I climb the wild hill;
 I call to the echoes—they answer me still,
 As sweeping away over lone *Derrevaragh*,
 They bear my sad plaint for sweet Katti ni Ara.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO A FRIEND AT
CAMBRIDGE.*

BY JOHN HOGG, ESQ., M.A., F.R.S., F.C.P.S., &C., LATE FELLOW OF
ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

III.

Venice, December 10th.

You would receive, I conclude, in June, my letter from Frankfort on the Maine. If a few notes from my journal in the least interest you, the following, containing some remarks on parts of my German and Hungarian tours, are submitted to your perusal.

I sojourned in the free city of Frankfort a fortnight, in order to acquire a little knowledge of German, and was extremely pleased with the beauty, size, and appearance of it, in particular with its modern houses and buildings, which denote much good taste and great opulence: really the

“*Superba civium
Potentiorum limina.*”

Its environs also are agreeable, and the country fertile, and well interspersed with wood. In addition to its being one of the Hanse Towns, it is known throughout Europe as the place where the Diet of the Germanic Confederation is now held, and as having been formerly the imperial city, where *der Kaiser*, the Cæsar or Emperor of Germany, was elected. His coronation was solemnized in the cathedral (*Domkirche*), which I thought old and unsightly, and presenting nothing remarkable, except its unfinished heavy tower, built in the Teutonic style. The first town of any note which I visited after Heese Cassel—an elegant place, built partly on a hill near the river Fulda, and surrounded by a most picturesque country—was Göttingen. Here everything is the university, and although founded only a century ago, it has long become the most celebrated of all the remaining twenty in Germany, and has produced the most distinguished men. The names of some of her professors, even at the present day, would do honour to our more ancient and venerable *Alma Mater*. Here, however, I was disappointed in finding no handsome college, no university building, except the observatory, which, though a good deal smaller, put me in mind of our Cambridge observatory. The town is neat, comfortable, and well flagged, but placed in a tiresome and dreary country. The students, whocall themselves *Burschen*, (i. e. brethren,) wear no academic costume; they are said to be more respectable and better conducted than in most of the German universities, notwithstanding they largely indulge in the usual beer-drinking, smoking, duelling, and singing avocations. Many Greek youths used to resort

* These letters were written, and sent *per post* to Cambridge from the cities whence they are dated.

there previous to the opening of the university at Corfu. The library contains a very choice collection of MSS. and books, especially of English works, and, for the sake of these, a professorship at Göttingen is more esteemed and sought after than in any other German university, although the libraries at Berlin, Vienna, and Munich, are much more numerous in printed volumes. The system of reading or education, according to the usual practice of the foreign universities, is there divided into four departments or faculties—viz., theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy. From Göttingen I toiled over an uninteresting district, notwithstanding the view of the mountains of the Harzwald (*Hercynius Saltus*) broke its sameness, and passing through Nordhausen and Merseburg I was glad to reach Leipsic. This great mart of Germany is a most interesting place, not only for its libraries and its biblical commerce, but also for its having decided a long warfare, and restored liberty to her country. I with pleasure surveyed the little river Elster, and the field of battle of October, '813. This memorable plain was teeming with wheat and corn, and thus giving to man a tenfold produce as a return for the blood which he had so copiously and so honourably shed. The town of Leipsic is old and curious, having many lofty Gothic houses; its spacious market-place, with the *Rathhaus* (townhouse), is the best worthy of notice. Its well-known fairs have now become less important than in former times, yet they are numerously attended by the different nations of central Europe. I next visited the small town of Meissen, pleasantly built on the left bank of the Elbe, and is worthy of remark as having the first established manufactory of porcelain in Europe. This is at present carried on in the old Gothic castle, the former residence of the princes of Saxony, which stands nobly upon a steep hill. The small cathedral is extremely beautiful, and of the best Gothic architecture. Its light tower is much admired, and commands a delightful prospect of the Elbe and of the rich and highly-picturesque district through which it flows. Hence, the road as far as Dresden lies among very beautiful scenery, among vine-clad hills, and every kind of cultivation.

The capital of Saxony itself is likewise no less beautiful than the country in which it is placed. Dresden, with her superb picture gallery, has long been the seat of the fine arts, and has obtained much credit and renown for them, as well as for her cultivation of music and of literature. At least, if Dresden be not the "*Novæ*" Germaniarum "*Athenæ*," she may be properly termed the Florence of Germany—which name, indeed, many travellers have very justly applied to her. The Saxons are the most polished, intelligent, and the most agreeable of the Germans. They have much vivacity, and a good flow of natural spirits; and, on the whole, I like them better than any other people in Germany. But this may perhaps arise from a sort of filial feeling, or piety, in having a share of Saxon blood in my veins. Saxony, though small, is a perfect garden, and abounds in natural beauties, and in productions of every kind. "*Parva nunc civitas, sed Gloria ingens*," may be its motto, because to it these words are clearly applicable. The city of Dresden is not famous for any particular edifice, or for the beauty of its architecture or streets; but

it is fine from its general effect, and from its situation on the silvery and handsome Elbe—the *Albis* of Tacitus, and which he well calls “*flumen inclytum*.” The view of it from the public walk named *Brühlterrasse* is, I think, the most inviting, as one sees the noble stone bridge with its fifteen arches, the palaces, the steeples, and towers, at the same time, and to the greatest advantage. The antiquary has much to examine in the splendid collections preserved in the *Rustkammer*, or armoury of the Zwinger Palace; in the Museum of Antiquities, and the MSS. of the extensive library contained in the Japan Palace—many of these are Arabic, and the Mexican MSS., illustrated with hieroglyphics, are remarkable;—and in the old and rich treasures of the *Grüne Grewölbe* of the royal palace. Dresden and its wooded park, the *Grosser Garten*, suffered greatly during the French war; now Napoleon’s fortifications are nearly all converted into walks.

From Dresden, through Elsterwerda and Baruth, to Berlin, I travelled over the most miserable country I ever beheld, and was dragged along pure sand up to the very axletree, sometimes through long and black pine forests, and sometimes among marshes—a district even at this day perfectly agreeing with Tacitus’s account of a part of Germany, as being *terra*—“*aut sylvis horrida aut paludibus sæda*.” It is extremely probable that the sea once possessed this tract of country; and one almost regrets that the “*mare pigrum*” ever exerted itself to leave it; for, to my eyes, the waves of the mighty deep are more grateful than this Prussian Syrtes. In the centre of this sandy plain stands Berlin, divided by the small and sluggish Spree, a tributary of the Elbe. This capital of Prussia, upon the whole, much pleased me. Parts of the city are grand, although fault may be justly found with it as being too regularly built, and the houses, when seen *en masse*, are too low, and appear somewhat like barracks. The principal street, called *Unter den Linden*, (i. e. under the lime trees,) is everything, and is really magnificent; about three quarters of an English mile long. The lower part of it is bounded by palaces and large public buildings; the upper part of it is planted with four rows of trees, chiefly limes, which afford an agreeable promenade, and at the top stands a simple but exceedingly beautiful gate, *Das Brandenburger Thor*. Twelve high and fluted Doric columns support an entablature upon which is a bronze statue of Victory in her car, (*Quadriga*,) drawn by four horses abreast. This gate is said to be partly copied from the Propylæa at Athens. Passing through it, one immediately enters the sandy *Thier Garten*, (animal garden,) which is the Hyde Park of Berlin, but consisting chiefly of a gloomy pine wood. Here, among the principal institutions, is an excellent university, a spacious and well-kept botanic garden, a famous museum of anatomy, and a most extensive library. In the last are many biblical rarities, and among them I saw Luther’s own Hebrew Bible, printed at Brixia (*Brescia*), 1494—from this he wrote his translation, and it contains some marginal notes in his handwriting; a MS. book of the Psalms, with ornamented letters, which was presented to Louis the German, and grandson of Charlemagne, A.D. 880; two Roman bronze plates, conferring the right of citizens by Vespasian on the veterans who served in the fleet at Ravenna;—a similar inscrip-

tion (if not the same) is given by Gruter in his *Corpus Inscriptionum*, vol. i. p. 578, No. 1. This Ravenese fleet is mentioned by Tacitus, Hist. lib. ii. c. 100. Also a diptychon, or double writing tablet, of "Rufus Probianus Vicarius Urbis Romæ," which was A.D. 416, (see *Almeloveen*, Fasti Cons. p. 504, Amst. 1740.) The ivory plate on each side of it is well carved. There is too much military to make Berlin a pleasant residence to a stranger who is not a soldier; and although the Prussians are generally polite and extremely well informed, yet, in my opinion, they are less animated and less agreeable than their Saxon neighbours. Prussia has, indeed, risen most rapidly in civilization, and in all the institutions of a refined people, and she now occupies a very exalted situation among the nations of Europe. The late king himself, a plain soldier-like man, did much towards the regeneration of his people in intelligence and mental improvement, as well as towards the augmenting and beautifying of his capital, for he used to take laudable pains in adorning it with edifices erected at his own expense, and in founding and promoting various useful establishments.

I next visited Potsdam, a splendid little town, filled with palaces, and placed on the banks of the Havel, where it forms a large lake, and constitutes for Prussia a scene quite enchanting. Sans Souci is the most interesting of the royal palaces there, inasmuch as it was the favourite residence of the *Gross Friedrich*—the idol of the Prussians—although his memory with the people is partly effaced by the achievements of their great general, *Blucher*. Leaving Potsdam, I repassed the sandy district by Treuenbrietzen and Herzberg, and again arrived in Dresden. From thence I made an excursion through the beautiful province of Silesia, one side of which joins Poland, and the other Bohemia. A range of mountains called the *Riesengebirge*, or the Giants' Mountains—the ancient *Sudetes*—divides it from the latter and from the Austrian empire, to which for a long period, and till the time of Maria Theresa, it formerly belonged. At the commencement of this empress's reign, the Great Frederick most unjustifiably led his troops into that province, and took it by force of arms from her empire. Though Silesia possesses no glaciers, no avalanches, no snow-clad alp, no Mont Blanc, or no Lake Lemán, yet it claims one singular and wonderful feature, which is wanting in Switzerland. This is a part of the same chain about five miles long, and two or three broad, which has become a collection of isolated mountains apparently by the agency of water. The colossal masses of pale coloured sandstone are varied in their form; conical or peaked, columnar or pyramidal, &c., and frequently covered with huge pines. These enormous rocks, many of which are some hundred feet high, resemble a vast and desolate ruin,—the remains of a city of the Gigantes, or more justly of the *Castra Phlegææ*. One might well fancy that the *Terre filii* had fought among the mountains of Adersbach; and that they had left these stupendous fragments thus scattered about after their vain attempt to storm Olympus. The valleys of Silesia are fertile, extremely picturesque, and thickly studded with neat towns and villages. The manner of placing the houses far apart from the other in villages is striking, and accords with Tacitus' description,—"*Vicos*

locant, non in nostrum morem, connexis et cohærentibus ædificiis : suam quisque domum spatio circumdat." Red hair is very prevalent amongst the Silesian peasantry,—indeed four children out of six I observed with "cærulei oculi—rutilæ comæ. I may also record a custom (amongst others) which remains too common at this day,—gambling, and especially with dice,—a custom also mentioned by Tacitus. I spent one night in the cottage called *Wiesen Baude*, below the Schneekoppe (*snow-top*), and ascended its pyramidal summit, which is the highest point—about five thousand feet above the Baltic sea—of the Riesengebirge, for the purpose of beholding the sun rise. Being a fine summer's morning (July 24) we were very fortunate in enjoying this superb sight to great advantage, since the splendid "orb of day" arose out of the plains of Poland, as from the sea, unintercepted by a single cloud, and with his bright rays then gradually illumined the various portions of the magnificent and extensive panorama which expanded on all sides below us. Descending these giant mountains, I visited the source of the Elbe, *Elbebrunn*, situate in a beautiful green valley, and having given up my idea of making an excursion into Poland, as I learnt that it presented little worth seeing, and is in fact, a country—"asperam cælo, tristem cultû aspectûque," I proceeded through the elegant town of Töplitz, famed for its thermal springs, which were discovered in A.D. 762, to Prague—the capital of the ancient kingdom of Bohemia. This is a large, fortified, bustling, and handsome city, divided by the river Moldau, and that part of it is of considerable antiquity, which is called the Altstadt. The Neustadt is well built, containing some elegant houses and streets, especially the Rossmarkt, the Graben, and the Neue Allée, which is planted with rows of trees. The old town *Altstadt* has an antiquated appearance with lofty and large Gothic houses, and very narrow streets, and here reside a vast number of Jews, said to be above eight thousand, who occupy the north portion, which is named after them, *Judenstadt*. The market-place, called the *Grosser Ring*, is spacious and interesting; at one corner of which stands the *Rathhaus*, or townhouse, a very ancient building—its doors and windows are of handsome Gothic architecture. The university also is a spacious and old edifice. The university itself is, I believe, the most ancient in Germany, having been founded in A.D. 1348, but is now less renowned than formerly. The names over some of the shops, as also of the streets, are painted in German and Bohemian. One enters from the Altstadt on to the bridge, by a Gothic gateway, memorable in the history of Prague. The bridge itself is a noble stone structure with sixteen arches, connecting the old town with the Kleine Seite, but it is much disfigured by the twenty-eight coarsely sculptured stone statues of saints, and the bronze statue of St. John Nepomuc, which load its sides. The view from the bridge, however, is beautiful, commanding the towns with their spires and towers, the Moldau, (*Moldeva*), its wooded islands, the palace of the Hradschin raised on a steep eminence, and the Laurenz Berg covered with trees. The *Domkirche*, or cathedral, on the Hradschin, is most worthy of remark, being an elegant Gothic building, small, but peculiarly light, and ornamented with flying buttresses. Its interior is not so good, being

bedaubed with bad paintings and gaudy trumperies. It contains the silver tomb of the saint of Prague. The Royal *Burg*, or castle, adjoins it, and is an extensive building, and though of good architecture, is more imposing from its dimensions. The view from the Hradschiner Platz is peculiarly striking. Prague is a place of considerable commerce, and there are several manufactories within it. "Manet adhuc *Bojemi* nomen," as in the time of Tacitus; the present Bohemians, a tall and good-looking race, are the descendants of a Slavonian tribe, and their language, which they still retain, is a dialect of Slavonic; it is softer and more harmonious to the ear than the common German, and well adapted for music, in which the Bohemians greatly delight. Leaving Bohemia, I travelled through the fruitful province of Moravia, by the neat towns of Iglau and Znaim, until approaching the mighty Danube in Lower Austria, the country became more beautiful, with a fine view of the Styrian Alps, and the lofty Schneeberg, to the south-west; at length, the spire of St. Stephen's appeared above the woods which abound on the banks, and in the numerous islands of that river; we then passed over its wooden bridges, and entered Vienna, through the handsome suburb called Leopoldstadt. I was much pleased with the first appearance of *Wien*, and it struck me as having a great air of grandeur, and of a populous metropolis. The imperial city itself is small, and of a circular form, but is surrounded by thirty-four suburbs, which altogether contain above three hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Some parts of the city possess many noble and splendid mansions, as for instance the *Graben*, the principal street, the Lord's Street, or *Herrn Gasse*, and those in the immediate vicinity of the *Burg* or Imperial Palace. This mass of building is imposing from its size and extent rather than from any real beauty of architecture, and was erected at different periods. In consequence of the court residing, when in Vienna, in the *Burg*, which stands within the walls of the city, it is the fashion to reside in the city, and therefore houses are extremely dear. Many of these are immense, and comprise eight or nine stories; in fact, more than one have a population exceeding that of a good sized village; viz. above eighteen hundred inhabitants. As it is impossible for me to give you, within the limits of a letter, an account of the numerous sights, palaces, churches, convents, and objects worthy of attention in Vienna and its suburbs, I will only mention the imperial library, which I am told contains three hundred thousand volumes, besides sixteen thousand MSS. Of these I noticed the famous *Senatus Consultum* (A. V. C. 567) prohibiting the celebration of the Bacchanalia. This bronze tablet was discovered A. D. 1640 on *Cigala's* estate in *Brutiis*, now Calabria; and being more than two thousand years old, I looked upon it with vast interest. A copy of the inscription from this tablet may be seen in *Scipione Maffei's Istoria Diplomatica*, (*Mantova*, 1727). p. 125. Also Livy (lib. 39. c. 18) has well described this circumstance, and he says of the S. C. itself—" *Senatus consulto cautum est, ne qua Bacchanalia Romæ neve in Italia essent.*"—A MS. of Dioscorides is a large book, and written on vellum; the plants, arranged alphabetically, are well drawn and coloured. It was made for an hospital at Constanti-

nople. The original MS. of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* is written in a bold hand on very good paper. I examined the pages with great pleasure, and observed that some had no corrections, others a few, and others very many. A most curious Mexican MS. consisting of coloured hieroglyphics drawn on stag's skin; its date is unknown. An ancient MS. on papyrus; a facsimile of which is given in *Mabillon de Re Diplom.* p. 460 tab. 58. Also a large collection of MSS. in the eastern languages. The cabinet of antiquities possesses many valuable things,—a fine granite Egyptian sarcophagus, many busts, idols, a few statues, and some vases found in Hungary. The cameos are superb; the largest (eight and a half inches by seven and a quarter inches) in sardonyx, representing the Apotheosis of Augustus, is inestimable, and wonderfully executed. For a good engraving of this I will refer you to Eckhel's '*Choix des Pierres Gravées.*' *Vien.* 1788, plate 1. I examined also a numerous collection of ancient coins and medals both in gold and silver. The Egyptian and Brazilian Museums possess a good deal worthy of attention. The university is flourishing, especially in the faculty of medicine, notwithstanding it cannot boast of many eminent characters. Neither does Vienna itself stand high in the annals of modern science or literature. Indeed, the Viennese are more famed for their kindness, sociability, *bonhomie*, and personal qualifications, than for their mental accomplishments; and the lower classes are extremely good humoured and good looking,—but too much addicted to pleasure, and too much given to beer and wine drinking and waltzing;—

————— "Nunc est bibendum,
Nunc pede libero pulsandum tellus,"—

is the doctrine taught them from their childhood, and which they fully practise during their life. Vice, however, is here less glaring than either in Paris or Marseilles. The environs of Vienna are beautiful,—on the west there is a chain of mountains clothed with vineyards and wood; this joins on the south the Styrian Alps, among which the *Schneeberg* (i. e. Snow Mountain), is the most conspicuous, rising to a height of six thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight feet above the Adriatic; to the east an almost boundless, but fertile, plain extends in the direction of Hungary, and on the north flows the emperor of rivers, the Danube (*Donau*), and spreads out its vast and numerous isles, covered with natural forests: in the centre of the city stands the lofty cathedral of St. Stephen, whose Gothic pyramid (four hundred and sixty-five English feet high) proudly vieing with the opposite mountains, raises its richly sculptured spire to the mid-day sun. Between the city and its suburbs, there are ramparts and a ditch: but these are now more for ornament than protection, since they are tastefully laid out in glais, gardens, and public walks. The Prater, however, on an island of the Danube, is the principal walk and drive; this is an extensive and natural park, though too flat to afford a great variety of scenery, yet it is well planted with rows of trees, as well as covered with self-sown and large forest trees. Here, on Sundays and holydays, all Vienna assembles, even from the *Kaiser* (emperor) to his meanest subject. The climate is most variable,

and the city is constantly troubled with a high wind, and at this day verifies the account of Tacitus, as "*Ventosior qua Noricum ac Pannoniam aspicit*"—insomuch so, that Vienna is frequently enveloped in a thick cloud of dust, which is not only disagreeable, but also unhealthy. From Vienna I made a delightful tour into Hungary—a part of which constitutes one of the most fertile districts in Europe, and supplies many of the adjacent provinces with corn and wine; another part, however, is bare or marshy, or covered with forests, and mountains abounding with minerals and valuable ores. Another part consists of immense plains called *Pustzos*, which are chiefly in grass, and afford pasturage to numerous herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, many of which are the Wallachian kind with spiral horns, (*ovis strepsiceros*.) Pest, the present capital of Hungary, is situated in a plain on the left bank of the Danube, and is divided into the old and new towns, the latter being very beautiful with regular streets and many elegant houses. It contains about 60,000 souls. The university is now prosperous and well endowed. The library contains many books, and a great quantity of Hungarian MSS. The national museum, comprising all the productions of Hungary, is very interesting. In the fine collection of coins and medals, I noticed the Chemnitz ducat, and a silver coin of Attila. The latter bore this inscription over his head—"Attila flagellum Dei, 441." There are likewise a good many Roman antiquities which have been discovered in Hungary—the ancient *Pannonia*—Pest itself being considered the *Transacincum* of the Romans. The churches are not worthy of notice, except for the difference of languages in which the several services are performed, viz. in Hungarian, Latin, German, Armenian, Romaic, and Sclavonic. The fairs at Pest are remarkable, and are numerously attended by a singular variety of people. Indeed, on an ordinary day, it is most amusing to see the different costumes of the peasants who attend the market; those of the Sclavonian tribes are extraordinary; but the dress of the Wallachian, the ancient *Dacian*, is truly primitive and wild, having for his suit rough sheep skins—"vestitui pelles." Here assemble also vast numbers of gipsies, who are called in Hungarian *Czygani*. Several manufactories are established at Pest; that of tobacco being one of the most important, as a great deal is cultivated in Hungary. On the opposite bank of the Danube stands Buda, in German, *Ofen*, communicating with Pest by a bridge of boats; the rapid river itself in that spot being fourteen hundred English feet wide. Buda, so named from the brother of Attila, is beautifully placed partly below, and partly on the sides of steep hills covered with trees, vineyards, and gardens. The royal, or palatine palace, erected on the remains of the old royal palace founded by *Matthias Corvinus*, is an elegant edifice built on an eminence that commands a superb view. In Buda resided the Turkish rulers during the period that Hungary was in possession of the Turks. Some of their baths still remain, and the naturally hot (135 deg. of Fah.) sulphur springs are much used, and prove most efficacious for many diseases. The present population is about half that of Pest. The grapes of Buda are very fine, and they produce an excellent and strong wine, called *Red Ofner*. Old Buda, *Alt Ofen*, now almost a suburb, is thought to be the former *Sicambria*.

I ascended the Blocksberg, a steep mountain, on which is placed the observatory at the height of two hundred and seventy-eight feet above the Danube; no other observatory perhaps in Europe commands so extensive an horizon. The view from the extreme summit of the Blocksberg is magnificent; to the north-east, east, south-east, and south, an arid plain stretched out as far as the eye could perceive, and the Danube himself flowing less swiftly than he does immediately below the mountain, spreads out in the direction of Turkey into branches, and losing here his accompanying woods, seems conscious that he was bidding adieu to a civilized people, and with regret commencing his course to the Black Sea through a more barbarous country. To the west, the view is varied with the hills of the Bakonyer Wald, with vineyards and cultivation, and in the distance appeared part of the large lake Balaton, or in German *Plattensee*. I was amazed with the travelling in Hungary, as so many novelties everywhere present themselves; the *Vorspann* system of posting is wild and primeval. The true Hungarians or *Magyars* are a rather small, but well-made and handsome race; their national costume is the Hussar uniform. The language itself is unlike any other European tongue, except the *Finnish*, to which it bears some resemblance; some of its sounds are harsh, but otherwise it is sweet, rich, and harmonious. *Latin*, which has from the time of M. Corvinus been mostly in use, is now beginning to be replaced by Hungarian. In fact, the national language is at present used in the proceedings of the diet. It is, however, remarkable that no book was printed in Hungarian until the year 1533. The city of Presburg, in Hungarian *Posony*, the former capital, is now the seat of the diet, and the coronation-city. It is a neat and good town, situated at the commencement of the *Krapacks*, or Carpathian mountains, but contains nothing of particular interest; its population is about 37,000. The kingdom of Hungary is divided, as England is, into counties—"Comitats." Having returned to Vienna, I set off on Nov. 7th, for Trieste, through Upper Styria (*Steiermark*)—a charming, alpine, and romantic country. Grätz, its capital, is a large town on the rapid Mur, a tributary to the Drave, and is no less famous for its handsome women, than its vicinity is for excellent turkeys and poultry. Its citadel is on a hill (Schlossberg) of considerable elevation, and commands a beautiful prospect of the town and the fertile plain skirted by lofty mountains. Continuing my journey into Lower Styria, I came amongst a distinct people called *Wenden*, most probably descendants of the *Venedi* of Tacitus; they are a poor race, and possess a language, called in German *Wendisch*, which is however only a dialect of the Slavonic. They inhabit parts of Lower Styria, and of Carinthia, and of Carniola; and have given their name to some few towns, as *Wendisch Grätz*, *Wendisch Feistritz*, &c. With the situation of Klagenfurt I was delighted; its lovely lake is perfectly Swiss. Passing over the Loiblberg, a part of the Carinthian Alps, which were already covered with fresh snow, and at a considerable elevation above the valley of Klagenfurt, I descended by a very steep zigzag road, and came next to Laybach, or Lubiana, the capital of the duchy of Carniola, and the *Æmona* of old. From thence to Trieste

the whole distance is occupied by mountains. I was much pleased with the famous mercurial mine at Idria, and with the process of obtaining the quicksilver, which is simple and interesting: At Adelsberg, a small town situated on the southern branch of the Julian Alps, there is a magnificent grotto, consisting of a succession of large chambers filled with the most beautiful and crystal-like stalactites, which hang from the roofs and sides, of every possible form and size. When illuminated with a number of torches, they present an astonishingly splendid sight. In the entrance cave a large and rapid river, the Poick, or *Piuku*, comes foaming in, and immediately loses itself in the fissures and hidden recesses of the limestone mountain; it again issues from another cavern eight or nine miles distant, after having traversed these regions of darkness. From hence, going over a barren limestone ridge, called the *Karst*, on a sudden a glorious prospect over the Gulf of Venice presented itself. Many hundred feet below the summit was the town of Trieste and its port: on one side of them the lofty headlands of Istria, running out into the sea, and on the other a mountain covered with vineyards and olives; at the head of the gulf extended the plain of Italy, backed by the Carinthian and Friulian Alps, covered with snow, and beautifully tinted by the rays of the setting sun. The Adriatic itself was as calm as a lake, and of the purest azure colour. This panoramic view was the more enchanting, inasmuch as the traveller comes upon it so very unexpectedly. Trieste, the *Tergeste* of the Romans, is a handsome town, and carries on a great commerce. Among the many foreign merchants who flock thither, the Greek, the Turk, and the Albanian, make a prominent figure. Everything being Italian, the change became striking, for only on the top of the mountain, which is behind Trieste, I left the language and manners of Germany, and in half an hour I found myself again in Italy. German, Slavonic, Rumanic, and Italian, are the languages mostly heard in the town. On the second day after my arrival, I set off on an expedition to the southern extremity of the peninsula to see the Roman antiquities at Pola. Istria is a mountainous and barren province, but in parts it produces some good wine and oil. The forests of oak, and quarries of common marble, out of which Venice was built, are its principal riches. The people are poor and dirty. Istria was formerly divided into two—Austrian and Italian; the latter belonged to the republic of Venice, and is thoroughly Italian—the other is chiefly inhabited by a race who speak Croatic, or a dialect of the Slavonic. Some authors assert that Pola, its most ancient city, was founded by the Colchians, and others, with more probability, by a Greek colony from Istrus, or Istropolis at the southern mouth of the Ister, or Danube, and who conferred on this territory the name of their native country, *Istria*. Afterwards it became a Roman colony, and was renamed *Pietas Julia*, from the daughter of Augustus. The principal object at Pola, now only a poor fishing town, is the magnificent amphitheatre, commonly named *L'arena*, and is truly the most perfect and wonderful monument of antiquity I ever beheld. Its situation is indeed unrivalled, standing, as it does, close to the water of the port, which there resembles a lake, and into which its perfect form, of a clear yellowish-white colour, is

distinctly reflected. In the town are also an exquisite arch, called *Porta Aurea*, dedicated to the Sergii, and a temple of Rome and Augustus: both are Corinthian, of extreme beauty and high finish, and executed in the golden age of architectural skill.

Having remained three more days in Trieste, on the night of Nov. 28th, at ten o'clock, I left that busy place in the steam-packet, and after boiling over the calm sea, at eight o'clock the next morning I beheld the fallen queen of the Adriatic mournfully raising her head amongst mist and thick fog, and safely landed upon the side of the great canal.

THE YOUTHFUL BRITISH TAR.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
• • • • •
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?"—SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY THE FOURTH.

ANGELIC spirits softly come, when the young sea-boy sleeps,
To kiss away the lonely tear that in his dream he weeps,
Bringing him visions sweet and fair of home and all its joys,
Which ah! the waking at the dawn too cruelly destroys!
When sent aloft by tyrant force, though drench'd by storm-fraught clouds,
He snatches, as relief from thought, short slumber in the shrouds,
Whose gentle rocking to and fro assist that silent rest:
O then he dreams he cradled is on his loved mother's breast;
He feels her very kiss indeed upon his glowing cheek,
While his fond hand, as was his wont, her glossy ringlets seek,
Which fell profusely o'er his face, as her head bowed in prayer,
To crave for him—how needed now!—God's ever watchful care.
Each sorrow that subdues his heart he is constrain'd to hide,
For the poor pensive home-sick boy rude scoffers would deride;
Straining the tend'rest chord of love that ever vibrates there
With grasp, from pity all alone, a savage would forbear.
O what it costs that yearning heart, to stifle thus its pain,
Lacking the privilege of grief, the freedom to complain;
Until, corroded by despair, it quite as callous grows
As theirs, who hardened it, alas! by mocking its fond woes!
The heart of youth is like a flow'r, when careless footsteps bruise
Its tender stem, no chymic art new vigour can infuse,
Its petals fall, its odour fades, and in its chalice lies
The wound of which the beauteous thing so prematurely dies.
And so the heart, a mother's love, from early infancy,
Nurtured alone for innocence, beneath her fostering eye,
When by the world its buds are crush'd, it is, alas, in vain
To hope, that they will ever bloom for virtue's sake again!

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.¹

CHAPTER VI.

My lord prior's hawks.—More company from court.

As some good steed, that, after bravely bearing his lord a long and toilsome journey, finds at night his food unsavoury, and his stall uneasy, from the anguish of a thorn that pierced his foot, he knew not when or where—or as a gentle tercelet, that hath gallantly struck a heron in midflight, pines afterward on his perch, with the rankling of a wound in his breast he felt not at the first—even so fared it with the young lady of Malthorpe on the night after she had held that notable discourse with her aunt touching John Ashtoft.

True it was that she would liefer at this time have taken veil and wimple, to live a nun in an abbey the rest of her life, than marry him, or any other, save a good and valiant man at arms; as also that, in this matter, she was bent to deal so fairly and openly, that the most tender conscience could not upbraid her with deceit. Yet did her intent lie heavy on her mind; for the poor youth was so kindly natured and gentle, so loving to herself, above all, and ever so ready to please and obey her, save in things that seemed to him against her own good, that she could not but believe herself dearer to him than aught else on earth; and the thought of the cruel tidings that were preparing for him, and from her own lips, melted her heart with ruth and pity. Nor was her trouble wholly for his sake; for well she knew, that after her purposed plain speaking, they could no more be to each other as they had been; and little as she desired so cloister-bred a spouse, she was fain enow of his talk and fellowship at times. Neither could she readily find a friend, of all those about her, to fill his place. Gillian was too unlettered, and the Lady Eglantine over high, and for aunt Pauncefort, truly she liked her and her discreetness less and less every day.

At last her thoughts began to turn towards the handsome young squire, brother to the damosel Bradeston; and much did she marvel if it might ever be their hap to meet, and further, if she should find him as proud and changeful of mood as his sister; though she hoped there was but little resemblance between them, since her cousin, from her first coming, had never so much as named him. Madam Joyce had spoken this young bachelor no less courtly of behaviour than goodly of aspect. Out of doubt he was both valiant and expert in all martial exercises—peradventure by this time a renowned man at arms, or even a knight! May Avis sighed, and wondered again if it should ever be her lot to see him, then went on to figure to herself their meeting, their discourse, and all that might haply come to pass from such beginning, until in the end she fell asleep, much comforted by her musings.

¹ Continued from p. 57.

In truth she sorely needed some such pleasant fantasies, to aid her in bearing the annoy of the court lady, who deigned once more to show herself at noon of the next day, and with air and carriage of such sovereign dignity as if she were resolved to queen it over them outright. Nor was her arrogance at all abated by seeing that the damosel of the house now took meekly and patiently her ill usage, as deeming it the just punishment of her unworthy fellowship with John Ashtoft. For the Lady Eglantine was not only one of that counterfeit sort who must needs feign themselves what they are not, to 'scape being despised for what they are, but, having till now dwelt in places where she was set little higher store by than a dancer or glee maiden, she was well nigh beside herself at becoming all at once a great lady in the house of her kinswoman, and strove with all diligence to ape the behaviour of her former mistress, the new duchess, who, being herself freshly raised to honors, was wont to make such pomp and show thereof as verily neither the good Duchess Blanche, nor the Lady Constance of Castile, had ever dreamed of.

Madam Joyce had not failed that morning to acquit her of her errand to the confessor, and the worthy man so zealously bestirred himself in the cause of the damosel of Malthorpe, that ere curfew-time he returned again, with news that Master Ralph falconer and his hawks should attend the damosel Avis's pleasure at early prime of the morrow, her boon being granted without a single yea or nay—which, indeed, was no great marvel, Sir Matthew having made his suit, not to the almoner, but to the yeoman himself, by help of certain gold florins. But of this neither he nor that discreet dame held it needful to inform May Avis, who no sooner heard of his good speed, than she ran in all haste to glad her guest with news of the diversion she had obtained for her.

"Grandmercy, damosel, and fair be your sport!" said the lady, "though for myself I must crave your license to tarry behind, your ways and pastimes being little to my liking, and your companions still less."

Simple May Avis, nothing doubting but that this sorry return for her kindness, sprang, as her aunt had said, from Madam Eglantine's disdain of her playfellow, now made haste to assure her that there would be none with them, either of high or low, save the yeoman from Charlewode, and their own folk; but the more earnestly she entreated, the coyer grew the other, until at last she went away in despair, heartily wishing she had spared her pains on behalf of one so thankless.

Nevertheless, when the morrow came, and with it bright sunshine and balmy airs, and all sights and sounds of the joyous spring, and, above all, when, after early mass, the falconer and his page, each with tercelet on fist, were seen soberly pacing toward the gate of the courtyard, she thought no more of the Lady Eglantine, but resolved to enjoy with light heart the pastime before her.

Master Ralph of Charlewode was an ancient grave yeoman of such staidness of mien and speech as became the servingman of a convent, whose very knaveboys should so bear them as to be discernible from secular folk, and the rather, in that the keeping of hawk or hound is

by canon forbidden to churchmen, though the statute in those days was in truth utterly disregarded by all. His page, who followed in livery of gray russet, was no less sober of aspect than himself; and eke his very palfrey was a well-beseen orderly beast, that trod forward with eyes cast down to the ground, as he drew nigh the porch, where stood dame Muriel in her bravest array, with a morning cup of spiced ale, to show her reverence for all that belonged to the lord prior. Gauchet straightway proffered the like courtesy to the henchman, whilst Hatting Hodge, the stable yeoman, led out old Scot and the little pad whereon the damosel Avis was wont to ride to high mass at the priory; and Madam Eglantine's page, little Tristan, who was ever as full of mischief as an egg full of meat, stood behind mocking and mowing at the whole rout, until dame Muriel, espying him, strode across as on some hasty errand, and being of goodly bulk and weight, jostled the urchin out of her way so roughly, that he hurtled against a hook on the wall, and sorely rent both his flesh and his laced doublet.

Ere the turmoil that arose upon this was appeased, May Avis, as fresh as a rose, and all arrayed in her country riding-gear, came out to the porch, and called for her palfrey; but as soon as all were in saddle, and about to ride forth, lo! word was brought from the Lady Eglantine to tarry for a space, and she would ride with them.

The damosel of Malthorpe knew too well her cousin's fashions to hope she would come the more quickly because she was waited for; but since her simple courtesy would not suffer her to deny aught to a guest in her own house, she tarried patiently on by the space of an hour and more, when, just as the weather grew cold and cloudy, and Gauchet murmured louder than the wind, and the grave yeoman from the priory blew his naid, and said many a ben'cité, the Lady Eglantine and her train, all bedight as the day they arrived, issued forth, and joined their company, the court damosel leading the way to a quick amble, and thereby enforcing May Avis's little jennet, who was wholly untrained to such pace, to a running gait, that much moved the mirth of the stranger, knave, page, and varlet.

But little needed the maiden to care at this time for the insolence of these or of their lady, having to uphold her, not only her own yeomen, but likewise Master Ralph the falconer, who, holding himself as bound to her service for that tide, rode close beside rein, courteously inquiring her pleasure on all matters touching their sport. And though, in truth, she was but ill able to answer his questions, in that she had never beheld such before, yet was she so amiable of aspect and speech, and blushed and excused her ignorance so prettily, that the good yeoman was full blithe of her company, and readily taught her all that the time would suffer him, of his gentle craft, and the language thereto appertaining. Which courtesies being perceived by the court lady, as also that he took no more heed of herself and her route than of the cattle in the fields, she forthwith set about revenging herself after her manner, by desiring that they might ride homeward, for that truly their sport was naught, and the hawks no better than kites and buzzards.

"Yea, say ye so, damosel?" quoth the sturdy yeoman, who bore

not patiently such disparagement of his birds. "Now, the rood of Broomholme be my speed, as I deem your hawking and hunting hath been but in Fynesbury Fields, (where men say the cockenays fly daws at a pigeon bound to an alestake,) or ye never had missaid the noblest falcon peregrine that ever struck quarry. Now, now, my Lady Forde," he said, as a pheasant rising, he threw off the bird from his fist; "now shall ye see royal sport. Hoyer! hoye! there she soars! Now, lady, keep this way, as soothly ye shall not need to ride far, when my lady duchess is on wing. See, there she stoops! she trusses it now! O brave duchess—King Richard himself hath not thy peer on fist or perch, at Sheen or Eltham."

Then he whistled back the falcon to his hand, and much caressed and rewarded her from the game she had struck—a sight May Avis liked less than the other.

"By my fay, fair sir," she said, "your brave bird hath shown herself worthy, both of your praise and of her royal degree. Pray you, what great lady hath given her name to so noble a creature?"

"One, in truth, damosel," he made answer, "who hath taken little heed of worldly honours for many a long year. The peerless bird is hight the Duchess of Lancaster, in memory of a most gracious lady, (God rest her soul!) in whose halls I first essayed my noble craft—not the shameless minion that hath cunningly wrought upon a royal prince to debase himself in his doting days, and who, parde, at that time thought more of sewing her lady's headgear than of sitting in her place—but the most high and virtuous lady Blanche, in her own right Countess of Derby and Lancaster, as true heir of her sire, the third in descent from King Henry of England."

May Avis, who above all things loved such discourse, would have prayed the courteous yeoman to tell her somewhat more concerning this noble lady, when suddenly she started at a small croaking voice close to her ear, which said, "My Lady Eglantine gives you to know by me, that she desires your company homeward, finding herself truly but ill at her ease in this rough wind and ruder fellowship."

And thereupon Sir Tristan the page, for it was no other, stuck the spurs into his hackney so despitously, that the beast sprang out and away as if he were mad, covering the damosel and her small palfrey with the mire he threw up, and well nigh blinding both one and the other.

"Now God and all saints befriend thee, gentle damosel!—yea, and send thee safer and honester mates than thou art like to have for the nonce, by Poule and Peter!" said Master Ralph, as the little maiden, whilst she proffered him a fair largess, bade him have good day, and many thanks for his courtesies; and then hastened to overtake, as she best might, the tall ambling steed of the court lady—greatly fearing that all her former disdains would be as nothing to her present indignation, at the old man's disparagement of dame Swynford.

Somewhat she also marvelled between whiles, though she would not condescend to grieve thereat, that for two whole days they had neither seen nor heard aught of John Ashtoft. Wherefore the lad came not, as was his wont, needs not here to relate; but certes, had

not their confessor, Friar Matthew, known more about him than did the damosel Avis, neither for love nor gold had she gotten her morn-ing's sport with the lord prior's hawks.

Her fears, as touching Madam Eglantine, were altogether ground-less, since that fair lady either delighting ever to do that which was least looked for at her hand, or deeming it wisest by a gay and gracious behaviour to put out of her kinswoman's mind the discourse of the old yeoman, bore herself that evening yet more pleasantly and amiably than she had ever done—not only playing and singing, but dancing also—in which last she so wholly enchanted the country maiden, that she could have sat looking on at her for ever. But after a space, the damosel Bradeston, vowing she could dance no longer, sank languish-ingly back amidst her soft cushions; and anon began to tell them of divers fair shows and pageants, tourneys and processions, which she had either seen or heard spoken of. Above all, she recounted the great jousts that were held five years before in Smithfield, in presence of King Richard and his queen, the Lady Anne of Bohemia—the grand array wherein the whole court rode from the Tower of London down Chepe and Cornhill, the conduits by the wayside running wine the while, to see the tiltings—on the two first days between the knights, and on the third between the squires—each day being ended by royal feasting, and dancings, and carollings, that lasted until dawn of day. Also she spoke of the gallant knights from France and Hainault, who came to do honour to the English lords; especially of the Count of Saint Pol, the flower of French chivalry, and married to the Lady Maude, the king's sister—and to whom was adjudged the golden crown that was prize for the strangers, as the clasp of jewels for the tenants of the lists, was gained by the Earl of Huntingdon.

All this and more did Madame Eglantine rehearse, in so lively a manner, and like one who perfectly knew how to speak of such mat-ters, that May Avis forgot time and all beside in listening to her, and went at last slowly and unwillingly to her chamber at night, when, since she could hear no more for that time, she was fain to solace herself by dreaming.

It seemed to her that she also was at some royal show, and riding on the damosel Bradeston's palfrey, in a procession of gay ladies, each leading, and she amongst the rest, a knight by a silver chain: though who her knight might be, she could not divine; for as often as she would have looked on him her veil fell before her eyes, and hindered her from seeing aught. Nevertheless, it shielded her not from the thick mire which he flung over her at every step, insomuch that she was at last forced to entreat that he would tread more heed-fully; but scarcely had she done this than he caught away her veil, and, lo! it was no other but John Ashtoft, clad in a poor scholar's thread-bare gown, with a knotted oak staff in his hand, and his portos* under his arm. And even as she looked on him he began to mope and mowe at her until he took the aspect of the damosel Bradeston's saucy page, whereupon he suddenly fell to leaping and tumbling over and over in the air, like a juggler's ape, crying out at every vault he made, "Saint George for the Lady of Malthorpe!" and on this the people

* A breviary.

yelled and hooped, and the grim sergeants came round, charging her with disturbing the show, and bade thrust her into prison, whereat she awoke with crying and praying for pardon, and beheld the morning sun shining brightly into her chamber. So she arose and called Gillian to array her, thinking the while much on her strange dream, which seemed to her a warning of the shame and annoy she should abide all her life long, in the fellowship of John Ashtoft, if ever my lord prior's designs were brought to bear.

It might have been thought that some bird of the air had advised the youth that his presence was no longer desired there, for a whole fortnight passed away, and none either at Manor Place or Thorpe saw or heard of him. Kind Gillian prayed that he might not have taken some illness; the dame, her mother, vowed that it was the riot, and waste, and sauciness of the stranger folk, and specially of the dainty minion they called their lady, that had driven away the gentle young clerk from the time they took to haunt the place; and even their young lady, though she deigned no inquiry after him, yet wore so plainly an aspect of wonder, as each day's noon went by without bringing him, that Madam Joyce at length deemed it best to tell her, as news she herself had learned of their confessor, that the lad could not at that time be spared from the cell by reason of the sore illness of Sir Stephen the almoner, who had need of his service. This tale well performed its office, the damosel taking no further heed of his absence, and pondering every day more and more on courtly knights and bachelors, and more especially on the young squire De Bradeston.

The Lady Eglantine, his sister, continued the while to bear herself after the same inconstant fashion—one hour all sunshine and mirth, the next all cloudiness and disdain, insomuch that May Avis could not tell whether she had more of pleasure or pain in her fellowship. However, some small amends she had for her trouble, in that the court lady, when in her gracious mood, would sometimes teach her a measure in dancing, or show her fingering on the lute, until, on a day when she was brimful of all kindness and lovingness, she proffered to send her own yeoman as far as London to bid a friend there buy for her cousin a fair guitar, and she would be her teacher thereupon; which grace being joyfully accepted, the varlet rode away next morning in charge of the damosel Ford's business and gold pieces, and haply some small affairs beside for his own lady.

No sooner was he gone, than his lady was taken with so fierce a fit of restlessness and discontent, that none amongst them could please her; but in place of keeping her chamber as heretofore until her froward humour was past, she seemed set on making the whole household as uneasy as herself, sharply gainsaying or scoffing at every word of May Avis, bearing her toward Madam Pauncefort as if she were unworthy to clout her shoes, buffeting her page, and snubbing her woman, which usage the two last, who, certes, had little civil or honest nurture to keep their tongues from prating, revenged on her both in hall and kitchen, swearing that they would not be rated and beaten thus by one, who was herself but bower maiden to a poor knight's widow, and now turned away to make room for better, so soon as her lady was come to higher estate.

In due season came Jankin, the yeoman, from London, laden with a fair new guitar for the damosel Avis, and divers errands for her kinswoman, the damosel Eglantine. What these last might be was known to none save themselves, his lady suffering no person in her chamber whilst he told his news, not even her faithful May Alison, which so troubled the heart of that true maiden, as deeming her lady's business should ill prosper without her aid therein, that she went and set herself on her knees outside the door, and laid her ear to a hole that was hard by to listen. But her pains were to little purpose—all she gained, beside the cold wind, whereof she had cruel torment in her ear for many days after, being the knowledge that her lady was counselled to tarry on for a space where she was, there being now no hope left for her, and abide the coming of some person, whose name the damosel failed to discover.

Both May Alison, and Tristan the page, to whom alone she told what she had thus gathered, were sorely grieved at this message, which gave them small hopes of seeing the court in haste; but as for Madame Eglantine, she had no sooner ended her talk with the yeoman, than she betook herself to bed, whence she arose not for three days, declaring herself sick—an affection that befell her too oft for May Avis to take much heed thereof. Much astonished was the latter maiden, therefore, when at the end of this time her kinswoman sent to pray her company, and heartily grieved withal when she entered, to behold her laid on her couch, pale and shrunk, and with sad and sorrowful countenance.

"Now in good sooth, sweet cousin," said the court lady, in answer to her courteous speeches, "it is I alone who need pardon or excuse, both which I am bound to crave at your hand, in respect of the pains and charge I have caused you now these many weeks past."

Madame Eglantine here ceased—both because such semblance of weariness fitted her present sick estate, and that May Avis might deny her being a burdensome guest; but that maiden, ever true and honest by her own choice, made answer, that truly she regarded not her pains, so that aught she could do might content Madam Eglantine.

"Nay then," cried the lady, "wherefore madam? Dost grudge to call me kinswoman, or Eglantine; eh, dearling? as truly this last name from thee should be most welcome of all. Yea, certes, well I bear in mind how free and large your courtesy to me hath been, which, though I look to requite it in part one day, shall yet leave me overmuch your debtor in love. And therefore, gentle cousin, behoves it me the more to let you know, that God and our lady willing, I purpose, so soon as my present sickness shall have passed away, to rid you of my company, and set forth Londonward, with many thanks for the friendly usage I have had with you."

Now what mortal creature that was not hard-hearted as stock or stone could resist such honeyed words, and so gracious a behaviour? Of a truth, not the simple maiden there present, who straightway fell on the neck of her guest, moved even to tears by her loving speeches, calling her dear, dear cousin—her own sweet Eglantine—and praying her to dispose of herself, her house, and all belonging to her, at her pleasure.

"Nay, sweeting," replied that cunning damosel, "right fain and joyful as I should be of your fellowship for a while longer, yet may I not abide with you; for truly I am much wanted and waited for in the place whither I am going. Howbeit, not to seem discourteous in requital of your friendly proffers, this much will I pray, namely, that you will, of your grace, accord free harbourage for a three days' space, to a gentleman who hath promised of his good will to come so far with purpose to attend me back into Hertfordshire; it being, as you wot well, against rule for a young maiden of noble estate to travel the country in no more seemly wardship than of her serving men. Say you, good coz—will you bestow fair welcoming and lodging on this gentle bachelor for love of me?"

Now while she was speaking, it came into the head of damosel Avis, that the bachelor thus named could be neither more nor less than the lover of the damosel de Bradeston, wherefore she readily answered, as should do a well-taught maiden in such case, "Yea, soothly, will I, sweet Lady Eglantine, and that right joyfully—as welcome to me shall be each and every one that is dear to you."

"Grandmercy, belle amie," said Madam Eglantine, "though of a surety I dreaded not your answer, since methinks, had you denied me this small suit, I had stood but poorly in your grace. And out of doubt this fair squire of whom I spoke is both near and dear to me, or in any case, should be so—and to yourself as well, being indeed no other than a brother of my own, by name Piers Bradeston, and little less near of kin to you than to myself, since he is, if I err not, your very cousin-german."

May Avis looked quickly up, and then as quickly down, blushing scarlet as she did so over cheek and forehead; this unexpected mention of the handsome young squire and his speedy coming, at one and the same moment, having so disordered her, that she could find neither breath nor language to reply. But even amidst her confusion it came across her thoughts, that this was wholly another matter of guest from Madam Eglantine's bachelor, and might haply be deemed of as such by her lord, touching whose consent, and her need of it, she at last found voice to say a few hasty words, but in such strange hurried fashion, beginning and breaking off one speech after another, that her kinswoman could not all at once unravel her meaning. When she had at last done this, she set herself to laugh right merrily.

"God shield us, my pretty cousin!" she said, "may not the consent of Madam Pouncefort suffice us? but you must send all the way across seas to my Lord of Charlewode, for leave for your nearest kindred to abide some few hours in your house? and who, moreover, shall be come and gone long ere letter or message may travel so far. Now, saving your grace, we will do no such folly. What if this gailard young squire, of whom I spoke, should have fixed his intent, with or without leave, on coming to do his obeisance as beseems a courtly bachelor, to his fair cousin of Malthorpe? moved not less by the affection of near kindred, than by my report of her loving entertainment of myself?"

May Avis hung down her head without reply, but blushing and smiling so brightly the while, that the court lady saw she had gained her end.

"Above all," went she on, "my Lord Nevil of Charlewode is by this on his road homeward; since my last tidings from court, now a seven days old, speak of peace as stablished, and the English lords daily looked for home again, with our new queen, the daughter of France, in their company. So that your pains in sending to my lord, were it even needful—as truly it is not—should in no wise avail. Leave we then further talk of this; as I would fain hear how liketh you the guitar my man hath brought with him. Piers Bradeston, to whom I gave in charge the buying thereof, as knowing well his perfect skill in music, commendeth it for one that hath not its fellow—whereof, God willing, sweet coz, we will make proof to-morrow. For this tide, in sooth, I feel me somewhat overspent and weary; so will pray you but to kiss and leave me to my rest."

And therewith the damosel of Malthorpe, shamefaced, tearful, yet happier withal than she had ever been in her life before, bade Madam Eglantine God speed until the morrow, and ran straightway to her own bower, there to study alone over all she had heard that evening.

CHAPTER VII.

The damosel essays a new theme—and speaks her mind plainly thereupon.

Never flew hours or days more swiftly or lightly to mortal maiden, than did the eight days following this discourse with her kinswoman, over the head of May Avis. Certes, naught was now wanting to her contentment, save the exact knowledge when the young squire would arrive, and that at whiles she longed also to hear somewhat of John Ashtoft—for maugre all her endeavours to think him to blame, her heart told her, that he had not kept away thus long without some more urgent cause than his watch by the almoner's sick-bed; neither was he of the temper, had he heard of her getting the hawks without him, to grow sullen thereupon, but rather to hasten over and rebuke her. But she drove away the thought of him as often as she could, by calling up the image of the squire de Bradeston, or betaking herself to the company of the damosel his sister.

Great and wonderful was the change wrought in this short space, in the carriage and behaviour of that scornful maiden, whom none could have known for the same, so wholly had she put off her former ungracious ways, and become gentle and courteous to all—specially to Madam Joyce and her niece, to whom it was now all the day long, "dear aunt," and "sweet kinswoman"—or "mine own Avis," and "why, then, lady and madam? truly I will be but simple cousin Eglantine with thee."

A joyful thing to all the household was this sudden benignity of the court lady; since they hoped the ensample might be followed by her people, who had by this time so wearied out the patience of all at Malthorpe manor, that the whole rout were ready to rise and chase them away with sticks and stones. Above all, dame Muriel, who would abate naught of her dignity for any, had been so fiercely angered by Tristan the page calling her evermore "old crone" and "old stot," with other the like saucy names, that she at last recompensed him with a clapper-clawing on the ears, whereof he continued

deaf for a week after—beside tearing to shreds the head-tire of May Alison, who must needs thrust herself between. Reeve Bernard, a discreet thrifty man, who had kept all things right frugally for ten years past, begrudged no less the charge of Madam Eglantine's array, as well in stall as kitchen; complaining of the waste of Jankin the yeoman, who littered his beasts on hay and oats, and dispended more provender in a week than should have served him a month; which evil doings he vowed to Saint Frideswide to bring before my lord prior himself, at his return, if things were not otherwise amended.

May Avis, who troubled not herself about such gear at any time, cared little, as may be thought, for his complaining; her whole present study being to listen, hour by hour, to the talk of the damosel de Bradeston; who, after singing all her songs, and telling all her court histories, had lighted on a theme for her discourse which was even more welcome to her hearer than either.

This, in sooth, was no other than her brother, Messire Piers Bradeston, which fair squire, being the only courtly young bachelor the damosel of Malthorpe had hope to meet with, was, out of doubt, she thought, designed by gentle Saint Valentine for her own true knight and lover; though when she heard from May Eglantine how honourable and well-beloved a person he was at court, and of no less account amongst the great ladies and damosels than with lords and others of high degree, she began to fear whether so noble a gentleman might not deem a poor countrybred maiden like herself, wholly unworthy of his service; if, indeed, this were not already vowed to some fairer and grander lady.

With a mind much intent on such cares, May Avis had freshly arrayed herself, one fine spring morning, in a skirt and surcoat, which the tailor had been for three whole days clipping, and shaping, and sewing, after the fashion of one that her kinswoman, in her great goodness, had vouchsafed to lend them. And in truth, the suit became her right bravely. It was of a pale brown silk—the vest of rose-red taffeta, edged with a black embroidery, close and well fitting to the body, with wide open sleeves, and well set off her small round figure, and little fair arms and hands. Haply they who had been used to look upon the wide loose gowns and close hoods of former times, might have deemed this attire somewhat over shapely, and falling too far back from the throat; but May Avis, who had now so long seen and admired the damosel de Bradeston in such apparel, was well content to follow her fashious, and found nothing wanting, when she cast her eye on her mirror, save the commendation of this fair lady, which she was hastening to seek, when through a croslet window she caught sight of a poor cripple, as it seemed to her, who came halting up the court by aid of a crutch.

The damosel of Malthorpe, who was by nature compassionate and charitable enough, no sooner espied the poor creature, than, all gaily attired as she was, she hastened down to the buttery, to bid some one carry him out a loaf and a small piece of silver; but in returning across the hall, she was met by the cripple himself, who had entered the other way from the porch—and, lame and shrunken as he was, she readily discerned him for no other wight than John Ashtoff.

His words depict her amazement and grief, at seeing him in

such plight—(for that he, who was ever hale and ruddy as a ploughman, could be kept away by sickness of his own, had never so much as entered her head)—and running to him with tears in her eyes, she took his hand, and led him into a small chamber beside the hall, to spare him the labour of climbing the stair to her parlour; asking him, all in a breath, what had been his malady, and when and how he fell sick, and wherefore he sent not to tell them?—interrupting herself with many an *alas!* and *well-a-day!* at his pale and piteous aspect. But by how much was her wonder increased, when the youth, in place of answering, blushed and cast his eyes to the ground, seeming more than half minded to turn his back upon her; so that she had to ask all her questions over again.

"Yea then, surely," he said at last, but looking down still as if he hoped to spy a jewel amongst the rushes on the floor, "surely it was but the fever, with some small touch of ague beside, which hath left, as is its wont, a sore pain and weakness in limb and joint; though, thanks be to God above, and our fermerer* Sir Eustace, I am well nigh whole of all my ills beside; and truly, since the weakness no longer withholdeth me from coming hither, I care not a mite for any other unease. But Avis dear! know ye, that in your great kindness and condescension to my feeble estate, ye have hastened down to speak with me without tarrying to put on your gown? Nay, suffer me thus, I pray you?" and, at the word, he did off his own thick woollen hood, which was made all in one with his tippet, and before the damosel could guess his design, he had thrown it over her head and shoulders—a service he would have performed unskillfully enough at any time—but since he now held it but seemly to turn away his face the while, it was no marvel that it fell all awry, tearing down both her hair, and the new silken net wherewith Gillian had that moment bound it up. Small wonder was it also, that she, in great and hasty indignation at his rudeness, incontinently caught this uncouth garment from her shoulders, and cast it with disdainful gesture through the open lattice into the moat beneath. But when she turned to rebuke him sharply for such unmannerly presumption, she beheld a sight that straightway changed her ire to mirth; for in his zeal to clothe the damosel, whose upper vest was verily over scanty and airy to please the eye of so monkish a youth, he had unwittingly discovered his own bald head, his hair having all fallen off in his late sickness, and the shining round crown above, and broad pale visage beneath, gave to his figure so strange an aspect, that after vainly striving a space to keep in her laughter, she was fain to give it way, until the very chamber rang again, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

But John Ashtoft, who verily had no mirrors at Charlewode, wherein to make acquaintance with his own looks, wholly mistook the cause of her mirth, deeming she laughed in scorn at his reproof of her attire; and being grieved at her hardness, as also considering it his bounden duty to warn and counsel her in their lord's absence, he set to work in plain terms, to chide and rebuke her apparel and demeanor, not as it were a simple folly, but a sin well worthy of open shame and penance; not forgetting by the way to speak his mind fully, regarding

* He who has the care of the sick in a convent.

the court damosel, whose evil example he deemed to have been the spring of all the mischief.

Now May Avis, little as she cared for such discourse, and desired to be with her cousin, had yet so much pity for his sick and feeble plight, that she listened, for a good half hour's space, with all patience—until finding there was no end, but that he only grew more bitter at every word, (chiding on the while with his head turned aside, as if she and her attire were too shameful even to look upon,) her anger at last got the mastery, and she could not forbear asking him tartly, who had given him the rule there, that he thus took upon him to thrust his counsel and commands on her without her licence?

"What I?—I, Avis?"—he cried, in sudden amazement. "Is it me you speak of, or is it you, in sooth, that speak in this guise? Good life, dear maiden! why who else then is there at this time to advise, and chide you for your fault? And certes, none hath so good a right as myself; seeing there is never another creature in the wide world—no, nor ever shall be, that loves ye one half so well as I, who fear not to anger you for your own profit."

The damosel, who was already enough offended by his long exhortation to modesty and soberness, no sooner heard the name of love from the lips of so ungainly a bachelor, than she thought of her dream, and well nigh dreaded to see him begin turning and tumbling as he had there done; which remembrance, joined to the thought of her lord's purposes toward her on his behalf, wrought her to such a disgust at his presence, that for very life she could no longer refrain from telling him then and there her whole mind on the matter.

Certes this should seem no light emprise to a young damosel who had never before in her life spoken word on such theme; but May Avis lacked not wit at will, nor yet language wherein to express her meaning; and the fear that her silence at this time might be charged on her hereafter for dissimulation, made every smaller annoy seem light unto her.

"Master Ashtoft!" she began, putting on such mien of dignity as she deemed befitting the case, "it hath long been my fixed purpose to speak freely with you on a certain matter—though soothly I had wavered it, at this particular season, but for one word you have let fall, which enforceth me, since truth and honesty must be regarded before all things else."

With that she ran for a stool, and set it beside him, praying him to rest thereon, and she would fetch him a cup of wine and a taste of manchet bread before they spoke farther; but this last he would not hear of, though he was constrained to sit down for very weariness. And after this manner awaited he her pleasure, his eyes cast down as before, and marvelling whether she was about to confess the deceit they had put upon his lord touching the damosel guest, or make her request for hawks, or hounds, or some yet worse fantasy, whereupon the latter had set her.

"Master Ashtoft," she continued, after the same solemn fashion, "you were pleased but now to excuse yourself for thus meddling unbidden in all my matters, by reason of your great love and affection toward me; in the which I must tell you plainly you have spoken

much amiss, and added to your first trespass another and greater: for, certes, it were great wrong and shame for any wight to speak of love in the ears of a maiden of gentle degree, save him who is of her own free choice appointed her servant and bachelor—and such, of a surety, Master John Ashtoft, you neither are nor ever can be to me; for God and yourself know well, that none can hope to have my grace save a right valiant man at arms alone, the which that you are not, is truly not my fault, but your own. And so firmly fixed am I to abide by this my resolve, that if heaven and sweet St. Valentine deny to send me such an one, then will I remain unwedded, and bestow my lands in free gift, and myself in a nunnery, ere I will mate with any that loveth not knighthood and gentillesse.”

Not the Pelean Achilles, at sight of the dead body of his squire Patroclus, not the peers of Macedon at news of the loss of their king Alexander, ever looked more aghast than did the lord prior's page: at these words of the damosel of Malthorpe. Long was it ere he could bring himself to understand their meaning, during which time he sat staring on the wall over against him, as not well knowing where he was—a behaviour that, doubtless, in no wise added to the comeliness of his aspect. At last he began to rub his eyes slowly and by fits, like one in hope to awaken from some terrible dream.

“Nay, sweet Avis,” he said, “bethink you this jest is over heavy to me. Truly, damosel dear, ye shall be heartily welcome, as ye have ever been, to mock and play with me at your list on all other matters, as is your right, since God hath given you a readier and pleasanter wit than mine own; only, pray you, of your kindness, to choose for your mirth some lighter theme, for truly this hath well nigh broken my heart with the bare thought thereof.”

Now, how could these loving humble words fail to move to pity and contrition a kindly-hearted damosel, such as May Avis really was by nature? Verily, because they were spoken by a homely-visaged lad, with a bald head and a crutch under his arm—and that such bachelor should win the lady of Malthorpe was a villany not to be thought of! So she had no remedy but to make her ending even as she had begun.

“So God save me, John,” she made answer, “as to me it is no less grievous to speak on this wise, than to you to listen! And if, as much I fear, I have said aught that seemeth in your ears less than kind, blame not, therefore, I beseech you, my will, but hard necessity, and my unripe wit, that sufficeth not as yet to shape my words in more gracious fashion.”

“Out upon it, Avis! I carp not at your words, no, nor would not, were they yet harder and colder, for then should they better fit your meaning, as a rough husk might cover a bitter kernel. But dear, dear May, bethink you once again! for I would fain hope yet such is not fixedly your purpose. Beseech you, if only for old kindness and fellowship, to consider this matter one while longer; and if I have unknowingly trespassed on your goodness, or any other hath mis-said me in your hearing, tell me but my fault, and by my fatherkin it shall be straight amended, as well as it may. Why, Avis! not an hour past, I deemed that the very sun should as soon leave off to shine as we twain to love one another—and even yet your words seem

as if some idle tale smote mine ears. For heaven's love, Avis, speak and look but after your former wont, and say but my fault, that it may be amended!"

"Amended!" quoth the damosel. "Alas! how can that be amended that standeth not in our own choice? since, as little as you can become at will a gallant knight, even so little can I enforce myself, against my nature, to love any other. For further thought or debate, truly it should be altogether in vain, it being many months agone that I have thus resolved—though, in good sooth, I dreamed not until of late that it aught imported to any in these parts. And since, when I came to the knowledge of this, I could not in truth and honesty do other than I have now done, pray you, good John, to pardon me, and my untutored speech, that could not better second mine intent, and still deem of me as of one that would gladly continue in all things your stedfast friend, though she may never become more, without grievous wrong done both to herself and you."

The damosel would gladly have gone on to make proof of her friendship, by proffering him a goodly share of her heritage in free gift, to amend his loss of the whole, but when she would have spoken thereupon, she was staid by an inward voice, that seemed to warn her not to add such mockery to her ill-usage of him.

But who can paint the grief of the poor forlorn youth, as little by little he came to understand her whole meaning, and that she had never deemed otherwise of him than as an old friend and playmate?—he who, from childhood upward, had never imagined or desired a more blissful life in this world than to be May Avis's bachelor, and, when it should seem fit to their lord, her spouse also, and to dwell peacefully the rest of his days with her at the Manor Place, doing good to all around them! Yet, since his hope of such fair fortune sprang not from over conceit of his own desert, but solely from his firm trust in her goodness and kindness, (aided by some suspicion that it was also their lord's private wish,) he felt not as one offended or misused, but only as if he had aimed at a good too high for him, and missed his hope. Nevertheless, though small was his anger, yet so great was his sorrow, that not one word could he speak in answer, but sat for a space wholly motionless, with his hands folded, and tears fast falling upon them—a sight which so touched the damosel, that, scarcely knowing what she did or said, she stepped to his side, and proffered him the kerchief she carried in her hand, tearfully beseeching him once again to forgive her.

Many, or in truth most folks, in John Ashtoft's hard case, would have speedily answered such proffer by forthwith flinging her kerchief where she had done his hood and tippet so short while before; but he, who knew not how to feel despite to any creature living, right thankfully took and held it to his eyes, having, indeed, but too much need thereof—for what with his trouble and his present feebleness, his tears for some five minutes' space streamed down like rain—only in place of giving it back to her when his grief was somewhat assuaged, he placed it heedfully in his doublet breast, as it had been somewhat he held little less precious than his life.

"Yea, God's will on high be done, and yours next after it, dear

damosel!" he said softly at last. "Pray you, of your gentillesse, to pardon my folly, that in sooth trusted to your great goodness, until I forgot mine own undesert. And now beseech I God and our lady, with all saints, evermore to save and keep ye, sweet Avis, in all worldly weal and prosperity, and give you joy and bliss both here and hereafter!—yea, and moreover, send you to your desire, in good time, a noble valiant knight, and wise and worthy man, to be your spouse, and grant you to lead a joyful and peaceful life together. For all which, Avis, none shall pray, by day or night, more heartily than will I. And certes if it should ever happen that one so poor and mean as myself may in aught do you good or service—as none shall say what change may befall any in this mortal life—then, such thing as I can and may perform in your aid, that shall I with hearty good-will, in remembrance of all your kind and friendly carriage toward me in time past, and all your pleasant talk and sweet songs, that I loved better than birds in spring, wherewith ye have made me so glad and blithesome as I never shall be again. So now God be with ye, maiden dear, and send you, both now and at all other times, only as much good as I wish ye."

Even as he spoke, he rose up painfully, by help of his crutch, and made his way slowly to the door, and across the hall into the court, whilst May Avis, daring not to look toward him for shame, stood with burning cheeks and head hung down, in the place where she had listened to those loving and moving speeches. At one moment, as she thought of all his gentleness and kindness in former days, his present sick and piteous estate, and the patience wherewith he had endured her hard usage of him on that morning, her heart relented, and she was on the very point of hastening after, and praying him but to grant her time, and she would strive for his sake to overcome all her own mislikings and fantasies; but as she looked across the hall, and espied in the doorway Gauchet in act to hand him the hood and tippet he had taken out of the ditch, her courage again failed her; and easing her conscience with the thought that she could tell him both that and more, if it so pleased her, when she had well and advisedly considered the matter, she turned back, and hurried up to her own chamber in time to espy him from the lattice, upborne between Gauchet and his crutch, slowly crossing the green meadows that lay on the way from the Thorpe to Charlewode Priory.

(To be continued.)

THE CHALLENGE REFUSED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

INDEED, my dear fellow, your labour is vain,
Though your "charge is prepared," and all ready for action,
By risking your life and my own, I maintain
That I neither should give nor receive satisfaction.

I know you are fractious, perverse, and misled,
And feel for your character no predilection :
But your faults, if a bullet were lodged in your head,
Would suffer, methinks, too severe a correction.

And for me, the redress that you urge me to claim
Is not quite so certain as much to elate one,
Since the power might be yours, by a fortunate aim,
To turn a small injury into a great one.

My nerves, though the faculty reckon them strong,
Are for deeds of destructiveness quite insufficient ;
In the courage that arms us with force to do wrong,
I am proud, not ashamed, to be counted deficient.

O, be glad that your name no publicity gains,
In the "Post" it would cut an indifferent figure ;
And rejoice that your very small portion of brains
Is safe from the dangerous chance of the trigger.

And now let me gravely inquire—can you keep :
All suggestions of reason and right at a distance ?
Can you hold God's commandment so light and so cheap,
As to peril the bright blessed boon of existence ?

Can you brave sudden death, not in honest affray,
Defending the cause of your Queen and your nation,
But in skulking encounter a friend would you slay,
To gratify petulant weak irritation ?

To-night let these thoughts on your pillow prevail,
And then—so believes and predicts your adviser—
Like the guest at the wedding in Coleridge's tale,
You'll arise the next morning both sadder and wiser.

LOVE'S IGNIS FATUUS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

"He follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furses, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered his frail shins: at last I left him
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chin." THE TEMPEST.

PART I.

THE STROLL BY TWILIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

The Wager.

You meet him constantly, day after day, on the Boulevard des Italiens, in front of Tortoni's, in the stage-box or in the foyer of the Opera or of the Italian Theatre, in the Champs Elysées, in the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, or at the Hippodrome in the Champ de Mars.

His age may now be about two-and-thirty; his figure is tall and gentleman-like, his countenance expressive, his hair black, his beard closely shaven; his eyes are slightly dimmed and sunken, from the effects of late hours; his hat will be of the most fashionable shape a week hence. If he is on horseback, his seat is firm and graceful, and the Arab that carries him faultless and without blemish; if on foot, his *jone* is of the finest grain, and its lapis-lazuli mounting, the perfection of good taste. The other day, at the revival of "Don Juan," you may have remarked, in the *loge infernale*, a young man, who held the smallest possible glass, framed in tortoise-shell, in the corner of his right eye; he was, perhaps, the very person of whom I speak.

The "*loge infernale*" is at the French what the omnibus-box is at the English opera.

At the time to which my tale refers, he was but five-and-twenty. Far from being a Parisian lion, he was, as yet, no more than a provincial lion-cub. He lived at Nantes; where he squandered away his patrimony in expectation of the property he was to inherit from a West Indian uncle—(you see that creole uncles are not quite out of date even now). He came every winter to Paris, in search of the latest fashions for his dress, his tilbury, his amusements. He had been one of the founders of the "Société des Beaux Arts"—I rather think he was its president. As he sauntered across the cours St. Pierre on Sundays, as he sat on horseback beneath the trees of la Fosse, as he alighted from his carriage before the columns of the Bourse, every eye was turned upon him, every tongue called him the handsome—I will tell you his name presently.

Notwithstanding the pretensions of a hundred mothers to provide a suitable match for him, he was perfectly satisfied with his position as

a gay bachelor, and the ravages he made in the hearts of ladies of thirty, or thereabouts, were frightful to witness. Not that he was a finished and hardened Lovelace; but he made so light of woman's virtue, that they could not refuse what he held so easy a sacrifice.

In a word, he was a young lion of much promise, and not too unluckied for a lion-cub of Brittany.

I had almost forgotten to tell you his name: he was called Albert Thorigny.

Now, one day, when Thorigny, who had just returned from a tour through Italy, was finishing his dinner at the *Café Molière*, in company with certain young tigers of his private menagerie, the following conversation took place amongst them, between the Cyprus wine and the crowning bottle of champagne.

"The first pretty woman we meet on leaving this house?"

"The first pretty woman!"

"Married or unmarried?"

"Whichever you choose!"

"And we are ourselves to fix the period in which you are to gain her good graces?"

"You shall fix the period yourselves!"

"And you are to furnish us with proofs of your success, or you lose two hundred louis?"

"Two hundred louis; agreed."

"Agreed. And now to business."

"At once, if you please!"

CHAPTER II.

A Brown Coat.

We are in the month of June; it is nearly eight o'clock; the evening is as refreshing as the day has been oppressive; a gentle breeze crimps the smooth waters of the Loire; the sails and streamers of the ships float lazily on the air; the sailors are singing in the tops; a large brig, that has just rounded a distant headland, fires a gun to salute her destined port, and the handsomest gallants are escorting the fairest dames of Nantes in their promenade on the quay of La Fosse.

Amongst the indolent and well-dressed crowd that throng the quay, do you remark that man, still young in feature, though grave and serious in expression, upon whose arm hangs a lovely woman of scarce twenty years? That man is Captain Bergerac.

Bergerac is a Breton sailor, lately settled at Nantes, if a sailor can properly be said to be settled anywhere.

He is not one of those amphibious animals, who, having made a love-match with the sea, would willingly pass their whole life afloat, and, like poor Tom Coffin in *Cooper's Pilot*, consider the land as a work of supererogation in the creation of the world. Still less is he one of those cadets of the navy, who have contracted an alliance with the ocean, from motives of convenience or interest, because their fathers have been high in the service, or because the First Lord of the Admiralty told them that they would one day be admirals, whilst he patted their infant cheeks, to please their tender mothers.

Formerly first-lieutenant of a frigate, of which rank he had been deprived, in consequence of an unfortunate duel, and quite as much a man of the world as he was a seaman, Bergerac had adopted the merchant service, partly from taste, partly from prudential motives. He was unwilling to give up the sea, and anxious to make his fortune whilst he had still youth to enjoy it: in this double object he had succeeded after a very few years, by means of numerous voyages, in which all his speculations proved fortunate.

Now-a-days, Bergerac is looked upon as the most skilful navigator in the port of Nantes, and he is universally acknowledged to be the richest and most sumptuous.

That bark, whose tapering masts overtop every dog-vane in the roadstead, is at once the property and under the command of the fortunate captain; and that fair creature who leans upon his arm, is an heiress of Ancenis, who, three months ago, brought him a portion of three hundred thousand francs, and a dowry of beauty that a pacha would have thought cheap at double that price.

At this moment, Bergerac is about to sail for Smyrna, a city that he has never yet visited; in the mean time, he is strolling with his wife under the trees that border the Quai de la Fosse. The man, who should carry in his hands, amongst that crowd, the diamond crown of the emperor of the Brazils, would not attract more attention than does the captain, as, with his wife by his side, he passes along the quay, in the midst of that throng of curious idlers, crossing alternately the last gleams of sunshine and the lengthened shadows that checker the path he treads.

Every group they meet cast a glance of admiration or of envy on that lovely woman, with here and there a start of surprise, a passionate and half-stifled exclamation.

Madame Bergerac, in fact, appears all the more beautiful from the entire simplicity of her dress. Her robe of white muslin, very full and very soft, is like a cloud of transparent vapour, which reveals the exquisite outlines of the form that floats beneath it; her leghorn hat, with its large front raised high from her forehead, according to the fashion of the day, gives to view her fair ringlets, in all their silky abundance, and her well-proportioned features, in all their delicate purity; she walks—touching, but scarcely resting on the arm of her husband—whispering to him in happy confidence, and evidently thinking more of the freshness of the evening, and the pleasure of her walk, than of the admiration of the crowd around her.

The captain, for his part, it is easy to perceive, is all the better pleased with this last evidence of his companion's attractions, that she herself pays no regard, or is indifferent to its expression. Whilst his left hand plays carelessly with the gold chain that is crossed over his waistcoat, and his head is slightly inclined towards Madame Bergerac, that he may the more clearly hear the soft tones of her voice, his smiling and satisfied glance follows, unperceived, the slightest movements of the promenaders around him, and his ear loses no one of those flattering expressions which the passing view of his companion elicits.

His tongue, indeed, is silent, but his eyes, his deportment, his

whole person thus speak: "This treasure is mine—mine only! I grant you permission to look upon it for a brief hour; look, and die!"

The imprudent one! He suspects not that his joy may be turned into bitterness—that this triumphal progress may become the road to his punishment—that this envy, which he takes pleasure in exciting in others, may give birth in his own heart to a passion a thousand times more terrible and more absorbing—to jealousy!"

At the third turn the captain took upon the quay, a knot of young men, who had stood still, apparently awaiting his approach, came close up to Madame Bergerac, and pointed her out to one of their number.

This individual, as he gazed upon her face, could not suppress an apostrophe, which awakened, at one and the same time, the modesty and the vanity of the young wife, and which caused the captain to turn his head quickly in the direction from which it came.

"God's life! she is the most lovely woman my eyes ever beheld!" cried the young gallant.

This exclamation roused the heart of Bergerac to any feelings rather than those of joy and pride.

His eyes sought the rash and indiscreet admirer of his wife's beauty, but he was lost in the crowd ere the captain could distinguish aught about him, beyond the brown coat he wore.

He bit his lip involuntarily, then made an effort to resume conversation in an indifferent tone, but after a few moments Captain and Madame Bergerac pursued their walk in silence.

In the mean time both the one and the other were agitated by emotions equally strong, but entirely different in their nature. Events, apparently insignificant, become sometimes of importance, through the force of circumstance or of presentiment. Madame Bergerac, whose ears had just received so strange and energetic an avowal of admiration, after having for a long time listened to nothing better than that cold and interested species of flattery, called compliments, felt within herself the workings of a timid curiosity, and a secret satisfaction to which she had hitherto been a stranger; and Bergerac, suddenly disturbed in the confidence and security which his happy condition had inspired, felt something of that vague and unexpected alarm, which must have taken possession of Cæsar, when, as he was proceeding in triumph to the senate, he heard voices in the crowd that bade him tremble, and saw many a toga that but half concealed the dagger of an assassin. This fatal remembrance, that it is with woman as it is with gold, the desire to possess is the first step towards the theft, and that lovers are no less numerous than thieves, passed for the first time through the captain's mind; and his agitation was only the more real, inasmuch as the cause that produced it was so vague and mysterious, that it gave room to the wildest conjectures. For how could he hope to discover the unknown merely from the colour of his coat? M. Gisquet, or M. Vidocq would have been at their wit's ends in such a case. What reasonable history could he found upon a brown coat; and yet might it not contain within itself

the elements of a whole romance? It was nothing, and yet everything, like the ribbon of Agnes. Bergerac, however, employed two more turns upon the quay in carefully examining from the corner of his eye every passer-by who looked upon his wife; but as all looked upon her equally, and as many wore brown coats, and as, besides, the closing in of night began to envelope every object in the same indistinct hue, he was fain to renounce his search, and return home, inventing impromptu romances, as he went, for his own mortification.

Thus did the captain: affecting at the same time an appearance of profound indifference, and taking particular care to prevent Madame Bergerac from entertaining the slightest suspicion of the foolish ideas that his imagination had conjured up.

And yet, had he interrogated her, she might have told him a good deal more than he had now any chance of finding out for himself.

First—as a woman has the eyes of a lynx to distinguish any one who admires her beauty—she had, at the very moment she dropped her modest eyelids, seen enough of the apostrophizer to be aware that he was a very good-looking, gentleman-like person, and to be certain of knowing him again, whenever or wherever she might chance to meet him.

Secondly, she had twice again seen him pass close to her; alone, and more silent in his ecstasy, but no less enraptured than on the first occasion.

Lastly, at the moment when her husband raised the knocker, as they were about to enter the house, a young man, who chanced to be behind them, let fall his cane, and as he stooped to recover it, pressed the hem of her scarf gently to his lips.

CHAPTER III.

The Resolution.

Bergerac, when he settled himself at Nantes, had refused himself nothing which could make his establishment more perfect, or flatter his vanity and self-love. His house was one of the handsomest in the town in external appearance, and one of the most comfortable in its interior arrangement. The captain delighted in the fresh air and in flowers; the slated roof had given place to a terrace bordered with orange-trees, camellias, oleanders, and jasmine. A court surrounded by sheds, disfigured the rear of his dwelling; the court had been metamorphosed into an English garden. A small house at the extremity of the garden intercepted the view of the roadstead; the house, purchased almost at its weight in gold, had been pulled down, with the exception of the ground-floor, which had been converted into a billiard-room. So was it throughout; America, India, China, every country in the globe, had paid its tribute to the apartments of the rich captain. Everything that he had met with in his numerous voyages, curious either from its beauty or its originality, had been added to his collection, and he might flatter himself that he had (to use his own phrase) skimmed the cream of the two hemispheres for the profit of his own home.

For example—the bed-room to which he retired with his wife, on returning from their walk, was pannelled in citron-wood; the husband wrapped himself in a dressing-gown of tissue of straw, which he had purchased at Canton, whilst the wife encased her feet in slippers that might have belonged to the favourite sultana; lastly, the bed on which they stretched themselves, in conjugal fashion, was a gondola of ebony, draped, instead of curtains, with two white cashmeres.

Now, would you know what M. and Madame Bergerac did on entering that nuptial, or rather regal bed? They took no notice of each other—no more, in fact, than if they had been a king and a queen.

The one, instead of musing, as she usually did, on the good fortune, which had given her a husband whose heart was as open as his purse, discovered for the first time that her thoughts might wander even in his society. The other, instead of congratulating himself, as was his custom, on the possession of a wife, to whom the four quarters of the world could produce no equal, suddenly became aware that he was almost as jealous as the Moor of Venice.

Upon this they fell asleep, and each dreamt a dream.

Madame Bergerac, in the first place, saw passing before her in succession, as in a magic lantern, every face she had become acquainted with in society; then, from the midst of that indifferent crowd, there emerged slowly and imperceptibly—like a star from behind a cloud, or like a head which awakes to life from a block of marble, beneath the chisel of the sculptor—a countenance less trivial and less insignificant—the countenance of a young man, who approached her gently, looked fixedly upon her, and uttering a cry of surprise, stood petrified in silent admiration. The young dreamer, as curious and as fluttering at this apparition as the bird before the snake that fascinates it, hastened to place her husband between herself and the vision; but as her dream continued, the image of Bergerac grew more and more indistinct, and at last disappeared, to give place again to the features she had originally seen. Now the two appeared at once, in contrast to each other, and however Madame Bergerac in her secret heart might give the preference to the captain, an irresistible fatality, or perhaps some malicious imp, made her remark, in spite of her better reason, that the expression of the unknown was more ardent, his eyes more tender, his brow smoother, his lips more apt to smile, his complexion more fresh, his air more youthful—nay, that his voice even was more touching—for that voice incessantly repeated the flattering and passionate exclamation, which awakened in her mind a remembrance so vague, partaking at once of pleasure and of apprehension.

Little by little this vague remembrance grew more distinct, and Madame Bergerac, with a shudder recognised in the phantom of her dream, the handsome unknown, who had gazed upon her so admiringly on the quay, who had followed her to her very gate, and who had had the boldness, as he passed, to kiss her scarf.

Upon this the poor girl awoke with a start, and, trembling with remorse and alarm, took refuge by the side of her husband, until she again slept, and again dreamt that sweet and dangerous dream.

Bergerac, in the mean time, was the victim of a real nightmare.

A little démon with two faces, the one grinning and fantastic, the other savage and threatening, holding in one hand a naked poniard, and in the other a fool's bells and bauble, placed himself upon the bed, gazed on him long in silence, exciting by turns his vanity with jeers and mockery, and his anger by menaces. Then leaning towards him, and pointing with a finger to his sleeping wife, he poured into his ear, with a harsh and bitter voice, some such confidences as the following :

"Are you aware, captain, that you have a wife who is young, beautiful, angelic ? A wife, whose glance alone might kindle passion in the coldest heart, whose smile might lead astray the most prudent head, whose words might unsettle the best regulated and most virtuous mind in the world ?

"Are you aware, that if you sail to-morrow everybody will have the right to admire her during your absence, to think her lovely, and to tell her so ; that you have friends who are younger, handsomer, richer, more attractive in every respect than yourself, who will see her every day, and may easily forget that she is your wife, and they are your friends ?

"Are you aware that there are more idle young fellows, who pass their lives in seducing their friends' wives, than there are principles to protect these last ; that the majority of bachelors live at the expense of the minority of husbands, like wolves at the expense of the shepherd, or wasps of the bee ; that there are, involved in the glance that young stranger cast yesterday on Madame Bergerac, and the blush that glance raised in her cheek, more abysses and more mysteries than are concealed beneath the depths of the unfathomable ocean ? If you are not aware of all this, learn it now ! and if you are aware of it, reflect well upon the consequences !"

Thus spoke the little demon, giving to each word the point of an arrow or the sharpness of a dagger . . . Then, pointing once more to his sleeping wife, he retreated, brandishing his weapon and his bells, and displaying alternately his mowing lips, and his menacing eye-balls.

Bergerac now dreamt that his bark waited for his arrival on board, to sail on her voyage to the Levant. This idea was a momentary relief to his late hallucinations ; but his night-mare quickly returned, and pursued him under a thousand different shapes.

In saying farewell to his wife, the captain fancied that he gathered from her lips, instead of her accustomed kisses and endearments, the biting words of the little demon. In spite of himself, he carried them away with him in his heart, where they worked like a subtle and active poison. At the moment when, unfurling his sails to the breeze, he lost sight of the handkerchief that his young wife was waving from her window, this idea :—Henceforth Madame Bergerac can dishonour me if she be so inclined ; to do so will require no precautions, need excite no fears, may occasion no remorse ; for two years her security is complete. This idea took possession of him so forcibly, that he could not shake it off. He wandered over the ocean pursued by that fatal thought, like a madman by his mania ; it became a shadow

and a phantom that gave him peace neither by day nor by night, it whispered in his ears words that made his hair stand on end, that were heard in the tempest above the voice of the whirlwind and the thunder.

And when the night came on, when the captain hoped to take refuge in the stillness of sleep from this besetting torment, the phantom idea lay side by side with him in his hammock, and during the livelong night showed him his wife, besieged by the illicit adoration that surrounded her, repressing with difficulty the hands that sought to clasp her hand, the steps which followed her steps, the honied lips that murmured vows to her in the twilight . . . And the unhappy man felt as though the air around him were an atmosphere of tender protestations, vows, promises, dear and familiar names, bursts of ironical laughter. And he started like a Numidian lion, when it feels the cold steel in its side, and his clenched fingers, seizing a fancied dagger, struck, with all the force of his nervous arm, the lovers who had wronged him.

Then he awoke, (always in his dream,) eager and breathless, and with a sense of pain, for he had crushed his knuckles against a bulkhead.

And he discovered that he was eight hundred leagues from land, sailing at the rate of ten knots an hour!

When day dawned, Madame Bergerac was very tender, and Bergerac very thoughtful.

"Why must you make this voyage to Smyrna?" murmured the wife.

"Suppose I were to take Juliette with me," soliloquised the husband.

And they both rose up as they had lain down, like a king and a queen.

During the whole day, Bergerac fancied he perceived mysterious figures prowling about the house, and in the evening, as he returned from the ship, he saw from a distance a young man (whose brown coat bore a striking resemblance to the one he had remarked upon the quay) standing at his door, in earnest conversation with the porter, and apparently recommending a packet to his peculiar care.

He hurried his steps that he might approach and get a nearer view of him, but the unknown again disappeared before he had time to distinguish even the tip of his nose.

"It matters not," said the captain to himself, "it must be my friend with the brown coat!"

And advancing to the porter, who was quite taken aback at finding his master so near—

"What was it that person put into your hand just now?" asked he, disguising his agitation under an appearance of affected carelessness.

The servant understood at once that a lie would not pass current, and as he preferred betraying the stranger to incurring the slightest suspicion of being his accomplice—

"He begged me to deliver this note to madame," he replied, assuming in his turn an air of philosophical indifference.

The blood boiled in the captain's veins, but he had sufficient self-

command to restrain his indignation ; and still with the same apparent tranquillity—

"Give it to me," he said, taking the billet from the porter's hand, "I am going up stairs, and will deliver it to madame myself."

The man allowed him to take the paper, without seeming to remark that he crushed it between his fingers as he did so ; and Bergerac, having mounted the staircase, and traversed his apartment with a quicker beating of the heart than he had ever known before, shut himself up in his dressing-room, and pausing, with his hand still on the lock, opened the letter and read the following lines :

"Madame,

"I have not yet the happiness to know you, but I have seen, and I love you ; I forewarn you that I shall endeavour to prove that love by every means the power of man can compass. Should my boldness offend you, my vindication is graven on the mirror of your toilet table.

"T"

"Decidedly," said the captain, attentively examining the paper in every part, "decidedly it must be my"

He checked himself angrily, as he was about to add, "my friend in the brown coat !"

How he reproached himself now, for not having seized the presumptuous youth by the collar, the evening before, to examine his features, and to inquire his name and address.

At this moment, a little man, forty years of age, or thereabouts, entered Bergerac's cabinet. It was his lieutenant, or mate as it is called in the merchant service.

M. Ledru came, breathless with haste, to announce that the ship had all her cargo on board, that their provisions and live stock would be laid in within four-and-twenty hours, and that all would be ready to sail on the next day but one.

The next day but one ! Never did a man flatter himself that he was the bearer of agreeable tidings, and find them so coldly received.

"Very well," replied Bergerac, exerting himself to appear as though he partook M. Ledru's delight.

"To-morrow," resumed the latter, "I will bring you the list of passengers."

The captain made no answer, and seemed not to have heard what he said.

"To-morrow," repeated the mate once more, "I will bring you"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Bergerac, "and you will have the goodness," added he, after a moment's silence, "to get ready the second berth in my cabin."

"Ah ! diable," said M. Ledru, inquisitively, "you intend taking a companion with you ?"

"My wife accompanies me," said the captain solemnly.

The lieutenant stood petrified with surprise. Bergerac repeated

the phrase, with strong emphasis on each syllable, like a man who destroys a bridge behind him, to cut off all possibility of retreat ; he then dismissed M. Ledru, and went straightway to his wife's apartment.

Madame Bergerac's mother was with her ; she was an old coquette, a martyr to nerves and vapours, who pretended a doting fondness for her daughter, which she proved by the strong dislike she bore to her son-in-law.

She had come to pay her a visit, with the object of discovering the day fixed for his departure.

Bergerac, who knew her well, saw clearly through her intentions, and as he had always had the excellent habit of maintaining his rights, the presence of such an adversary had no other effect than to give him new courage.

He began by announcing his immediate departure ; then, cutting short the hypocritical condolences of his mother-in-law, he went on to congratulate himself on the fine weather he might look for at that season of the year ; on the favourable wind that promised him a quick and pleasant run through the bay ; on the magnificent country he was about to visit for the first time ; on the delightful climate of Smyrna, the curious and poetical singularities of eastern life ; in a word, on the easy and convenient opportunity which the ship afforded him, of making, without expense, and without danger, and in some sort without leaving home, that interesting tour in the East, which is the dream and the ambition of so many travellers.

From this, to the proposal that his wife should accompany him, there was but one step : he half surmounted it, in recalling to her remembrance the desire she had often expressed to see the East and its inhabitants, and finished by inquiring whether she still felt the same curiosity on the subject.

The mother and daughter, who regarded this question of the captain as a jest, fell readily into the snare, and vied with each other in calling up visions of the sunny skies and blue waters of the Levant.

The younger lady avowed, with a charming frankness, that she should be enchanted to see Smyrna ; and the elder, echoing the same sentiment, forgot herself so far as to say, that men were too happy in having the privilege of travelling wherever they chose.

They had now entangled themselves in a net from which there was no escape. The captain, following up his advantage, took them both at their word, and announced to Madame Bergerac that her wish should be granted, and that she should sail with him on the next day but one.

Upon this the wife fainted, between surprise and terror and joy ; the mother-in-law had a nervous attack ; and the captain, having rung the bell for an attendant, and despatched her in search of orange-flower water and other restoratives, quitted the room like a conqueror who leaves his slaughtered enemy on the field of battle.

CHAPTER IV.

The passengers.

A few hours later, thanks to the discretion of the mate and the lamentations of the mother-in-law, the whole town of Nantes was made aware that Bergerac intended taking his wife with him to Smyrna; and the next day, when he could not again change his mind without giving rise to new gossip, M. Ledru brought the list of passengers for his approval.

M. Ledru attached great importance to this list, and for the following very simple reason:—Bergerac made over to him all the profits of this speculation, which, little by little, was making the honest lieutenant's fortune.

Now, these passengers were—

1st. M. Champlein, bachelor, without profession, travelling for his amusement. (Read, running away from his creditors.)

2nd. M. and Madame d'Argentières, retired *négotians*, going to Smyrna with their only daughter, aged nine years, to look after the property of a relation who had settled there many years ago, and was supposed to have died intestate, and without heirs. (Read, Boeotians.)

3rd. Mademoiselle Hyacinthe, milliner, travelling alone, exporting to the East the newest fashions, and the most approved manners of the Rue Vivienne. (Read, whatever charity may suggest.)

4th. Two Smyrniotes, who had come to France to study civilization, and were returning, ruined, to their own country. (Read, the Eastern Question.)

5th and *ultimo*. M. Henri d'Harcourt, artist, going to paint portraits and costumes amongst the Turks. (Read, Albert Thoriguy.)

On observing the age and profession of this last individual, who had presented himself to M. Ledru that very morning, under the pretext that he merely carried with him his portmanteau and his portfolio, Bergerac winced a little, and almost regretted that he had not, on this occasion, received and examined the passengers himself.

But as, of all maladies of the mind, jealousy is the one which most endeavours to hide itself from every eye, the captain returned the paper to his lieutenant without remark, and gave his last orders for the hour of sailing on the morrow.

CHAPTER V.

A pleasant voyage!

A ship is a splendid object when it is first launched into the water; when it lies at anchor in some clear and sheltered roadstead. When it is on the open sea, spreading its ample canvass to the breeze, and poised upon the wave like a warrior on his foaming charger; it is a splendid object, above all, when it contends with the tempest—when it disappears for a moment in the trough of the sea, as though its powers were exhausted, and rises again, shaking the spray from its

bows like a fearless diver ; but never, perhaps, is it so fair a sight, as at the moment when it goes out of harbour, and takes wing for another hemisphere.

All circumstances then concur to add to its beauty : it is in full dress, all its paint is fresh, all its rigging smooth and shining, all its sails set, all its flags unfurled ; the officers are in full uniform, the men are scattered on the deck, in the shrouds, on the yards, in the tops.

The Magnificent (such is the name given to the vessel of Bergerac by the whole port of Nantes) has just loosed her fore-sheet. How majestically does she sweep through that crowd of luggers, and doggers, and craft of low degree, which make way for her as for their queen ! How gracefully does her prow divide that silvery plain, casting around her thousands of humid pearls ! How accurately shows her taut and intricate cordage, traced like filigree work against the clear blue sky !

She has just gone about ; did you observe how readily she obeyed the helm, how she rose gradually, sleeping as she seemed on her left side, and laid herself gently down again on her right ?

Now, as she inclines to the larboard, her canvass fills again, and she steals rapidly through the water. Urged forward by the puffs of wind caused by the sinuosities of the stream, she glides over the dimpled surface of the Loire, between the gay dwellings that rise in terraces on either side.

Forward, then, Magnificent ! forward on those gentle waves ! The weather is fair, the sky is one expanse of blue, the breeze is fresh upon your quarter. The sun is rising to watch your departure, brave ship ! Forward ! you are at last free, after many months of inactivity and sloth ; you can bathe your bows and your sides in the billows ; you can plunge in them to your very waist.

Forward ! already Nantes appears but as a cloud upon the horizon ; one more tack, and you are in the open sea ! The sea ! you tremble with conscious joy, as the salt wave that breaks against your broad bows falls in a shower of silver spray upon your deck.

A pleasant voyage to you, Magnificent ! May the sea be always as bright, and the breeze as fair, and ere two months the voice of your guns will have saluted the land of the East.

But whilst you glide onwards in tranquil majesty, beware lest your internal quiet be for ever troubled ; whilst the atmosphere around breathes nought but security and peace, beware of the terrible storms that may arise in the narrow arena between your own decks.

They were already brewing, those storms ! And yet it would have been difficult to find a collection of faces that wore a more bland and winning expression than those assembled on the deck of the Magnificent as she got under weigh for Smyrna ; there were, in addition to the captain, his mate, and crew, the eight passengers of whom we gave a list above.

The two Smyrniotes were delighted to see fast vanishing in the distance that pleasant land of France which had caused their ruin ; M. and Madame d'Argentières, as they caressed their interesting child, already in their impatience looked upon her as the heiress of the

wealth their defunct relation had left behind him ; M. Champlain was overpoweringly polite to every one, but more especially to the milliner ; and Mademoiselle Hyacinthe herself was looking forward with dread to the moment when the motion of the vessel would produce its usual effects.

Each individual of the party was endeavouring to make himself agreeable, and get some insight into the character of his fellow-passengers, and in consequence every countenance wore an expression of the most charming politeness and most wonderful harmony.

But whilst this unimportant scene was playing on deck, another scene, all the more natural that it was acted without spectators, took place under the poop, in the apartment of the captain.

A lady, seated on a sofa between the stern windows, seemed struggling with some internal emotion, the cause of which she disguised from the attendant who anxiously waited on her.

That lady was Madame Bergerac.

She pretended that the emotion which had forced her to go below was nothing more than the uncertainty and apprehension she naturally felt on leaving home for the first time, and for so long a period.

But the real state of the case was this :

Madame Bergerac had just recognised in the passenger who had set his foot on board the last, in that Parisian artist who was going to paint portraits and costumes at Smyrna, the young man who had remarked and followed her in that stroll by twilight—the hero of the *Café Molière*—Albert Thorigny.

After the boastful wager he had made with his companions, that he would add to the string of his conquests this new pearl of Nantes ; after opening the siege, as we have seen, with a salute and a summons, Albert suddenly learnt the untoward project which the captain had conceived, of carrying his wife with him to Smyrna.

Confounded, in the first instance, at such tidings, he had been on the point of abandoning the enterprise ; but urged on again by the jeering raillery of his gay companions, he had sworn to bring the adventure to an issue, though its accomplishment should involve a voyage round the world ; and as, fortunately, he had no time for reflection, he hastened to M. Ledru, to have his name inscribed in the list of passengers by the *Magnificent*.

PART II.

THE PURSUIT.

CHAPTER VI.

Preliminary observations.

Thus, then, did the husband, the wife, and the lover, find themselves in presence, on the deck of that ship, positively as though this true history were some fiction of romance. Only, you already guess, or if

not, you will soon be made aware, how greatly circumstances added to the originality of such a situation.

On the occasion of embarking on board the enemy's vessel, Albert had so far disguised himself as to baffle the memory of the captain, in case he had remarked him on that eventful evening, but yet to be easily recognized by the more penetrating eyes of Madame Bergerac. Whilst his blouse and his Greek cap indicated nothing more than the artist, Henri d'Harcourt, to an unobservant eye, the neatness of his boot, the cut of his waistcoat, the tie of his cravat, and his manner, more than all, gave evidence of the man of fashion to any one whose observation was more keen and practised.

Madame Bergerac had remarked all this at the first glance. The elegant loungeur on the Quai de la Fosse was easily recognised through the thin disguise of a wandering painter, and it would be impossible better to define the impression produced upon her by that meeting and recognition, than by comparing the troubled thoughts which they occasioned her, when awake, with the dream that had followed her first rencontre with Thorigny.

As for Albert, the emotion the lady had betrayed at his appearance had not escaped him; consequently, when he saw her enter the cabin to conceal her trouble and alarm, he thought he might congratulate himself on a first success, and seized the opportunity to make his advances towards the captain.

He accosted him with all the easy freedom of an unsuspected rival, and with all the advantage that a lover generally possesses over a husband.

Bergerac, who was anxious to discover who and what the young man was, profited by the opportunity to study his character, without dreaming of disguising his own; and, at the end of half an hour's conversation, they shook hands cordially, each enebanted at having cleared up his doubts, and each as much in the dark as before.

When Madame Bergerac had recovered a little, she went up again upon the poop, and her husband presented to her M. d'Harcourt, who made his bow with most admirable *sang froid*, and as though it were the first time he had had the advantage of beholding her.

After a conversation which meant very little, mingled with glances which meant a great deal, they separated with the following ideas uppermost in the mind of each respectively.

"M. d'Harcourt seems to me a very inoffensive sort of young man," said the captain, with his eyes fixed upon the clouds.

"I have to do with a husband who is far from jealous, and with a wife who is already afraid of me," thought Thorigny, as he walked the deck.

"Here I am shut up for two months in a ship, with a young man who is desperately in love with me," sighed Madame Bergerac, in coquettish alarm, gazing unconsciously on the wide expanse of water.

Her penetration alone, as we already know, was not at fault.

Several days passed thus: Madame Bergerac was a little unwell; Bergerac deluged her with cups of tea, and Albert overwhelmed her with delicate attentions; in this way he made two discoveries, to him

invaluable ; first, that she had an excellent heart ; second, that she had a romantic head.

Acting immediately upon these two ideas, he thought it advisable to play the part of a man who is dying of consumption, or wasting away with love.

This rôle was all the easier to play that he had rehearsed it a hundred times. Moreover, he had not yet recovered from the fatigues of his Neapolitan trip, and the sea-air made him look very pale and interesting !

TO MADELINE.

At times I start in silent agony,
While the hot tears rush to my throbbing eyes,
And my heart swells to feel that thou art gone.
Again will music, a kind word, a sigh,
A joyous laugh, solitude, and even sleep
Recall thee back : and, as his shadow close
Upon the traveller waits, while the sun shines
Over the desert plain, thou wait'st on me :
But, when I reach to clasp thee to my breast,
And when I call thee, Madeline, I learn
'Tis but the mocking of my own vain wish.
Why did I ever know thee ? or knowing
Why we were forced to part ? our hearts at once
Congenially beat, our earliest thoughts
Were sympathetic, and our feelings met
Like streams which under different names unite
And evermore indissolubly flow.
O, were we thus to be a few days known
In mute acknowledgment of kindred souls,
Only to store them with fond memories
That ne'er shall dissipate while life remains ?
And did the burning words " I love " at length
My lip escape—to thee a hopeful sound—
Only to show the inexorable hand
Of Fate had stricken us as the poles apart !
If there were not a God, gracious and good,
O'erruling all that happens in the world,
Where could the frenzied wretch whose soul had felt
The palsy stroke of interrupted love
Seek consolation ? If I sometimes quail
Beneath the loss of what my soul most prized,
May He who can requite the loss with peace
Sustain me ! Should it be His will that I
In barrenness of heart long years endure,
May life at last be recompensed in heaven !
And oh ! may'st thou whose image, pale and mild,
Still like a guardian spirit haunts my way,
An angel be to all eternity !

A. G.

THE BIRMINGHAM CUTLER.

BY NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

On the high road from Bedford to London, and—to give my readers a still more correct idea of its locality—within a comfortable drive of the mighty metropolis, is situated a very delightful country residence. It is just such a building, in just such a country, as any man of quiet taste and ample means would be proud to call his own, and retire to as a snug retreat from the cares and bustle of active life; but as I have the intention of making myself its lord and master as soon as I shall have acquired sufficient of the second requisite alluded to above, I purposely avoid dwelling at greater length upon its merits, lest my description, glowing as it necessarily would be, should whet the appetites of my more fortunate readers, and induce one or more of them to baffle my intentions.

It belonged, at the period at which my story commences, to a cutler—a jolly fellow *as such*, who, in this honourable calling had acquired no little celebrity and rotundity of body in the town of Birmingham. His name was William—a very favourite name with the English—and to this was appended the patronymic of Shoffield. For the period of thirty years he had distributed with laudable industry his wares through the four quarters of the world, and had by this means acquired a fortune, of which many a continental prince might have justly envied him. On the very day that his bookkeeper informed him that the interest of his capital brought him fifteen thousand pounds per annum, at the usual per centage, Shoffield gave up his shop, and, in order to enjoy the remainder of his days in ease and comfort, established himself as a private gentleman in the quarters above alluded to.

All beginnings are difficult, and every child knows that Rome was not built in a day. Fifteen thousand per annum, pleasant as it indubitably is, cannot immediately transform an honest cutler into a perfect private gentleman. Mr. William Shoffield, however, was by no means fainthearted; he had been accustomed to hard work and industry all his life, and he had no doubt but that he should, in course of time, work himself into the character at which he aimed. He subscribed to the “Sun,” and faithfully waded through the fourth page—the *advertisatorial department*; in this point he was by no means particular; the greater part of his countrymen pay especial attention to this last page, and hence their extraordinary *forte* for politics.

It was towards the spring of 1834 that Shoffield established himself in his new quarters. He took into his service two gigantic Adonean looking young gentlemen, equipped them in a most gorgeous livery, and endued their delicate digitals in light blue kid gloves. Milne, the celebrated coachmaker, sold him a Berlin, three horses, and a black coachman. The early morning stage from town daily supplied his table with the freshest salmon; another furnished him, from the same quarter, with the most delicious fruits; his cellar was replete with the choicest wines; in a word, for the first fortnight

Shoffield lived in most enviable comfort, with everything at his disposal that could possibly contribute to lend a luxury and a jocundity to the passing hour.

Alas! that mundane happiness is of such very short duration! I am truly surprised, in this age of Promethean boldness and Colossean invention, that no one takes out a patent for some piece or pieces of ingenious machinery, by means of which this accursed brevity, which we all have such just reason to lament, might be extended and prolonged according to the individual taste and fancy of the possessor. I am sure I would, if I could. At the very commencement of the third week, as Shoffield was seated at table, and was on the point of dissecting a delicate capon, with which his culinary god had provided him, his eyes took an involuntary direction towards the north, and a sigh—a very gentle sigh—escaped his lips. One of the blue kid gloved young gentlemen, above spoken of, observed the direction of Shoffield's visual organ, and heard the gentle sigh, and naturally enough, concluding that both look and sigh were meant as a gentle intimation that the knife with which the carving operation was to be performed was not clean, or not sharp enough, went to the sideboard and returned with a tray, on which were a round dozen of these useful instruments. Shoffield acknowledged the attention by striking the tray out of the young gentleman's hand; it was the act of a moment.—

* * * * *

I had a quotation from Horace quite adapted to the occasion—but I've mislaid it somewhere.—

It was, as we have said, the work of a moment, but—mark the consequences—the young gentleman felt himself insulted, and tendered his resignation on the spot! It must be confessed, English young gentleman of this very honourable class have very nice ideas of honour—very nice; they are not a little proud; are they not born free? is not their country the very home and sanctuary of freedom? and do not they wear blue, or white, or yellow kid gloves from morning till evening?

"Damnation!" exclaimed Shoffield; "I sadly fear I've got—hell and the devil! I almost suspect I've got the spleen—am blue-devilled! I should never have thought that the life of a private gentleman had been so cursed disagreeable! God! what a happy creature I was in my workshop in Providence Buildings! Sharpen my blades! But I'll call upon my neighbour, the clever Mr. Carfax, and ask his advice about the matter."

Mr. Carfax was the son of the celebrated tragedian of this name, and editor of the *Critical Review*. He was a man of about thirty-four years of age, serious as his *Critical*, and, like it, bound in gray. Shoffield had fabricated for his father a curious collection of innocent daggers and stiletos, which played no inconspicuous part in Mr. C.'s representations of Hamlet, Macbeth, &c. &c., and had by this occasion made the acquaintance of his son.

Mr. Carfax, the editor in gray, was just meditating a slashing article against some no less celebrated contemporary, when his servant announced Mr. Shoffield. Conversation commenced, and was carried on as all conversations between Englishmen are commenced and car-

ried on. Shoffield took a chair, and cast an inquiring look upon Mr. Carfax; Mr. Carfax returned the look, and this mutual exchange of looks took up the first half hour. Matters might, and, in all probability, would have gone on in this delightful and intellectual way till about sunset, had it not struck Mr. Carfax, that he had that very evening to correct the proof sheets of an article, comprising a most elaborate criticism on the works of Tapkoi, a most enlightened Mandarin who flourished about the year 3587 before the Christian era. Necessity has no law; and agreeable as the interview between the two friends was, Mr. Carfax felt imperatively called upon to give it a turn, and commence conversation. This turn was effected by means of an interjection, which, as regarded sound, was not altogether unlike a sigh. Shoffield was a man of fine feeling, though he had been bred a cutler, and no sooner did he hear this sigh-like exclamation than he felt a certain degree of embarrassment creep through his frame, and he rose from his chair. The thought struck him that his visit might not be agreeable—might be ill timed—and he was in the act of bowing himself out of Mr. Carfax's study, when that gentleman seized hold of his hand and detained him.

"Mr. Shoffield," said he, "you surely have got something to say to me—what is it?"

"Quite right, Mr. Carfax—it was my wish to have consulted you upon a certain matter—you are so very clever, you know."

Mr. Carfax *did* know it, and made no observation to this eulogium; but he felt it, nay, he did more, he swallowed it, and it agreed with him. "And what is the matter then upon which you wish to consult me?" asked he.

"I wanted to ask your opinion as to the best, the most successful, the most agreeable means of killing time, Mr. Carfax; for you must know, since I have given up business, this is an article which hangs monstrosously heavy upon me. Tell me, what am I to do to get rid of it?"

"Take in my Critical, Mr. Shoffield."

"Hum—why, to be sure—that is something—I had not thought of that—I will engage to take it for a year; how often does it appear?"

"Four times a year—every quarter one volume—but a large, a very thick volume, Mr. Shoffield—four hundred and fifty pages, closely printed."

"Four hundred and fifty pages! Hum! Three months—that seems to me but little for so long a time, Mr. Carfax."

"Well, then, buy the whole work since its commencement in 1827; you will then have about forty volumes to read."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Carfax—I will certainly do so. And now will you permit me to ask you another question? Would you have the goodness to enumerate some of the amusements in London, which may be obtained and enjoyed for money?"

"Of course you mean the moral—the decent amusements, Mr. Shoffield?"

"Of course—to be sure—strictly moral, Mr. Carfax."

"Why, let me see—amusements—moral—there are none, Mr. Shoffield."

"Not any? Reflect a little, Mr. Carfax."

"You may buy an admission into the grand cigar divan?—"

"And what am I to do there?"

"You may read my periodical, and have your ears tickled with performances on the organ, whilst you are reading."

"Well, I can't say that I should call this very amusing."

"I dare say not;—but you can make the trial."

"True, as you observe, I will try it; and then—can you think of nothing else?"

"You may stroll along the Strand from Temple Bar to Hungerford Market."

"And then ——?"

"Why then you may turn, and proceed from Hungerford Market to Temple Bar."

"Well, to be sure, that can't cost much."

"In an omnibus it will cost you one shilling; if you walk you have it for nothing."

"And these are all the amusements you can recommend, Mr. Carfax?"

"No, there's another. I have constructed a piece of machinery, and taken out a patent for it—I call it a Demometer; you are enabled to take the due admeasurement of the mind by it; this, I assure you, Mr. Shoffield, you will find very diverting. Pray, Mr. Shoffield, how old are you?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Well, then, my dear friend, lose no time in taking my advice; read my Critical and make use of my Demometer, and I feel convinced you will be a very happy man. To-morrow I shall order my publisher to send you a complete collection of the former—or perhaps you will like to have two copies?"

"Certainly, certainly—two copies—the pleasure will of course be doubled."

"Allow me, before you go, to recommend one article to your particular attention—it treats of the most effectual method of draining the bogs in the interior of New Holland, and is continued in no less than seven volumes. You see, in order to effect this point, it is necessary to level a pretty considerable forest towards the south of this immense island. The three last papers on this truly important point were written by myself; one of the main objects I had in view was to confute the opinions of a celebrated doctor of Botany Bay, who had the audacity to attempt to show that there was no such forest as I had spoken of in the southern part of the island in question, inasmuch as there was not a single tree to be seen in the whole country. In the eighth chapter, which appears next month, I shall show this titled donkey or doctor—they are pretty nearly synonymous, Mr. Shoffield—that the forest to which I alluded must be in existence—must be where I located it—and that the existence of this forest presents a material obstacle to the drainage recommended. We shall see what the fellow in Botany Bay will say to this. You cannot possibly conceive, Mr. Shoffield, what an indescribable charm such literary disputes confer on life."

"I leave you, Mr. Carfax, highly delighted," said Shoffield with a deep bow; "allow me to press your hand, my dear sir, and remind you that you send me two copies of your journal this very evening."

Mr. Carfax was a man of his word. On the very same evening the Critical Review was wheeled before Mr. Shoffield's door, and as duly deposited in his most private apartment. Mr. Carfax had not only kept his word, he had in some measure outstepped the usual limits of politeness; instead of two copies, which had been desired, he sent three. Mr. Carfax was indeed a kind-hearted man. The honest cutler immediately set to work, and gave himself, body and soul, to the agreeable occupation which was to cure him of his insidious disease—*ennui*. He cut the pages of the first volume, threw himself upon the other thirty-nine, which formed a kind of mattress upon the floor, and commenced reading the analysis of a speech, which a Protestant missionary, under a palm-tree on the island Owhyee, had addressed to the sons and daughters of the identical savages who had slaughtered Captain Cook. We have said this speech was addressed to the copper-coloured tribe, but the expression must be restricted to some limitation, inasmuch as the preacher was as little able to understand the savages as they were to enter into the beauties of his address. Under these peculiar circumstances, the missionary had felt the necessity of having recourse to a series of most expressive gesticulation, which agreeable pantomime had lasted, according to the reviewer's calculation, about three hours, when the poor unfortunate devils had fallen asleep. Strange, but no less true it is, that Mr. Shoffield, in other respects a zealous and orthodox Christian, was affected in a similar manner—he slept—he did more—he snored.

He awoke with the dawn, and cast a look of unspeakable surprise upon his lettered couch. His sleep had not refreshed him; the snoring perhaps had fatigued him—he was blue-devilled. He took a walk to divert himself, swallowed a pretty considerable quantity of the dirty-coloured fog which clogged the air, and found himself, upon his return, considerably recovered. He thought of the yesterday's capon, which he had not dissected, and felt hungry; he thought of the choice wines in his cellar, and ordered tea. He arose from breakfast in a most complacent state of feeling, exercised himself in the ingenious art of embracing his own person, and cried out with a smile upon his lips, "I do believe I am going to be very happy."

A note was placed in his hands by a ragamuffin kind of urchin, a species of bipeds to be seen nowhere in such perfection as in the purlieus of London. It was from the young gentleman who had left his service the day before, and who, like most young gentlemen of this interesting class, was called "John."

"If you were a gentleman," such were the contents, "your whims and fancies might be borne with for a certain consideration; but as you are nothing but a paltry cutler from—God knows what rotten borough—you are no more than one of my equals—in point of birth and education perhaps my inferior. If you have the spirit of a man you will meet me at Highgate Bridge, where I promise you the soundest drubbing you ever had in your life. Some sporting gentle-

men, friends of mine, who will back me for any wager, accompany me; bring yours, if you have any.—JOHN."

The effect upon Mr. Shoffield's spirits, which this gentlemanly and powerfully-worded billet produced, was something similar to that which a well-directed blow from the fist of the martial John would have called forth upon his body. He did all he could to rouse himself; he rummaged with might and main in every corner of his brain for some thought, some idea, to dispel the unpleasant sensation; looked out of the window, inhaled an extra dose of fog, pulled off his gloves, then put them on again, unbuttoned his waistcoat that he might have the pleasure of rebuttoning it, assumed a thoughtful, a sentimental attitude, heaved a heavy sigh, and pillowed his head upon his downy hands; but all was in vain.

"Alas!" cried he, in a desponding tone; "it is but two days since I have begun to feel myself half and half happy, and now this rascal of a servant has the audacity to drag me from the heaven I had nearly reached, under the pretence that I am no gentleman. Fifteen thousand pounds per annum and no gentleman! Stop a little, Mr. John—I'll spoil your sport—I'll—I'll throw myself on the protection of the laws! Thank Heaven, there are still constables left in old England!"

He ordered his coach. The horses were in the stable, but the coachman, according to the information of the gardener, together with his whole household establishment, had taken French leave, and deserted him; in addition to which, the said deponent bore testimony to the fact that John had had bills posted up on Highgate, Hampstead, and Circlewood, in which he threatened every one who ventured to enter into the service of the Birmingham Cutler, as cook, as footman, as coachman, with the vengeance of his direful arm.

"Good God! Good God! What is to be done?" exclaimed Shoffield.

The gardener had returned to his occupation of raking, and ventured no reply.

The unhappy cutler felt himself in no very enviable situation. He saw the necessity of taking some decisive step, and that immediately. He paced up and down the lawn before his house, got into a desperate passion with the grass, on which he stamped, exclaimed repeatedly, "My God! Good gracious!" took one pinch of snuff after another with awful rapidity, then wrung his hands in despair; in short, all his self-collection as man, as Englishman, as a private gentleman, was gone.

But necessity was urgent—his life was threatened—the free use of his property was denied him. He took the cotton jacket of his gardener, which was hanging on a hedge, stole away like a culprit from his delightful house, and, armed with his very best knife, took the direct road for London. On a meadow skirting the banks of the river, near Highgate Bridge, and scarcely twenty yards distant from him, his anxious eye fell upon John, who, with the sporting characters, his friends to whom he had alluded, were amusing themselves in anticipation of the warm reception they designed for the *ci-devant* cutler. Just as he was skulking by, he heard one of the said gentlemen

exclaim, and the words fell upon Shoffield's ear with a dreadful distinctness of articulation, "I'll venture to bet a crown the rascally cutler does not come at all!"

"That's a clever fellow," said, or rather thought Shoffield, "and knows how to bet to advantage," and brushed on with all possible haste.

He did not slacken his speed till he reached a small ale-house in Hampstead, when he rested, and called for a pint of porter. He was just raising the mug to his lips, when he perceived John, with clenched fist, at the head of his enraged companions, within about a hundred yards of the house. The mug fell from his hand, and with the loyal exclamation of "God save the queen!" upon his lips, he sprang into the road, followed by the red-haired Ganymede, who was not in the habit of handing a gentleman a pint of porter for the honour's sake alone.

There's a meadow in the immediate vicinity of Hampstead, much frequented by a very useful, but ill-used tribe of quadrupeds, called dickeys. They are a species of animal very common in England, have peculiar sonorous voices, and have received from the hands of Nature such graceful and beautiful oral members, that they do not consider it necessary to set them off with rings, or other ornaments, as animals less richly gifted are compelled to do. Upon the aforesaid meadow were a considerable number of these innocent beauties; the country is much visited by a set of pleasure-seeking bipeds, and, according to the old proverb, birds of a feather flock together. But this is a digression. Shoffield threw himself upon the very first animal he could lay his hands on; he had no spurs, it is true, but he had a knife in his hand of his own manufacturing, and applying this to the back and sides of the beast, he galloped off, through Tottenham Street, into the very heart of London. The red-haired Ganymede was, however, resolved not to be duped, so, following Shoffield's example, he mounted the first beast that came in his way, and galloped after him with hue and cry. John and his companions, perceiving the enemy in full flight, immediately took active part in the chase, and pricked and goaded on their coursers with determined courage and perseverance.

There was a policeman stationed before Wellington seminary, very busy doing nothing, and swelling himself into majestic rotundity with the idea of his awful importance. It takes a great deal to disturb a policeman's agreeable train of thoughts, when his mighty self chances to be the subject; but there are scenes, there are noises, there are disturbances, which have been known to awaken him. The present was one of this nature. The officer of the executive, seeing the ass in full gallop, and a man sitting upon its back, pale with terror, his teeth chattering audibly, and flourishing a bloody knife in his hand, considered it his duty, as it most indubitably was, to extend before the panting beast his awful wand of office, in the full conviction that the very sight of his *baton* would be sufficient to bring the animal to reason and a pause. Philosophers, the very profoundest, have often been deceived in their calculations. The policeman was a philosopher—he was mistaken. With the most perfect disrespect of all law and acts of

parliament the ass first knocked the officer down, and then ran over him, followed by the red-haired waiter and John's enraged companions. Shoffield trembled in every limb. Opposition to the law! Riding over a police officer! He looked upon himself as the blackest criminal in the United Kingdoms, and pictured to himself the snug quarters in store for him at Newgate.

The animal, however, on which he with no little difficulty kept his seat, seemed to have no such fear. The more Shoffield trembled, the more wildly the creature ran, nor did he slacken in his career till he reached Hungerford Market. Shoffield dismounted with all possible celerity, hastened down to the Thames, and sought refuge from the pursuing enemy on board a steam-boat, which was just on the point of starting.

The boat was bound to London Bridge. It was not till he heard the captain calling up the passengers to land that Shoffield ventured upon deck. He remembered that he had a friend residing not far from the Tower—a man of his own profession—an honest cutler. But the recollection conveyed little pleasure to the unfortunate Shoffield. The purity of his conscience was stained! He was a criminal! and upon entering his friend's apartment he dreaded to look up lest he should see his face reflected in the glass.

Thus secreted from the world, he passed the two ensuing days, at the end of which period, through the mediation of his friend, he succeeded in obtaining a passport for Leghorn under a false name. This cost him somewhere about the sum of two hundred pounds, for the gentleman in the Alien Office, through whose hands it passed, was troubled with a conscience which would not be quieted with a smaller sum. After providing himself with a letter of credit, to an almost unlimited amount, Shoffield embarked at Southampton in the "Bull," Captain Fox, for Leghorn.

Shoffield, though a cutler, had the nerves of a man, and these particles of the human fabric are liable to get unstrung, to become weakened, when played upon too much, or with too rough a hand. Terror has a very rough ungentlemanly hand, and terror had played the very devil with his nerves. Shoffield betook himself to his berth, and slept through the greater part of the voyage.

"Who is this John?" Captain Fox asked him, one morning; "of whom you have been continually talking in your sleep?"

The poor cutler turned deadly pale. "God Almighty!" whispered he; "I have betrayed myself!"

"This passenger must have committed some heinous crime," said the captain to his lieutenant.

The lieutenant was of the captain's opinion. A lieutenant is always of the same opinion as his captain—always has been since Captain Noah took the command of the Ark—it is a law of nature, and can't be otherwise.

Shoffield had scarcely recovered from the terror which the captain's sudden interrogatory had caused him, when he perceived that he was regarded with evident signs of horror and detestation by the whole crew of the Bull. In due time the vessel anchored before the city of its destination. Shoffield remained in the place no longer than was

actually necessary to secure a berth in the "Pharamund," bound for Naples. It afforded him no little satisfaction to get rid of the ship, where—thanks to his talking propensity in sleep—he was eyed by all with contempt and suspicion. On board the "Pharamund" his reputation was yet unstained, and fully resolved to keep it so, he stuffed his yellow silk pocket handkerchief into his mouth whenever he went to bed, thus exercising the most effectual censorship on his nightly soliloquies. Happiness and tranquillity once more smiled upon him; who was there on board the graceful "Pharamund" who knew anything of John, of the red-haired waiter, of the violated policeman?

In other respects Shoffield possessed the affecting innocence of a Birmingham citizen. Steel, iron, and knife-handles—nay, even money, and the worth of money, he knew—but as regards all other matters of this jovial world, he was as innocent as a sucking babe. When Shoffield put his foot on board the "Pharamund," he naturally concluded he was surrounded by genuine Italians, and his only embarrassment for the moment was his inability to make himself understood by the natives of the country.

"But, after all, it does not much signify," said he, soliloquizing. "I am by nature no chatterer; as much as I want of the language I shall soon pick up."

He subsequently made excursions into the regions of logic, and ventured to draw conclusions:—

"As there are no Neapolitans in Birmingham," argued he, "why there can be no Englishmen in Naples, and, consequently, no one who knows me."

There were no less than one hundred and sixty passengers of every age and sex on board the Pharamund; they were all as dumb as the fish beneath them; the very women were dumb. To tell the truth, however, and to let the reader at once into the secret, all these seeming Italians were no other than thorough-bred natives of Old England.

The family Turnpike formed one continuous row from the helm to the mizen mast. They consisted of sixteen lovely individuals and two coaches. Mr. Turnpike senior had made considerable dealings in shawls, and had realized a fortune large enough to convert a simple into a haughty booby. He had been advised by his medical counsellors, as a never-failing means of escaping the clutches of the "rich disease"—that fell enemy, which stretches out its mighty wings over the "happy isles"—to undertake a tour to Italy, and he was now travelling, with his whole family, for the third year. Mr. T. wore a black coat of the very finest cloth, trowsers ditto, boots of polished leather, and a crimson velvet waistcoat, decorated with a whole greenhouse of the choicest flowers—your nose would have set him down for a *millionaire* at a full mile's distance. Mrs. Turnpike carried about her somewhat faded person the value of some thousands in chains, rings, brilliants, and other ornaments. The parent trees were surrounded by twelve branches—their lovely children—with flaxen hair, fresh, blooming countenances, but countenances on which stupidity had fixed her stamp. Two maid servants, whose expression of feature belonged

rather to the masculine than feminine gender, with long peaked Leghorn bonnets and green veils, watched over the safety of the Turnpike branches.

A hedge of parasols marked the boundaries of the several families. Two paces from the Turnpikes commenced the Dulwich collection. There was a goodly display of them—no less than thirty-three odd, among whom were nine footmen, in almost all the colours of the rainbow. The senior Mr. Dulwich was a thorough-bred Tory; he had fled from the illustrious seat of his forefathers in indignation. The Whig committee of the county of Lancaster had had the unparalleled audacity to ridicule the political principles of Sir Robert Peel, in hand-bills thirty feet long!

To the rear of the Dulwiches stood the Brixtons. Mr. Brixton had been unsuccessful in his virtuous endeavours to get into the house; the classic land of Italy was to compensate him for his defeat.

Five or six other individuals, whose care-worn countenances bespoke their sufferings and wealth, were yawning most awfully in various parts of the ship; their *noli me tangere* wives were throned in their carriages, reading Lord Byron, and napping at the conclusion of every stanza. It was quite refreshing to see them. In the background was a group of desponding lackeys, gaping upon vacuity, and thinking it very wonderful.

Meanwhile the noble Pharamund pursued her route along the coast of Italy—the land of Romance—beautiful Italy!—freighted with its precious burden, its doleful elegies, masculine and feminine, extracts from every county in England.

Shoffield sat himself down upon a tank, took up a piece of wood, and commenced exercising himself in the art of carving. The lackeys' attention was excited—this was even more interesting than vacuity—they collected round the hero of our tale, and looked with evident gratification upon his ingenious occupation.

With the approach of night each family retired to their separate cabins. There was the same stillness, the same quiet composure in their sleep, which had been so conspicuously manifested in their waking and wakeful moments.

The sun arose, and Shoffield was awakened by a noise, which the ear by no means acknowledges as one of the most musical or agreeable. Forty Englishmen had taken possession of the common room, and were laboriously engaged in polishing their teeth and gurgling cold water. When this agreeable operation had lasted some time, the shaving-boxes were opened, and the toilet commenced in real earnest. In spite of the waves, which broke against the ship's sides—for the sea was anything but placid—the Englishmen shaved themselves with the most imperturbable gravity. Two hours were spent in this delightful occupation; the ensuing two were devoted to the rubbing, cleaning, and paring of the nails, and full two more expired before the hands were forced into the spotless kid. After a quarter of the twenty-four hours had been thus spent on their own precious persons, the noble sons of Albion ascended the deck and saluted the ladies—with their eyes. The ladies themselves drank tea and munched pieces

of bread which, seen through a hydrogen-gas microscope, would have furnished a satisfying aspect to the hungry eye. A young gentleman, upon whose appetite the sight of these gastronomic preparations, Lilliputian as they were, had taken effect, opened his mouth sufficiently wide to pronounce the monosyllable "*te*," and scarcely was the word uttered than it found its echo in the mouths of his thirty-nine brethren, who were willing to follow, but averse to set the example. Shoffield started at hearing these multiplied echoes of the simple monosyllable.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, "why, after all, my fellow-passengers are English!"

From this very hour he was seized with sea-sickness;—the emetic worked.

When the sea became quieter, the emotions and apprehensions in Shoffield's bosom likewise subsided. In walking along the deck, his eye fell upon a young man who was speaking English to the engineer. He took him for one of the under-stewards, and asked for a glass of Madeira. The youth brought it him.

"In three hours we shall be in Naples," said he, handing the glass.

"In Naples?" responded Shoffield. "Give me another glass of Madeira. A beautiful town Naples—isn't it?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I thought so; I have read it somewhere in the Quarterly Review. All the gentlemen here are English—arn't they?"

"Yes, my lord, from the tallest to the least."

"They are travelling for their pleasure?"

"Yes, my lord, all for their pleasure; they are all of them immensely rich, my lord—all of them very happy persons."

"Um—they certainly don't look as if they were."

"On board ship, perhaps not; there, you see, they are with their wives and children, and that perhaps may not be so very amusing. But when your lordship meets them in Naples, you will scarcely know them—so changed! so happy!"

"A very clever, sensible young man," thought Shoffield, "and polite at the same time. I don't think I could do better than take him into my service. Give me another glass of Madeira, young man."

"The Madeira seems to please you, my lord."

"Very good—very much. Pray what is your name?"

"The French call me Jean, the English John."

The cutler's skin was perfectly goosed; his blood froze for the moment; a pause ensued; but he re-manned himself and asked,

"From what country are you, John?"

"From Naples."

"So—indeed—from Naples? What's your name, then, in your own country?"

"Micali. But that's too long a name, your lordship sees; for a servant, and the English say we must economize the time. Last year they used to say, 'Give me a cup of tea, if you please.' This was too long, it cost too much time, and they presently shortened the same

demand into 'Give me some tea.' Now they say nothing but 'Tea,' and it won't last very long before it will be nothing but 'E,' or perhaps they will dispense with the word altogether, and merely nod their heads—that will be a great saving of time, my lord!"

"I will call you Micali."

"It would seem that your lordship had plenty of time at your disposal; but, in the presence of your countrymen, I would advise you to call me John, or you might lose your reputation amongst them."

"Micali, I propose taking you into my service; I'll give you sixty pounds a year, and if you remain ten years with me I will pension you."

"Has your lordship, then, no servant?"

"No; I left all my people in London"—(and so he had, and the policeman to boot)—"I was too impatient to see Italy—beautiful Italy!" (Shoffield was certainly thinking of the persecution he had met with in his own country, when he applied this epithet to a land which he had not only never seen, but perhaps never dreamt of—or was it, perhaps, an exclamation peculiar to the English character, like their ancestors, with whom, according to Tacitus, '*Omne ignatum pro magnifico est*'?)

"Your lordship would seem to have great partiality for my country?"

"Yes, Micali, yes, very great."

"Well, your lordship, I shall be most grateful to accept your offer, and as soon as I can leave the ship I will enter into your service."

"Bravo! And now tell me, Micali, what is there in Naples that you can show me, worth looking at?"

"Everything your lordship sees is worth looking at. Look—this way—there it is—there is Vesuvius!"

"Um!—ah!—Vesuvius! Yes, yes, I see it, Micali; I once saw it on an Irish pocket handkerchief."

"We Italians call it *il Vesuvio*—my lord, you *will* be so happy in Naples."

"Tell me, Micali, where shall I see you on land?"

"I would advise your lordship to put up at the Hotel della Victoria, in the Chiaia."

The Pharamund ran into port at the very moment when the three hundred churches of Naples, or rather the three hundred clocks of the three hundred churches, were striking eight. The lion of the country, the stupendous Vesuvius, was remarkably quiet; he puffed, now and then, some few columns of smoke, but there was no rage, no passion; he reminded you of an indolent lazaroni, smoking his pipe and basking himself in the sun.

The Englishmen no sooner cast their eyes upon the city than there was a general call for clothes-brushes; the ladies coqueted with their parasols; the lackeys were busied in looking at a battalion of soldiers who were bathing before the palace of Queen Johanna; Shoffield was diving into his various pockets for his passport.

The passengers had left the ship; Shoffield was the only one who remained behind; he could not find his passport, and for the life of

him could not remember the name which the honorable gentleman of the Alien Office had so generously sold him for the trifling consideration of two hundred pounds. The police officer became impatient, and Shoffield, more confused than ever; he pointed to his pocket-book, in which were alphabetically catalogued the names of all the cutlers in the civilized world, and intimated to the sbirri how greatly he should feel obliged by any assistance lent him in finding his own name. After some time, he hit upon the paper, concealed in the inmost recesses of his portfolio, and learnt from it that he was henceforth to assume the name of Morfield.

The Hotel della Victoria was crowded with English families; there was not one spare room; the Turnpikes, the Dulwiches, the Brixtons, had taken possession of every apartment. Besides, Mr. Shoffield, *alias* Morfield, made his appearance in such an untakeable manner—he was without servants, without wife, without children, without equipage—what host—what Italian host—what Neapolitan host could welcome him with a smile? But there was still the common room, and thither he betook himself. He felt hungry, and his eye fell upon a long list of dishes hanging from a nail in the wall. Had his eyes deceived him? what was it he read?

“Ox-tail soup: fish of every sort; meat pies; rump steaks.”

“For all the world the same as in Birmingham,” exclaimed he. “It is strange, it is very strange, as long as I lived in Birmingham, I never once heard a single syllable of Italian spoken, and yet here in Naples English seems the language of the country. It is very strange. I must ask Micali how that comes. But this I must say, Birmingham is a much handsomer place than this dirty Naples; and yet, the English must amuse themselves very much, or they would not flock here as they do.”

Micali kept his word, and joined his new master. Shoffield—we prefer this name to the two hundred pound one—entered into a long conversation with him.

“Italy is more English than England itself,” said the former. “Even Rome itself is crowded to excess with your countrymen—the only one who is not English is his holiness the Pope. But tell me, my lord, have you come to Naples for the sake of pleasure?”

“Yes, Micali, for the sake of pleasure, like other people, to be sure. I am rich, and wish to enjoy my life as long as it lasts—it is natural, isn’t it?”

“O to be sure! And you were not happy in England?”

“I was like all other Englishmen, I suppose.”

“What did you do there?—I mean, how did you pass your time?”

“I rode out, I drove out, I read Mr. Carfax’s Critical Review, and bought gloves. What is one to do when one is rich and has the free disposal of one’s time?”

“Exactly. And so you came to Italy to—”

“To do what all others do. Methinks the English must amuse themselves here mightily, for the greater part of the population seems to me nothing but English.”

“You shall see, my lord. Do you intend to remain long in Italy?”

"I don't know. Do the English generally remain long?"

"The lords and members of the House of Commons reside here during the holidays; the rich English, who have no parliamentary avocations to attend to, pass their lives in travelling between Naples and Venice; they usually die in Florence. There is scarcely anything but English bones in the churchyards of Florence; but it must be allowed Florence is a very delightful place to die in."

"From what you tell me, Micali, I should be almost induced to suppose that there must be more comfort in Italy than in England; the Italian streets, I look upon it, must be much better paved, much better lighted, have much better and broader causeways than the English streets. Is it so?"

"England—the country—I know thoroughly, your lordship; but I must confess I do not as yet know the English—that is, I do not know them thoroughly. They build themselves the most convenient houses; furnish them in the most costly and elegant manner; their feet tread upon the softest carpets; they lay out the broadest, the most spacious streets; they banish the darkness and inconvenience of night by means of their gas; and when they have done all this—when they have provided every comfort, every luxury which ingenuity and art can devise and nature produce, they box themselves up in their carriages and come over here, where the noblest palaces are, as it were, but hovels in comparison with those they have left behind them. Can your lordship explain this seeming paradox?"

"I! I can explain nothing, Micali; I never could; I was always a bad hand at explanation; it did not lie in my line, you see. To be sincere, with you, Micali, you must know I am no lord—I am not of the nobility—I am not even a doctor—I am nothing but an honest tradesman, and have laboured hard, very hard, for the period of forty years, to gain a fortune. I have become old, as thou seest, in the occupation, and my object in leaving my country is to find a little happiness, a little enjoyment for my considerable wealth. For fifteen years, my sole occupation, from five o'clock in the morning till ten at night, was making knives. Potatoes and ale were my meat and drink; on Sundays I read my Bible. Such was my life even up to last winter. What can I tell thee more? I am now a victim to blue devils;—I would willingly, though it were but for a little time, enjoy somewhat of life, before I am called away for good. Wilt thou assist me, Micali, in this innocent endeavour?"

Micali shook his head compassionately and smiled.

"Poor man!" said he, half audibly; "three quarters of a life spent in making knives and money! Will you allow me to ask you, sir, whether you consider you half naked lazaroni, who never did anything in all his life, who never had an idea of what work was, more miserable than you? For my part, I am half inclined to believe that the real parent of happiness is abject poverty, and that that of which the wealthy *sometimes* boast is nothing but a bastard species."

"Micali, Micali, why thou speakest for all the world like a book. Was not that which you just now said a passage from the *Critical Review*?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I spoke with and to myself. The green island which you see yonder is inhabited solely by fishermen. Their hovels and their nets are all they can call their own; the sea and the sun have tanned and hardened their skins; they have beautiful, and healthy, and vigorous, but ragged wives; their children play about on the strands, or swim about in the water, like the fish on which they live; they are industrious—they must be so—but they sing, and they dance, and they are merry; and the happiness which lights up their miserable hovels is more sincere, more heartfelt, than that which is met with in the splendid saloons of the rich. For them the golden sun deserts his watery bed; for them it is the stars beam forth, and kindle up the heavens; for them it is the waves of the sea continue in their motion; for them the orange tree blooms and blossoms. Take any three of these children of nature, these uncivilized sea-beggars, examine into their hearts, and, by heavens, I will maintain they enjoy their lives and the blessings with which they are surrounded more, much more, than all the millionaires of Great Britain put together, from the king of the Exchange down to the king of cutlers."

Shoffield listened with open mouth and ears to his philosophising servant, who told him things of which he, in his happy ignorance, had never dreamt.

Micali looked out upon the gulf which lay extended before the windows of the hotel, and smiled.

"And thou, Micali," asked his master, after a long pause, "art thou happy?"

"I! I have served four masters, solely for the purpose of humiliating them by my happiness."

"English masters?"

"Englishmen; all rich—very wealthy."

"And what became of them?"

"I buried them, one after the other; they lie upon the Campo Santo de San Spirito. They all enjoyed excellent health, were round-bellied and sleek-headed, and yet they died, contrary to all the rules of medicine. Their disease was the so-called *morbis vite*; this brought them under the earth."

"Micali, if thou continuest to speak in this manner I shall most assuredly become hypochondriacal. Come, let's take a stroll."

Micali conducted his master about Naples. Shoffield was not particularly delighted with what he saw. The streets in Birmingham were, he said, both handsomer and cleaner. Pompeii wearied the honest cutler beyond all measure, and upon the Capo di Monto he yawned most terrifically. Four-days had scarcely expired when his patience was quite exhausted, and he declared to his companion that he had now seen more than enough. Of all he had seen, the Grotta di Cane pleased him most—it gained his entire approbation. The experiments which the officious cicerone made upon three unfortunate half-dead dogs gratified him extremely. Close to him stood one of his countrymen, who, for the album of his mistress, was taking a graphic sketch of the animals in the convulsions of death. Shoffield maintained it was a beautiful scene; he asked the cicerone whence it

came that the place had such influence on the nerves of the canine species, and was not a little proud that he was able to understand the solemn answer that was given him : *la solfara ! la solfara !*—he had read somewhere, but not in Mr. Carfax's Critical, that this was the Italian denomination for sulphur.

In this way, Naples, with all its curiosities, were seen, and there was nothing more than the sea, the sun, the happiness of the inhabitants, music, love, and spring—nothing more. Every packet that arrived brought additional elegies, one, if possible, more doleful than the other. The Toledo Street was, for all the world, like the Strand or Parliament Street ; the English in Naples differed not in the slightest minutiae from the English in London ; they walked about with the same becoming gravity, spoke with the same laudible brevity, and never got out of the way except for a coach or a horse.

"Micali," said Shoffield to his companion, on the morning of the fifth day, "as everything here is just exactly the same as in England, it was scarcely worth while leaving her Britannic majesty's dominions ; besides, the beefsteaks are very bad, the porter scarcely drinkable, the beds very inconvenient, the stairs much too high and steep, and the nights excessively dark. Pray, tell me, what is it the English do here to amuse themselves ? It is true, the Grotta di Cane is most charming, but we might have the very same in Stafford Hill, on the road to Birmingham ; there's a grotto there just like this, and of dogs we have an abundance. I will confess it, Micali—to thee I will confess it—I already feel the return of the blue devils ; I feel, at times, for all the world as if I could not take breath, as if I were about to be suffocated. Do you think it comes from the solfara, Micali ? There's nothing here in Naples which gives me pleasure ; the days here are so shockingly long, the hours creep one after another like spavined horses. I am promised the sight of something very beautiful, something very uncommon, something quite Italian ; I see it, but it does not satisfy me, Micali ; it does not make me happy. No, no ; I tell thee I am dreadfully blue-devilled. What thinkest thou, friend Micali, will the English remain long in this accursed Naples ? I almost fancy I should enjoy myself more if they were not here ; wherever they show themselves, they seem to infect the very air ; they blue-devil the atmosphere itself. Why, in the name of heaven, don't they post off to Florence, and there get buried as soon as they can ?"

"Patience, patience, good master ; it won't last long—depend upon it, it won't last long. An eruption of Vesuvius has just been promised them, and this it is perhaps which detains them. But methinks they will be tired of waiting. Just look at Vesuvius ; see how he laughs at your countrymen. This very morning Mr. Brixton waited upon the English ambassador, and asked him whether he had not sufficient influence to induce the mountain to expectorate, as there were no less than forty English families of rank then in Naples, who had come over for the express purpose of beholding the phenomenon, and who could not possibly be expected to wait in the place until it pleased the mountain to amuse them. The ambassador, a very sensible man, assured Mr. Brixton he would do all he could—he *would* use his influence. Nobody thought of laughing. The Italians are a weak na-

tion; they cannot afford a laugh at the expense of their pockets; and, besides, is not England all powerful? Dare an upstart Italian mountain disobey the wishes of England, speaking through the voice of her ambassador?"

"As regards myself, Micali, I don't care a single straw about your Vesuvius; I don't want to be roasted in his fire, and I am not yet old enough to wish to be swallowed up by an earthquake. These Englishmen are so completely satiated with life, that it is all the same to them what they do, what follies they commit, to get rid of time. I shall leave them, Micali—I cannot stay."

"And where do you intend to go to, Mr. Morfield?"

"I don't know; I expected you to direct me."

"Will you go to Rome?"

"To look at a heap of old stones, which you call ruins, and Englishmen? No, Micali, I've seen enough of both in the last fifty-eight years."

"Will you go to Florence?"

"No."

"What do you think of a tour in and through France?"

"No; my father did not like the French; the aversion is hereditary."

"That's a weighty reason."

"But tell me, in God's name, where am I to go to? I must go somewhere. Have I not got fifteen thousand pounds per annum, and is it not my fixed purpose to enjoy my life?"

"Return to England."

"Did I not tell thee but yesterday I could not return; John has not forgotten me; I shall be persecuted afresh;—and then the policeman I rode over—perhaps killed."

"But you must live somewhere, Mr. Morfield."

"Why, in that respect I am of your opinion."

"What do you think of trying Naples a little longer?"

"No, no; I tell thee, Micali, it would be my death."

"You might visit the Grotta di Cane every day."

"Micali, I almost wish I were poor; my fifteen thousand a year will be my death!"

"Well, then, get rid of them."

"But how, man?—how?"

"Play."

"I always had an insuperable antipathy to gambling-houses."

"Marry."

"Love and fifty-eight! Micali! Micali!"

"Give large companies."

"I can't endure the bustle, the horrid fuss—"

"Well, but what, in the name of all the saints, *does* give you pleasure?"

"I should like to turn cutler again! Would you believe it, Micali? I dream every night I am working in my shop."

"Well, then, turn cutler; buy yourself a bontique in the Toledo Street."

"I don't fancy the climate is adapted for the preparation of the steel."

"Make worse knives, then, than you did in Birmingham; you will easily find customers, and you need not trouble yourselves about it, if they are not so very sharp."

"Bravo, bravo, Micali! I will turn cutler again. Wilt thou be my partner, Micali?"

"Mr. Morfield, I took an interest in you, because you appeared to me to be the best Englishman I had ever met with. One morning, it was on board the packet, I saw the tears standing in your eyes; 'twas the first time I had ever seen English eyes in tears; from that moment I resolved, if possible, to be of service to you. I have since had opportunities of studying your character, and I am convinced that you enjoy more happiness than you can well bear. You were born a tradesman—educated a tradesman—you have been used to work and to hard work—and the very best advice, I can give you is—work. The kid gloves you wear are more oppressive to your hand than a hundred weight of steel would be. I will hire you a convenient workshop—an elegant bontique—and engage you some clever workmen."

"And thou shalt be my partner, Micali, without depositing a shilling of your own!"

"No, no; that's impossible. You will be happy—you won't want me!"

"And pray, why is it impossible, Micali?"

Micali smiled. "Listen to me, Mr. Morfield; you are a man of discretion, you are an honest man; you have confided to me a secret, which, if betrayed, you apprehend would be attended with serious consequences to yourself; I will be no less candid than you have been; confidence begets confidence;—here is my passport, you will there read my name."

Shoffield started back in perfect amazement.

"You see," continued Micali, "I am no less a person than Prince P—— M——. My friends call me a philosophising Russian; my principal study has been the English—their character—at home, travelling, and abroad. In order to attain the object of my endeavours, I have served as footman in the houses of four Englishmen of rank and wealth, and Britain shall yet have cause to speak of me."

Poor Shoffield was greatly perplexed; he would fain have apologized for his familiarity, but he did not know how.

"Don't distress yourself upon that point," said the princely and philosophical Russian; "I am but a man as you are, and am often troubled with the rich man's plague, as is the case with you. I will buy the first dozen of knives you fabricate here in Naples. Come this evening to the San Carlo theatre, and inquire for the box of Prince P—— M——. Adieu!"

The evening arrived, and Shoffield equipped himself in his very best and hastened to San Carlo. He had never seen any other theatre than that in New Street, Birmingham, a miserable stage, miserable performances, actors who sang their parts, and singers who acted their songs.

In the prince's box he met his old friend, dressed as was becoming his station. The opera was Norma; Dupres and Persiana had the chief parts. It was a delightful treat. The English who were pre-

sent were consuming sherbet and playing whist in their several boxes; their ladies, screened behind the curtains, were ogling Dupres. The king of Naples was asleep.

Shoffield first looked at his countrymen and then at his countrywomen, listened for a time to the music, and finally, in imitation of his Neapolitan majesty, fell fast asleep.

When he awoke the prince was gone, and Shoffield found in his place a paper, on which was written the following:

"An over-abundance of civilisation, founded upon materialism, produces a disease of the soul, which not unfrequently proves fatal to the body. A long street, straight and even as the architect's sketch on the paper,—a high road, kept with all the nicety and cleanliness of an alley in a gentleman's park,—a house, in which every finger has its peculiar apartment—are, without doubt, beautiful inventions; but unfortunately, man is not born to walk through life on velvet carpets alone; disagreeables are actually necessary and indispensable; too great convenience, and comfort, and elegance, and refinement, often prove fatal to him to whose lot they fall. Hypochondriacism was born by gaslight, in one of the most elegant and luxurious houses in the West-end of London.

"I have known many—very many niggards, whom ennui had pretty nearly brought to the grave. I could not understand their characters at first. It is so very easy, thought I, to exchange a piece of gold for a diversion—an amusement. But these unfortunate Croesuses possess a certain instinct which prevents them from giving any one a shilling to whom the gift would prove a source of happiness, because in such case they produce a state of happiness in another, which they themselves cannot enjoy, but must needs covet. Avarice is not always an animal fondness for useless wealth; it is not unfrequently a deep calculation based on human depravity.

"The English have committed greater devastations in Italy than Theodoric or Attila. They could not make use of it as a remedy for the disease from which they suffered, and, in revenge, they have robbed it of its poetry, they have transformed it into miserable prose;—they have made of it an English ordinary, an English nursery, an English fashionable stable.

"Take the poorest Neapolitan for six months to London, give him an abundance to live upon, make him a present of a palace, place at his disposal carriages and horses, furnish him with a superfluity of gold,—and before half a year has expired, he will sigh for his sun, for his heaven, for his sea; he will be unhappy—he will be hypochondriacal—as are the wealthy Englishmen here."

Eight days after the last interview between Shoffield and Micali, a sign was hung out before a small shop in the Toledo Street, with the inscription—"The Birmingham Cutler."

Shoffield is at the present moment enjoying a very enviable state of happiness. He makes an excursion to the Grotta di Cane every Sunday.

ON A ROSE FADING, GIVEN BY A LADY.

BY EDGAR GARSTON, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "GREECE REVISITED."

POETS have sung that when the lovely rose,
Of flowers the fairest, from its parent tree
Is torn, and droops and dies, its perfume grows
More potent and of greater purity ;
And then, in moral mood, a type they see
In that fair flower of spirits pure and great,
Which, albeit on earth they glorious be,
Will rise in worlds beyond to loftier state,
Where, like the rose's sweets, their brightness will dilate.

So will the spirit now enshrined in thee,
A spirit fair within as fair a shrine,
Pure though it be, in greater purity
One day be robbed ; meanwhile the lot be thine
To move through paths in life where roses twine,
Shedding all fragrance on thy graceful head,
And blooming still—and I will not repine,
Though rude and lonely be the path I tread,
And strewn with flowers, like that you gave, all withered.

In sooth, e'en though my path were arched with flowers,
And Fortune's, Nature's gifts, around were spread,
Bedecking it with gemm'd and perfumed bowers,—
In vain those flowers would wave above my head,
In vain each gem its brilliant rays would shed,
And "rude and lonely" were the path for me,
Unless by thee 'twere graced and cherished—
Unless my glance might ever rest on thee,
My arm with thine, my thoughts with thine entwined be.

Perchance a smile from thee may wait the thought ;
But I have lived in lands where destinies
Do wait on omens, and where flowers are fraught
With fates and feelings, and may not despise :
Such auguries ; and as before me lies
The rose thou gav'st in pledge of amity,
A broken, faded flower—albeit I prize
It still—it warns me that thy memory
Of him to whom 'twas giv'n may all as transient be.

SAVINDROOG.¹

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TOURNAMENT.

A SERIES of magnificent entertainments, mutually given by the Rajah and his royal guests, was now about to be crowned with a splendid display of chivalry ; in which the princely suitors of the Begum were each to bear a part, and "witch the world" with glorious feats of arms. Proclamation was accordingly made that, for three successive days, the Rajah of Mysore, assisted by his royal and puissant friends, now sojourning at his Court, would hold solemn tilt and tournament for the entertainment of all true lovers of chivalry ; and in especial honour of the Begum, whose fair hand was to distribute the prizes to the several knights according to their respective merits. Many a gallant Rajpoot obeyed the welcome summons, ambitious to break a lance in honour of the Fawn-eyed maid : and brightly beamed the sleepy eye of many a young and lovely dame, in whose vivid imagination rose visions of conquest and pictures of captive princes, crowns and musnuds, undoubted sacrifices to unrivalled charms. Thus sweetly spring the fountains of hope in the youthful breast, when Love and Joy unceasing pour their treasures to crown the flowery feast of life, and all the world untouched by sorrow seems one continued jubilee.

The preparations for the Tournament were on a scale commensurate with the great occasion which had brought so many crowned heads together, in amicable contest for the hand of a bride whose unequalled charms were so admirably set off by the splendid dowry of a rich and flourishing kingdom. All that power and opulence could command, or art and ingenuity invent, were freely contributed to grace this high and interesting festival ; and visitors of both sexes poured in from the remotest boundaries of the Deccan, to witness a combination of beauty, bravery and splendor such as bade fair to eclipse all preceding exhibitions of a similar nature.

The first day of the festival was ushered in with strains of martial music and the joyous acclamations of the multitude, looking forward with delight to the anticipated pageantry. The pipe and tabor mingled their simple notes with the brazen blasts of the trumpet, resounding along the verdant shores of the Cauvery, whose tranquil bosom was crowded with boats and barges laden with merry makers hastening to the field. The knights, lodged in their respective pavilions, were arming for the contest, with headless lance, and bossy shield, and golden helm and light cuirass ; while their mettled chargers neighed aloud and pawed the ground, as if conscious of, and impatient for the noble strife of spears. Meanwhile the toilet's needful care employed the young Rajpootni dames, no less sedulously occupied in

¹ Continued from p. 132.

investing their fair forms with the dazzling panoply of the loves and graces; and underneath the sly Sarie many a smile shot forth invincible, while arrows glanced from many an eye, as the poet Calidasa sweetly sings,

“ With venom and ambrosia tipp’d.”

The lists were pitched upon the plain not far from the sacred stream of the Cauvery, and countless multitudes of every rank and age flocked thither with eager curiosity; all burning with impatience for the coming spectacle. Some were perched upon the lofty trees that overlooked the lists: some in gilded carriages of varied form, thronged to the scene of action: some pranced gaily forward on their bounding steeds: others gazed on the glorious sight from the humps of their patient camels, whose silver bells and lively trappings increased the splendor of the day; while over all the towering elephants supported their glittering howdahs, decorated with gold and silken flags, and filled with elegant and joyous company. In the centre of the plain had been erected a portable silver gallery, of lofty height, over which was extended a beautiful semiana or awning, while the floor was spread with Persian carpets of the richest tints and texture. Here on golden musnuds sat the Rajah, the Rane, and the Begum, attended by a splendid train of noble Rajpoot dames, whose sparkling eyes gave additional lustre to the brilliant scene. Behind the Rajah's throne stood a venerable assemblage of sage and learned Pundits, discoursing with looks profound of days long past, renowned for deeds of chivalry that cast into the shade the puny efforts of modern and degenerate times. The Royal gallery was surrounded, more from etiquette than necessity, with the Ghorakurras, or body guard of the Rajah, a splendid body of cavalry; all excellent swordsmen, and equally expert with the lance and matchlock. Their superb costume consisted of an under tunic of padded crimson silk, over which they wore ornamented chain armour of the most beautiful workmanship, covering almost every vulnerable part. Their headdress consisted of a conical turban of bright yellow silk, surmounted by a brazen head-piece, from which the chain armour descended, and which was crowned with long waving heron plumes. Their horses were splendidly caparisoned, and armed at all points with brass mail; and, in short, nothing could be more grandly picturesque than the appearance of this noble and devoted body of household troops, the command of which had been conferred, as a special mark of favour, on the gallant Kistna, at the period of his investiture with a still more interesting honour, the Bracelet of the Begum.

At length the silver trumpets pealed forth a martial charge, the barriers of the lists were thrown open, and the gallant knights chosen for the course rode into the arena, with vizor up and lance in hand; their noble steeds proudly pawing the earth, and prancing beneath their riders, as if they felt that half the glory of the day was due to them; while many a fair face glowed with delight at their gorgeous pageantry, and deafening shouts pealed from the surrounding multitude. Every Knight was preceded by a herald, mounted on a gallant charger, and bearing a silken penon, on which was embla-

zoned the armorial bearings* of his lord ; symbols which were familiar to the feudatories of Rajasthan and the Deccan long before they were known to the nations of the West. Ever and anon each herald also proclaimed aloud the style and titles of his lord, adding thereto a florid description, *ad libitum*, of his deeds of arms and the glory of his race, while the air resounded with repeated cries of "The Refuge of the World !"—"The Asylum of Nations !" "The Lion of War !" "The Pillar of Council !" "The Sword of Battle !" with many other still more exaggerated terms of oriental magniloquence.

Every knight was also attended by a squire, or armour bearer, displaying his master's shield, which bore some badge of fame or quaint device, bestowed by some gentle land, or won in the battle field. On one in high relief was carved the Battle-axe of proud Cochin. From another gleamed the deadly sword of Malabar, still bearing the purple stain that bespoke the triumph of the adventurous Zamorin. One bore in letters of gold the well known battle cry of the Rajpoots "Rama ! Rama ! Victory !" and another displayed an embossed figure of a horse and the sun, a sacred badge which every Rajpoot wears round his neck, and which receives his daily adoration. But every eye was turned to where the gallant Kistna sat, like a pillar of adamant, on the cream-coloured steed of Coorga, which had borne him through many a glorious exploit, though so gentle in his nature that even the Begum not unfrequently administered his food to the noble animal. The ample shield of the hero displayed, on an azure ground, a golden bracelet encircled with Lotus buds, the symbol of his newly-invested character of Champion to the Fawn-eyed maid ; and his noble bearing showed that he was eminently worthy of the distinguished honor. In this order the Knights proceeded thrice round the lists, receiving the salutations of their respective friends ; while the waving of handkerchiefs from howdahs and galleries evinced the lively interest taken in the mimic war by the fair part of the audience.

At length, all ready for the combat, these chosen spirits of the land drew up before the Royal gallery, to receive the orders of the Rajah, and imbibe an additional impulse from the galaxy of bright eyes which "rained" their "influence" on the martial pageant. They then separated into two equal parties ; and, closing their vizors and assuming their shields, they moved off at a stately pace to either end of the lists, in order to gain commodious space to run their course, while gentle hearts were beating high with hope or doubt of the triumph of their respective friends or favourites.

The brazen trumpet now poured forth the signal of preparation for the charge, and the two opposing bodies of gallant cavaliers laid their lances in the rest, and fixed themselves firmly in their saddles for the onslaught. At the third blast of the trumpet the generous steeds dashed forward with irresistible impetuosity, thundering along the hollow sounding turf, and raising a cloud of dust, which thickened as

* Armorial bearings, in the real heraldic sense of the term, of which neither Greece nor Rome knew anything, appear certainly to distinguish the shields and banners of the feudatories of Rajasthan.—*Tod's Annals of Rajpootana.*

they advanced towards each other, and totally obscured them as they met midway; when the crashing of spears against the opposing bucklers loudly proclaimed the shock of battle, and elevated the feelings of the spectators to a pitch of intense anxiety. At length, emerging from the cloud of dust, the combatants reappeared all gallantly seated in their saddles, and retaining in their hands only the fragments of their lances, which had been splintered to atoms in the shock. Loud and continued shouts of triumph rent the sky at this happy termination of the first course; and wreaths and garlands of flowers were thrown into the lists by many a fair spectator, desirous of evincing thus her admiration of the courage of some gallant favourite.

Again the knights renewed their lances for another course, while the approving smiles of beauty nerved their arms with fresh vigour. Again they sprang forward with unabated courage, and met in mid career with clanging shield and shattered lance. But they parted not now as on the first occasion; for the learned Rajah of Tanjore, whose studious life had somewhat unfitted him for the rough encounters of chivalry, was rudely unhorsed; and young Berar, whose manly vigour was rather impaired by the effeminacy of the Harem, shared a similar fate, while many others were seen tottering in their saddles amidst the din of arms. Stung with the shame of their defeat, the two royal suitors limped off the ground, disdaining, however, the assistance of their attendants; and, ascending their stately elephants, reposed in their howdahs after the fatigue of such unwonted exertions.

With unabated ardour those who kept the field renewed their honourable toils, and ran fresh courses with unwearied strength and skill: but throughout the glories of the day the "Bracelet" still maintained its proud pre-eminence, and every new career added fresh victory to the Rakhi-bund Bauee. While many lay extended on the plain, and others tottered in their saddles at every shock, the gallant Kistna rode every course unmoved in his seat, but conquering still; and even beneath his invincible spear the haughty Zamorin of Malabar measured his gigantic length upon the ground.

But human powers must yield beneath extraordinary exertions, and every new course now sensibly thinned the ranks of the combatants: at length the Rajah made a signal for the cessation of the day's sport; and the loud clangour of the royal clarions summoned the victors to receive from the fair hands of the Begum the rewards due to their skill and gallantry. They accordingly drew up in front of the royal gallery, amidst the admiring gaze of crowding beauties, all eagerly scanning the forms and features of the gallant cavaliers, whose late resplendent panoply was now all battered and begrimed with dust. Without a moment's hesitation the judges of the field decreed the first prize of victory to the knight of the Bracelet; and the delighted Lachema, trembling with ill concealed emotion, rose from her musnud to crown the triumph of her lover, when the wild blast of a Collary horn suddenly burst on the astonished ears of the multitude, and a herald's voice at the barrier of the Lists loudly demanded admittance for a stranger knight, ambitious of breaking a lance in honour of the fawn-eyed fair.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INCOGNITO.

Intense and overwhelming curiosity filled every breast at the unexpected summons, and its somewhat singular and abrupt mode of delivery: every eye was directed to the Barrier, where a Knight of noble bearing appeared, attended by a numerous and martial band, clad in chain armour, with lance and shield and vizor down, as if prepared for immediate action should necessity require such an extremity. A second shrill blast of the Collary horn, accompanied by another summons, still more haughtily delivered than the first, induced the Rajah at length to direct the warders of the ground to give admittance to the stranger knight, who seemed so anxious to partake, though at so late an hour, of the day's amusement.

The Barriers were accordingly thrown open; and the unknown cavalier, accompanied by his squire, sprang forward, with lance in rest and vizor carefully closed, towards the royal gallery. The charger of the Knight, a dark bay steed with black legs, was of that beautiful and excellent breed peculiar to the banks of the Beemah river, so highly esteemed by the Mahrattas. With powerful and graceful action he cleared the ground with rapid pace, as if he bore a feather on his back; while every eye scanned with eager curiosity the gallant rider, who was clad from head to foot in shining mail, the links of which were all of burnished steel, and glittered in the sun with intense radiance. The plumage of his headpiece consisted of a vulture's wing: his lance was not of the harmless description generally used in the tournament, but armed as if for mortal combat, and his shield was of transparent Rhinoceros hide, studded with silver knobs. His armorial bearing was simply an arrow in a blood-red field, encircled by the quaint and very obscure motto

*By molten lead
My hopes are fed.*

Numerous were the conjectures and surmises occasioned by the apparition of the unknown cavalier amongst the Royal party; but, though all appeared much struck with his elegant form and gallant bearing, his curious motto did not fail to excite some criticism.

"The man is well enough," said the princess Louli; "and, if her highness would spare him from her already numerous stock of lovers, a maiden of humbler claims might choose him for her champion in the tourney; though I should almost fear both his love and his courage partook of the qualities of his motto."

"Then his love must be of the melting kind," cried the sage Odiaver, with a chuckle at his own wit, "for the lead on which he builds his hopes, must, as you perceive, lie in the crucible."

"Methinks," said the Begum, "that the wit of the Pundit is as brilliant as the metal of the stranger, and they might run a tilt together with equal chance of success."

A general laugh at this royal sally ran round the circle, which was most enthusiastically joined in by the Pundit himself, who was

about to compliment the Begum in his usual strain of high-flown pægyric: he was interrupted, however, by the unknown knight; who, with a graceful bow to the Rajah, and a most elaborate one to the Begum, requested permission to break a spear in honor of the Fawn-eyed maid.

"Gallant knight," said the Rajah, "for your bearing proclaims you no less, right gladly would the Begum have accepted the courtesy of your offer had you appeared earlier on the field: but the sports of the day are now drawing to a close; and we therefore pray you to partake of our hospitality this night, and to defer your manly purpose till the morrow."

"Puissant monarch," replied the stranger, whose voice sounded hollow through the bars of his vizor, "your hospitality I must perforce decline; being bound by sacred vow to partake of no festivity, and to suffer no canopy over my head by night or day but the blue vault of heaven, until certain wrongs which I have sustained shall be redressed. Permit me, therefore, once more to claim the pleasure of a course, which I and my gallant band have ridden many a weary league this day to run, in honour of the Peerless Begum of Mysore, to whose favour I proclaim myself a humble but a devoted aspirant, and whose superior beauty I am prepared to maintain in all that becomes a true knight and sworn Champion."

"Brave stranger," rejoined the Rajah, "the Begum highly appreciates the honor of your good intentions; and will doubtless feel further gratified by the courtesy of raising your vizor, and displaying to our view the features of her unknown champion, whose style and title she is also anxious to learn."

"It grieves me to the soul," said the stranger, "that fate compels me to disobey the very first commands of my sovereign and liege lady; but the solemn vow before mentioned, forbids me also to disclose not only my features but my rank and name, until the accomplishment of my just revenge."

"Doubtless," said the Rajah, "the laws of chivalry may, on great and pressing occasions, dispense with the disclosure of name or person, under the sanction of a solemn vow; but the tilters in this day's sport are all of regal degree or royal lineage, and may not, perchance, deem it meet to run a course with one whose rank is unknown, though all must acknowledge the gallantry of his bearing."

"Nay, nay," cried the stranger, with a scornful laugh, "these be childish difficulties, unworthy to stand as obstacles in the march of chivalry. Let those whose heads are adorned with the circle of royalty avail themselves of such; but yonder knight who bears the Bracelet on his shield has no such claim, and him I challenge to the course: unless, indeed," and here he renewed his unseemly laughter, "he also should find some excuse for not disputing with me the honours of the day and the peerless smiles of the Fawn-eyed maid."

The Rajah was about, somewhat sharply, to decline the proffered trial, for he did not altogether approve of the manner of the unknown cavalier; but Kistna interposed, and besought the indulgence of his sovereign. A call to the field, he said, under any circumstances, he never did, and never would decline; and it certainly required not the

additional stimulus urged by the stranger to induce him to accept his challenge.

The ground was accordingly cleared, and the knights were furnished with tilting spears, the stranger having confided his own formidable lance to his squire. They then moved to either end of the lists, and wheeling their chargers round, stood opposed to each other and ready to start at the given signal. Every eye was bent on these gallant rivals in the generous strife of martial fame, and every bosom beat with almost a divided interest in the triumph or defeat of each; for, though Kistna was a great and deservedly popular favourite, yet there was an air of romance and unhesitating courage about the stranger that excited a lively interest in his favour in many a gentle breast.

Under these favourable auspices the trumpet sounded thrice, and the gallant coursers, snorting with impatience, sprang forward with a vigour and velocity that required all the dexterity of their respective riders to keep within proper bounds. Throughout the whole of their career they were plainly discernible to all; for those clouds of dust no longer existed which had before obstructed the view of the spectators, and when they met the terrible crash of their spears excited the most lively apprehensions for the result. The brittle wood, however, flew in splinters around, and both knights retained their seats; the stranger somewhat shaken in his saddle, but the noble Kistna as steady as if horse and man formed one and the same animal.

The tilters, according to custom, having made their respective bows to the Royal gallery, the Rajah complimented them on their distinguished prowess; and suggested that, as the honorable ambition of the unknown knight had thus been gratified by the first cavalier of Mysore, the sports of the day should be brought to a termination.

This, however, was contrary to the wish of both parties; and the stranger particularly insisting on another breathing for himself and his gallant steed, the Rajah consented, with the express understanding that it should be the last. The brave opponents were, therefore, furnished with fresh lances, and proceeded to take up their ground as before.

From some latent cause or other, a shade of anxiety clouded the lovely brow of the Begum; and with more than her usual acuteness she observed the motions of the stranger, whose manner, from the commencement did not seem to yield her any peculiar gratification. On quitting the Royal gallery to take up his ground, she remarked that he spoke for an instant to his squire, as he rode past him; and that the latter thenceforward attached himself closely to his master's side, as if busily engaged in arranging some part of his charger's harness, which might have been disordered by the preceding encounter. This she considered somewhat unusual, and altogether different from the conduct of Kistna, who sedulously refrained from all communication whatever with any one, after he had quitted the Royal gallery. Before she had time, however, to make an observation to any one on the subject, the signal was given for the charge, and both knights had started in full career; but the anxious eye of the Begum was not to be deceived, and quick as lightning she exclaimed:

"Treason ! treason ! the stranger has changed his lance !"

Suddenly the trumpets sounded the recall, and the heralds cried out to Kistna at the utmost stretch of their voices to avoid the blow, but it was too late ; the tilters met in mid career, and fearful was the crash of arms. A groan of horror burst from every individual of the Royal party, who fully expected to witness the instant death of the noble and unsuspecting youth beneath the dastardly treachery of his unknown antagonist ; who, when in the act of commencing his career, had actually exchanged his tilting spear for the long and deadly lance he had confided to his squire. But the gallant Rajpoot kept his steady seat uninjured ; while the stranger was fairly lifted from the saddle and flung rudely upon the earth, amidst a pealing shout of joy from the indignant multitude, which rent the very heavens.

As if disabled by the shock, the stranger lay motionless on the spot whereon he fell ; and the generous conqueror, ever prompt to aid the vanquished, and totally unconscious of the treachery which had been practised against himself by the fallen recreant, instantly sprang from his horse to assist him. The vanquished knight was in a state of insensibility ; and his face and neck were so swollen and inflamed that Kistna found it impossible to undo the buckles of his helmet sufficiently quick to prevent suffocation. In the hurry of the moment, he therefore drew a dagger with which the fallen knight was furnished, and knelt down in order to cut the leathern straps of his head piece ; when, with a wild and terrific yell, the squire of the unknown cavalier flew like lightning to the spot, and ere the blow could be foreseen, or warded, struck at the noble Kistna with his tulwar, the trenchant blade penetrating the light brazen casque used in the tournament, and inflicting a deep and dangerous wound on his manly brow.

Upsprung the Rajpoot to his feet, and swinging his massy gauntlet round, dashed the traitor to the earth ; then planting his iron heel on the wretch's breast, he drew forth his glittering falchion ; but ere he gave the meditated death, bold Vega, for he it was that lay in this perilous extremity, exclaimed in hardy accents :

"Strike and spare not,* but the deed will be honored by the brave. I have saved my chief from the shameful death you sought to give him, and willingly do I resign my life. Then strike ! but view my steady gaze and learn how well a Bheel can die !"

But Kistna sheath'd his threatening steel and did not strike his prostrate foe. Like the sandal tree that sheds its perfume† even on the axe that lops its leafy honours, the noble Rajpoot, in the midst of his agony, pardoned the rash mistaken wretch who had made so deadly

* Ignorant and superstitious to a degree, the Bheels are devoted to their chiefs, whose command is a law which they implicitly obey. To kill another when their Turwee desires, or to suffer death themselves appears to them equally a matter of indifference.—*Malcolm's Central India*.

† The beautiful Arya couplet, which was written at least three centuries before our æra, pronounces the duty of a good man, even in the moment of his destruction, to consist not only in forgiving, but even in a desire of benefitting, his destroyer, as the Sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it.—*Sir W. Jones*.

an attempt on his own life, and thus gave vent to the generous feelings of his breast.

"I sought to save your master from his fate, yet in the very act, in your mistaken zeal, you have endeavoured to destroy me. But though beneath my vengeful arm your life is justly forfeit, you are safe; for sword of mine shall never strike such rare but fierce fidelity." A dizziness, occasioned by loss of blood, here seized on the gallant Rajpoot, and he sank into the arms of his squire who was the first that arrived on the apparently fatal spot.

The occurrence which has occupied so long a space in the relation, passed so rapidly before the wondering eyes of the spectators, that no one could possibly interfere until all was concluded, and the unrivalled champion of Mysore was apparently slain by an obscure serving man in the moment of victory, and in the very midst of his admiring friends and adherents. To describe the confusion in the royal gallery exceeds the power of language. The hapless Begum, who thus beheld the cup of happiness dashed from her lips, when it was full to overflowing, fell into violent convulsions at the apparent slaughter of her adored Kistna; and together with the Ranee, whose condition was very little better, was conveyed to the palace, in the midst of their weeping and terrified attendants.—The Rajah whose heart was torn asunder, as it were, between anxiety for those two beings who were dearest to his breast, and pity for the fate of the noble youth whom he looked to as the bulwark of his throne, and his probable successor on the musnud, had yet sufficient presence of mind to order the immediate seizure of the treacherous cause of all the mischief and confusion, which had thus unhappily terminated a day of anticipated happiness.

The Heralds accordingly seized on the fallen knight and his devoted squire, who when released from the iron grasp of the Rajpoot had employed himself in restoring his master to life; and they were about to hurry them off to prison, when a shout of defiance rose from the band of the unknown traitor. Bursting open the barrier gate they rushed forward to the rescue; while the numerous spectators, anticipating more bloodshed, fled in terror and confusion from the field, as fast as their respective vehicles could carry them. Great was then the tumult and disorder of the scene; elephants, camels, horses and carriages of every description were flying in all directions; crossing, jostling and oversetting each other, amidst shouting, yelling, screaming and cries of battle. Nor were there wanting some occurrences which irresistibly produced laughter even amidst the general panic.—Amongst these may be noticed the ludicrous figure presented by the sage Pundit Oodiaver; who, in his dress of honour, and divested of his turban, which had vanished in the *melée*, sat astride on a Brahminy bull, labouring with hand and heel to urge the stupified beast forward from the reach of danger. Having excited the risibility of the spectators for a longer period than was at all agreeable to himself, the *ci-devant* Vakeel and his unwieldy steed at length plunged into a mass of flying spectators, on foot and on horseback, and was finally carried by the torrent to a comfortable distance from the scene of action. ●

Meanwhile, as before related, the numerous and well armed band of the unknown knight galloped forward with all speed to the rescue, and would have ultimately succeeded in carrying off their Chief, under favour of the general confusion that prevailed; but that splendid corps of Ghorakurraa, the Household troops of the Rajah, before described, in one magnificent and overwhelming charge, fairly swept them from the field; not, however, before numerous wounds were mutually exchanged, and several gallant souls were divorced from their respective bodies on both sides. The ground being at length cleared, and the defeated strangers scattered and hunted into the jungle, the traitor knight, who had at length recovered his senses, and his faithful squire, were conveyed into Srirungaputtun, and confined in separate dungeons in the state prison of that majestic city.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GENTLE LEECH.

Meanwhile the gallant Kistna was borne, in a state of insensibility, to the palace of the Rajah, amidst the sighs and lamentations of the sorrowing spectators; who could only be prevented from tearing to atoms the perpetrators of the atrocious deed, by the utmost efforts of the guard to whose custody they had been consigned. The most experienced Leeches of the Royal establishment, were instantly in attendance on the warrior's couch: even the gentle Lachema, herself, did not disdain to contribute her assistance to the recovery of her Bracelet-bound brother; for it was the fashion of the day for maidens of high birth to acquire such a knowledge of Leech-craft as might render them efficient aids in cases of sudden sickness, or the casualties of war, which were of frequent, and too often unexpected occurrence in that age of chivalry and romantic adventure. The humane and benevolent disposition of the Begum gave her a natural bias to the study of the healing art; and the able instructions of a venerable Brahmin, who had sedulously devoted a long life to the development of its most hidden mysteries, aided by her natural acuteness and high intellect, combined to render her a first-rate proficient. Many, indeed, were the extraordinary cures attributed to the skill of the Begum; and as she never refused her assistance to those who required it, and generally accompanied her prescriptions with pecuniary gifts, where the objects were needy and deserving, it will be easily conceived that she had at all times a numerous list of patients, amongst whom she did not fail to acquire great experience and a prompt and decided mode of practice.

Never before were the talents and the self-possession of the Begum put to so severe a test as on the present occasion; for the keen blade of the assassin had cut deep, and left a fearful gash on the manly brow of her lover, though happily it narrowly missed the vital spot, on which a wound would have set at defiance all her skill and affectionate solicitude. Under the superintendence of her venerable master, who seemed more confident in her assistance than in that of his professional brethren, she cleansed the unseemly gash and ap-

plied the necessary styptics, with a delicate and steady gentleness of touch which deprived the operation of all unnecessary delay or pain: and from her own observation, as well as the assurance of her sage instructor, she speedily came to the happy conviction that, though the wound was severe, it was by no means dangerous.

In a few days all apprehension for the fate of the gallant Kistna had entirely subsided, and the people looked forward to see their admired champion once more speedily restored to the field, to witness the punishment, which all anxiously anticipated, of his treacherous opponents. One evening the Begum was sitting by the couch of her patient, who was enjoying a light and easy slumber, the signal of returning health; and conversing with her royal mother and the venerable Leech in those subdued tones befitting a sick chamber. The Chieftain's shield reclined against the wall, decorated by the fair hand of the Fawn-eyed maid, with a garland of lotus and jasmine; in compliment, as it were, to the fidelity with which it had protected the breast of her champion, against the treacherous attempt of his base antagonist. Firmly fixed in the very centre of the bracelet which decorated the buckler was the glittering steel head of a broken lance; whose deadly point had been directed against the hero's breast with so true an aim, by the unknown traitor, that nothing but the superior quality of the material which composed the shield prevented the accomplishment of his atrocious design. As the Begum viewed the deadly steel, and reflected on the all but fatal wound under which the noble Kistna was even then suffering, the native courage of her soul felt a sudden chill; and, while tears gushed to her eyes, she sighed to think how nigh to shameful death the hero had been brought beneath the double treachery. Her well regulated mind, however, soon acknowledged the protecting power of heaven, put forth at a moment when every earthly hope was vain; and her pious soul overflowed with gratitude and thanksgiving, for this signal defeat of so foul and deliberate an attempt of an unknown and apparently most desperate enemy.

The slumber of the patient, who was now in a rapid state of convalescence having terminated, he joined in the conversation of his affectionate attendants; and while he declared to the Begum, in the words of the poet, that her presence was ambrosia to his sight, and the contact of her lovely hand like fragrant sandal, he besought her to yield to others the further progress of his cure. Her extraordinary skill and attention, he said, had snatched him from the tomb, and endued him with life and hope until then a stranger to his breast, for which an age of gratitude and devoted services would be only a poor recompense: but the atmosphere of a sick chamber was incompatible with that rosy health which it would be his delight at all times to see her enjoy; and he therefore entreated her to relax in those attentions from which he had already derived such solid benefit and heartfelt gratification.

"Noble Chief," said the Ranee, "in ascribing your cure to the well-known skill and perseverance of the Begum, we must not forget to return thanks to her protecting goddess, the sea-born Lachema, who has endued her with mental power adequate to the task; and,

under her, to the skilful instructions of the venerable Wadeyar, the most distinguished of our Mysorean Leeches."

The Brahmin bowed meekly and respectfully at the compliment, and replied that, without the imputation of flattery, he would not hesitate to ascribe to the singular skill and assiduity of his royal pupil the happy cure of their gallant Chief, whose great patience and docility had eminently seconded her able efforts.

"A truce with compliments," said the Begum, "and let us give the praise, where it is due, to that power which protects the virtuous, and baffles the designs of the wicked. Let us also endeavour to discover the real author of this daring outrage, for I can only look on the two apparent actors as mere instruments in the hands of some more powerful miscreant still undiscovered."

"The advice of the Begum," said the Brahmin, "is most judicious, for thereby will the punishment fall on the instigator of the crime, who is, by many degrees, the greatest criminal, and his further designs will also be effectually baffled."

"But herein," observed the Ranee, "lies the difficulty; for the unknown traitor, since his imprisonment, has preserved a stubborn and determined silence; and his band of desperadoes were either so utterly destroyed or scattered by that charge of the Body Guard, of which all speak in terms of the highest eulogium, that none were captured capable of throwing any light whatever on the mystery."

"I," said the Begum, "have considered the matter in every possible point of view, but confess myself entirely at a loss to form any judgment on the matter. In vain have I reflected on the curious motto of the stranger: it is a mere riddle, and may, after all, derive its origin from some affected singularity, or vapid impertinence. I have also vainly examined the spear-head, hoping to discover by the maker's name, or some other mark, which I believe weapons of that kind generally bear, some clue to the mystery: but name or peculiar mark it has none, though undoubtedly fabricated by an artist who well understood his sanguinary trade."

"There yet remains," said the Ranee, "one hope of discovery; for though the Knight, as the principal traitor, may meet his death with sealed lips, to save his family from participating in his disgrace, the sight of the scaffold may have such an effect on his squire as to induce—"

"How!" exclaimed Kistna, starting up on the couch where he had been reclining, "Did I understand your Majesty that the squire of that stranger is also in durance?"

"Right certainly he is," replied the Ranee, "for when, by an unparalleled stretch of generosity, you spared the wretch's life, instead of flying from his doom, as he might have done in the *melée*, he occupied himself in restoring his fallen master to his senses, and was seized and committed to prison with the *caitiff*."

A stifled groan burst from the generous-minded warrior, as he earnestly besought both the Ranee and the Begum to save him from the disgrace which he felt must attach to his name by the execution of a wretch, however criminal, who had received his pardon. "The unhappy enthusiast," he said, "acted entirely under a mistaken notion

that I was about to kill his master, when I was actually desirous of saving him from suffocation. Under this impression he merited and received my pardon; and though you may characterize the act as weakness or mistaken lenity, never let it be said that Kistna spared his enemy in the field to slay him on the scaffold!"

The noble sentiment of the Chief met with a ready echo in the breast of the Begum, and she freely promised that on that subject at least he should have nothing to reproach himself with. She then retired with her royal mother, and left the delighted Kistna to his repose. Half an hour after, the obsequious Coornavati was summoned to a private conference with her royal mistress, who was impatient until she had accomplished the wishes of her lover.

When the subtle Cashmerian arrived, the fawn-eyed maid addressed her with more than usual gravity of manner, as follows:

"You will readily acknowledge, Coornavati, that I have invariably distinguished you above all my other attendants: this, indeed, is nothing more than is due to your fidelity and intelligence, two qualities which I am now about to put to a trying test."

The Cashmerian was eloquent in her expressions of gratitude, and her offers of service, and the Begum continued:

"The matter at present in hand is one of the most paramount importance to me and to the noble knight I have chosen for my champion. It is one in which you, of all persons, can render me the most essential service; and relates, in short, to the atrocious traitor and his wretched squire who have made so detestable an attempt on the life of Kistna."

A sudden tremor shook the frame of the Cashmerian at these words of the princess, and a deadly paleness overspread her features, in spite of that admirable self command of which she was so complete a mistress; for a suspicion shot across her mind that her real character and connexions were at length known to the Begum. She had been present at the tournament, and felt but little difficulty in penetrating the mystery of the unknown knight; though utterly unconscious of the project of Kempé, whom she still believed to be concealed in the jungle, waiting patiently the maturity of those plans which had been settled between them for preventing the union on which the fate of the Bheel depended. The imprisonment of the false knight and his devoted squire had thrown her into an agony of dread; as the almost certain destruction of the former would not only blast her hopes of the musnud, but would probably lead to disclosures which might compromise her own personal safety. Under this impression she had continued in a fever of anxiety ever since, and she now verily thought, from the language and manner of the Begum, that the denouement of the plot had at length arrived.

"I wonder not, Coornavati," resumed the princess, "at the horror you appear to feel on the bare mention of two such atrocious caittifs as those who have made this double attempt on the life of Kistna. Their treachery must be revolting to every virtuous mind; but it is supposed that there is one still behind the curtain who is even more wicked than they: know you of any Coornavati upon whom suspicion may reasonably fall?"

This point-blank question confirmed the Cashmerian still more in her impression that all was discovered and she stammered out some unintelligible words in her confusion.

"Well, well," said the princess, "you are averse, I see, to throw suspicion on any one, and I cannot blame your delicacy; but this has no connexion with the subject on which I require your assistance. You remarked, of course, the wretched assassin who struck the gallant Kistna with his sword, when in the act of rendering assistance to the traitor knight whom he had overcome in the tourney."

"Yes—no—that is—I did,"—stammered out the puzzled Cashmerian.

"That unhappy wretch," said the Begum, "must be saved, Coornavati, and by you."

"In the name of Door—of Vishnu, I mean," cried the astonished dancer, "how can I save him, and why?"

"You, of all others," replied the Begum, "are the most fitting person for this difficult task, and the mode of execution I am now about to explain to you."

The bewildered Cashmerian gazed on her royal mistress, in doubt whether to think she was jesting with her agony, or actually bereft of her own senses. With intense anxiety, therefore, she listened to what followed.

"You doubtless remarked," resumed the princess, "how generously the noble Kistna spared the life of the prostrate assassin, from the consideration that he had acted through mistaken zeal and blind fidelity to his master. Many, under such circumstances, would content themselves with this splendid act of forbearance; but Kistna, who carries the principle of generosity far beyond the ken of vulgar mortals, cannot bear that his pardon should be set aside, as it were, even by the arm of the law, beneath which the wretch is doomed to die; and is, therefore, desirous that he should obtain immediate liberation from the durance in which he is at present held."

"Nothing," said Coornavati, "can be more truly generous than the conduct of the noble Kistna throughout this unhappy affair; but does your highness think the Rajah will extend his mercy to one who has so completely forfeited every title to it?"

"In his present state of exasperation against the assassin," replied the princess, "I feel assured that he would not; and as the trial of both the traitors will take place to-morrow, and no hope whatever can be entertained of their acquittal, the safety of the unhappy man must be immediately looked to, for the wishes of Kistna shall, at every risk, be accomplished."

"Alas!" cried Coornavati, "what can be done for him without the royal intervention, for I understand he is immured in one of the strongest dungeons of the state prison."

"From which," cried the Begum, with vivacity, "you must, this very night, release him."

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the amazed Cashmerian, "I must release him! Most gracious princess you amuse yourself at the expense of your slave."

"Listen," cried the Begum, with dignity, "and obey, for it is my

will, and thus it shall be. Here is my signet ring—it is well known to the keeper of the prison—and here is a scroll directing him to obey in all things the bearer of it. Hie thee, Coornavati, to the prison, for in thy intelligence and fidelity I have every confidence: show thy credentials to the warden, open the prison door to the wretch, and set him as free as the air he breathes; for no one shall ever say that Kistna spared his enemy in the field to slay him on the scaffold; at least, whilst Lachema can raise a finger in his behalf.”

“Gracious princess,” cried the startled Cashmerian, “what will the Rajah do to those who aid in the assassin’s escape?”

“He will forgive them,” replied the Begum, “for his daughter’s sake. Think not so harshly of my sire, as to imagine he thirsts for the blood of the criminal, or so meanly of your mistress, as to suppose she would send you on a dangerous errand. Go with confidence, and trust to me for the result; for time presses, and the mind of my patient must be relieved from further anxiety, that his cure may be speedy and do honour to my leechcraft.”

“But,” said the wily Cashmerian, interposing difficulties she no longer felt, to relieve herself from all suspicion of connivance with the prisoner, “consider, gracious princess, the strange appearance of an unprotected female in a horrid prison.”

“I have provided for all that,” cried the Begum, “and have directed the sage Oodiaver, than whom there cannot be a more discreet gentleman usher, to attend you and obey your directions. I have communicated my intentions in this matter to the Ranee, and act with her full approbation and concurrence. Go then with confidence, and accomplish my wishes, and whatever may be the result recollect that you have two all powerful friends at court.”

Coornavati knelt and kissed the hand of her royal mistress, vowing the most unshaken fidelity, and the most strenuous exertions in the execution of her commands: she then prepared for her immediate departure, turning over in her fertile imagination the high importance of her mission on her future destiny, and planning the best means of accomplishing even more than the wishes of the Begum.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Captive Bheel.

It was midnight, and a gloomy silence reigned within and around the royal prison of Srirungaputtun, whose lofty battlements and frowning towers displayed their dark and massy forms in sombre relief against the deep blue of the firmament, which was studded with millions of stars, some sparkling clear and bright, and others faintly glimmering in the distance. A single sentinel was pacing before the grand entrance with slow and measured steps, ruminating on the unwonted continuance of peace, and consequent lack of prize money; and wondering within himself if glorious war was likely ever again to call forth the slumbering lion of Mysore. Suddenly the quick and regular footsteps of numerous hamals* struck upon his ear, and before he

* Palanquin Bearers.

could bring his matchlock to the poise, two splendid palkees were borne close up to the gate, preceded by chobdars, bearing on their short maces the silver pine apple, a symbol of the Royal service.

In a voice of authority the chobdars demanded immediate admittance for two messengers from the palace, on which the gates being flung open the palkees were borne in beneath the lofty archway. The warden of the prison was immediately summoned to attend upon the new comers, who proved to be no other than Coornavati and the sage Oodiaver, the latter carefully muffled up and "shawled to the nose" from the night air. The Cashmerian and her venerable protector were now ushered into a large hall dimly lighted with a solitary lamp, suspended from the ceiling in the centre; while the walls, hung with shields, helmets, swords, spears, and matchlocks, presented a variety of forms equally grim and warlike, to the somewhat startled gaze of the lovely dancer, whose mission required the utmost exertion of all her firmness and self-possession.

After waiting some time the warden at length made his appearance, and viewed the new comers with no very pleasant aspect, being a man well stricken in years, and by no means gratified at this unseasonable call from the comforts of his couch. When at length he discerned the features of his visitors, with whose persons and offices in the royal household he was acquainted, he became excessively obsequious, and begged to know the cause which had procured him the high honor of their visit. Coornavati put into his hand the scroll committed to her charge by the princess, which he immediately recognized as authentic, and placed on his head in token of profound reverence. He then unfolded the leaf and read as follows :

"Obey in all things the bearer of my signet."

LACHEMA,

Begum.

The Cashmerian next displayed the signet ring of the princess, which was also acknowledged with a profound obeisance by the Warden, who declared himself ready in all things to obey the hearer of that sacred symbol even at the peril of his head.

"Nay, nay," said Coornavati smiling, "our mission portends thee no such hazard; in proof of which, the first order we issue is that you betake yourself to the comforts of your bed, which best befits your age at this inclement season of the night; and that you direct an attendant to conduct us to the cell of the unhappy wretch who lately made an attempt on the life of the noble Kistna."

"With submission, most delectable Coornavati," cried the sage Oodiaver, whose teeth were chattering in the night air, "the services of the Warden may be essential to the due performance of our task, and there are others to whom the damp air of these long corridors and bleak galleries may be equally noxious."

"Your pardon, wise Pundit," replied the Cashmerian, "but our mission is not of that importance to require the services of the Warden, with whose presence we will therefore dispense, and content ourselves with one of the ordinary attendants of the prison."

This arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the wishes of

the Warden himself, who was accustomed to messages of charity and benevolence on the part of the Begum, and naturally concluded that the present was one of that description. He, therefore, very wisely consigned the fair Cashmerian and her sage protector to the guidance of a turnkey, and retired once more to his peaceful pillow; after giving his deputy full and oft repeated instructions to obey, in every respect, the bearer of the Begum's signet.

Under the guidance of their ill-favoured Cicerone the messengers of the Fawn-eyed maid accordingly proceeded on their quest; and the Cashmerian did not fail to conciliate his good opinion by a purse of star pagodas, which speedily opened every avenue to his heart, and dispelled in a trice his accustomed taciturnity. After replying to a few indifferent questions, and lamenting the scarcity of state executions, which, of late years, it had been his lot to witness, and which was mainly attributable, he said, to some new fangled notions of clemency that prevailed at Court; he chuckled at the prospect of an exhibition of this nature that was likely soon to take place. The two strangers, he continued, who had made such a pretty spot of work at the Tournament, were likely to die hard: he never saw such stubborn chaps in all his life; and they seemed to be both in the same story, for neither of them uttered a single word since they were put in quod, though many of the cleverest pundits in Srirungaputtun had tried to draw them out. It was all in vain, however, for no one knew who they were, or whence they came; and if the Beebee and the Brahmin he was now conducting came for a similar purpose, they might spare themselves the trouble, for they were more than likely to lose their labour.

After winding through many damp and gloomy passages, and descending some flights of steps, which led deep beneath the surface of the earth, the Cashmerian and her attendants at length arrived at a low iron door, which the turnkey said belonged to the cell of the prisoner they were in search of. This he unlocked, and rolled back on its rusty hinges; and, consigning his lamp to the hand of Coor-navati, remained outside by her directions, while she and the Brahmin entered the low and dismal dungeon of the Bheel.

On a stone couch was stretched the motionless form of Vega; but the quick rolling of his eye denoted the ever ready watchfulness of the hardy forester, whom the slightest noise was sufficient to rouse from the deepest sleep to the full possession of all his faculties. With an exclamation of surprise he started up from his couch, at the unexpected sight of his adorable Cashmerian; but a sign from the latter at once repressed every attempt at recognition, and he listened, in mute astonishment, to the Brahmin who addressed him with his accustomed pomposity.

"Beneath a lucky planet wert thou born," began the sage Oodiaver, "though many would swear thy misib was one of fatal augury; and thrice happy wert thou to fall into the hands of the noble Kistna, who spared thy forfeit life on the field —."

"Yes!" cried the Bheel with a bitter smile, "he spared it ostentatiously on the field, that he might glut his vengeance at leisure in the dungeon."

"Nay," said the Brahmin, "there you wrong his noble nature, for he was ignorant until this very day of your imprisonment; and it is by his desire that I am come, with this fair attendant on our peerless Begum, to set you at liberty."

So little had the Bheel been accustomed to generosity of so high a character amongst his native hordes, who scruple not to take every advantage of a fallen enemy, that he gazed with a look of incredulity from the wrinkled face of the Brahmin to the lovely countenance of the Cashmerian, who simply said:

"It is even so, stranger, you have but to follow this venerable Brahmin and myself, and you are free to go whithersoever you will."

With joyful haste the astonished Vega prepared to follow her instructions, when the Brahmin, who had always some little stratagem in his mind with the view of obtaining a *quid pro quo*, addressed him as follows:—

"The mercy that has just been extended to you, stranger, surely merits some return on your part; and you will not, of course, hesitate to acquaint us with the style and title of your master, and his reasons for so treacherously assaulting the noble Kistna."

"Oh!" said the indignant Bheel, drawing back, "if your boon is clogged with such a condition as that, e'en take it back, for I never will betray my salt."

"Nay, nay," interposed the Cashmerian, "the generous pardon of Kistna is unfettered with any condition whatever, and you are, in reality, as free as the air you breathe."

Relieved by this assurance from the suspicion instilled by the words of the Brahmin, Vega now quitted his dungeon, and walked forward with the turnkey; the latter very much astonished at this uncere- monious liberation of so great a criminal, whom, but a few minutes before, he had, according to his notions of justice, consigned to the scaffold. His great maxim, however, was to hear, see and say nothing, unless duly paid for the contrary; and as he had received his instructions to obey in all things the bearer of the signet, he felt that his interference was uncalled for, and would probably be resented as an impertinent intrusion. Meanwhile the subtle Cashmerian, who had another act to perform in the drama, lingered behind with her venerable protector, holding a confidential discourse with him in the following terms:

"I know not, sage Oodiaver, whether the idea I am about to disclose to you will meet the approbation of your superior wisdom; but in this, as in all things else, I am solely influenced by a zealous regard for the welfare of my royal and gracious mistress, which I firmly believe you also have warmly at heart."

"In that, fair Coornavati," said the Brahmin, "you but do me justice; and I pray you to impart to me the idea you mention, which I feel assured must be equally discreet and ingenious."

"It is this,"—said the Cashmerian, "you have made an able but unsuccessful attempt to extract the important secret of the character and designs of the unknown assassin from the serving man:—"now I propose that we should discover it from the master himself."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Brahmin, "that would be a valuable piece of service; but how do you propose to do it?"

"Simply," rejoined Coornavati, "by the exercise of that profound wisdom and acuteness with which it has pleased Brahma to endow the first of pundits, the learned Oodiaver ; whose services on this momentous occasion I now invoke in the name of my august mistress."

Highly gratified at the well-turned flattery of his fair companion, who, being herself the cleverest female about the Court, must necessarily be the best judge of the cleverness of others, the sage Oodiaver declared his readiness to assist her in so praiseworthy a project, with the best of what he was pleased to term, his poor abilities : it was accordingly agreed that they should enter the cell of the unknown knight, and try their united powers to elicit from his stubborn keeping the much longed for secret. The fair holder of the Begum's signet having intimated this intention to the Turnkey, he, without any hesitation, led the way to the required locality ; and, unlocking the massy door, admitted them to the dungeon : he was then directed to retire with his companion to some distance, and await further instructions.

The lamp which the fair Cashmerian held, very soon revealed the object of her search, who was reclining on his stony couch in gloomy rumination ; his mantle wrapped round him, and his head resting on his hand, which partly concealed his features. After a moment's pause the venerable Brahmin, who thought it best to begin with the soothing system, addressed the prisoner as follows :

"Gallant knight, whose prowess in the field is universally acknowledged, we, the accredited ambassadors of the puissant Rajah of Mysore, are commissioned to say that our Royal master is conscious of the wrong which has been offered to your person by this ignominious incarceration, and is desirous of making a suitable atonement : for this purpose he would gladly know the name and lineage of his valiant guest, that he may give him a reception at his palace suitable to his merits."

This oration, which Coornavati declared to be the very pink of eloquence, met with the most contemptuous silence on the part of the prisoner, whose eyes glared through his fingers, with a sinister expression, on the venerable orator.

The self-dubbed ambassador, finding his first effort ineffectual, now changed his ground, and assumed a more lofty tone.

"But if," he continued, "the mercy of the Rajah is despised, and the criminal persists in his contumacy, woe to him body and soul ! for the ravens of the air will feed on his flesh, and the demons of Patala will be invoked by the Brahmins of Sri-Runga to prolong his torments through millions of revolving ages !"

A gesture of contempt was all the reply vouchsafed by the hardened criminal to this second effort of the sage ; who, quite discouraged, invoked the assistance of his fair companion.

"Perhaps," said the Cashmerian, "the unhappy man does not understand you : speak to him, therefore, in his native dialect."

"That I can scarcely believe," replied the Brahmin, "having heard him express himself in pure Hindoostanee at the Tournament ; but sooth, fair Coornavati, even were it so, there is no help ; for I am totally ignorant of the many dialects that prevail amongst the inferior Castes, and solely pride myself, beyond a competent knowledge

of the vernacular, on a critical acquaintance with our sacred language, the Sanscrit; unless, indeed, you take into the account a smattering of the strains of Hafiz and Ferdoosi which I picked up in my youth."

"I doubt much," said Coornavati, with a smile, "if this truculent personage cares aught for either the Persian or the Sanscrit; but with your permission, sage Oodiaver, I'll try him in one or two country dialects which I myself picked up in my pilgrimage to the Ganges; and it will go hard if, with our united efforts, we do not obtain some clue or other from him to unravel this mysterious matter."

The wily Cashmerian then addressed herself to the unknown knight in the Bheel tongue, and in a tone of mingled sarcasm and reproach; while the sage Oodiaver strained his mental faculties to the utmost to discover the nature of the colloquy that ensued, but in vain, so barbarous and obscure was the dialect made use of.

"I beg leave to compliment the renowned chief of the Jungle," said the malicious Coornavati, "on the noble exploit he has just performed, and its happy termination, which has led him to this splendid abode and cheering prospect."

"Cease, Lillah, this untimely badinage," replied the captive, in tones of mingled gloom and anger, "and leave me to my fate."

"Your request," said Coornavati, "is easily complied with, especially as it may be the last I shall receive from my lord and master. But ere I go pray indulge my curiosity by an explanation of this mysterious transaction."

"That," said the prisoner bitterly, "is soon given, and ought to be needless, to one whose treachery or lukewarm service, at least, has led to the catastrophe."

"As how, pray?" inquired the Cashmerian, with the most provoking nonchalance.

An emotion of suppressed rage shook the frame of the unknown knight, as he replied in subdued accents:

"Thus it was. Tired of waiting the result of your tardy projects, and more than suspicious that you were paltering with me, I resolved to depend alone on the efforts of my own right arm to avenge my wrongs on the body of my foe; and I vainly hoped, when I had laid him in the dust, to escape with my gallant followers in the *melée*."

"A goodly project truly," exclaimed Coornavati with a smile of derision, "and it has succeeded as all projects do, where brute force is put in competition with female finesse. Now had your highness remained patiently in your greenwood shades a brief space longer, I would have been enabled effectually to set aside that union on which your fate depends, beyond the possibility of prevention."

"How?" cried the prisoner eagerly, "tell me, dear Lillah, how you meant to accomplish so delightful a result?"

"Had you kept your rendezvous steadily and patiently at the ruined Choultry, a little longer," answered Lillah, "it would have been in my power to deliver either Kistna, or the Fawn-eyed maid herself into your hands, to be dealt with as you thought fit."

"Fool! fool!" groaned the captive, as he pressed his temples with his hands, and gnashed his teeth in the agony of disappointment.

"But now," continued the tormentor, "your impatience has

frustrated my well-laid plans, and thrown you into a gloomy dungeon."

A groan of agony from the captive knight was the only reply to this bitter truth.

"More than this," pursued the Cashmerian, "you have added to the fame of your mortal enemy, and rendered inevitable that marriage which it was your only hope of salvation to prevent."

Another terrific groan startled the venerable Brahmin, whose teeth began to chatter now from fear as well as cold.

"Nay, worst of all," exclaimed the tormentor, "will be the triumph of the Rajah, when he sees his royal line doubly secured by the marriage of his daughter and the destruction of his deadly foe!"

"Fiends and Furies! devil in an angel's form!" cried the captive, springing from his recumbent attitude, "you drive me to distraction!"

"A Bheel! a Bheel!" shouted the terrified Brahmin, as he fell prostrate on the floor of the dungeon, "'Tis Kempé Goud himself, as I hope for mercy!"

"Lo you there now!" said Lillah with the most provoking coolness to the chief, "you have frightened my wise protector out of his venerable senses, and I shall never be able to lift his erudite head from the ground."

"Death and hell! woman," cried the Bheel, stamping with rage, "your coolness shows the worthlessness of your heart."

"If you were blessed with half my coolness," said Lillah, with composure, "you would see that your cell door is open, and that I hold a lamp in one hand, and in the other the signet ring of the Begum, which franks the bearer from all difficulties in the state prison of his highness the Rajah."

With the rapidity of lightning Kempé seized both the one and the other, and rushed out of the dungeon, the door of which shut after him with a spring; while Lillah, with a faint scream, sank on the vacant couch in a well affected state of insensibility.

THE BRIGHT ONES OF EARTH.

BY MRS. ADDY.

THE Bright Ones of Earth who have passed from our sight,
 To dwell in a region of glory and light,
 How soothing and welcome their memory seems
 In our walks and our converse, our thoughts and our dreams!
 From their home in the skies they impart a soft spell
 To the scenes where Love pictures them truly and well,
 And holiness rests on the board and the hearth,
 Once gladdened and blessed by the Bright Ones of Earth.

But O! with affliction unmix'd we deplore
 The Bright Ones who shine on our presence no more:—
 The living—who won by their genius and grace
 In the hearts of the good an unmerited place:
 Now, made by conviction unwillingly wise,
 The veil of enchantment is rent from our eyes:
 Alas! for our visions of truth and of worth,
 Alas! for the fall of the Bright Ones of Earth.

They are gone, in the radiance of beauty and mind,
 And have left dark distrust and suspicion behind,
 Their names are repeated with censure severe,
 Save that sometimes the utterance dies in a tear;
 O! gently and kindly their image recall,—
 But not when the banquet is spread in the hall,
 And the harp of the minstrel is wakened to mirth,—
 Let us think of the erring and Bright Ones of Earth.

When silence is reigning below and above,
 Let us ask of a God of compassion and love,
 The faulty to pardon, the gifted to win
 By the Spirit's pure power from the bondage of sin:
 They were wont in our hours of rejoicing to share,
 Let us name them henceforth in the still hour of prayer;
 And the hope, the loved hope in our thoughts may have birth,
 That yet there is peace for the Bright Ones of Earth.

THE STOCK JOBBER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

LIEUTENANT LINCOLN'S own bulletin of his own state and condition was that he was desperately wounded and dying. And yet he had fought neither battle nor duel: his sword was unfleshed and his pistols had never shot at anything but a mark. Howbeit Lieutenant Lincoln *was* dying—of love.

However, before quite giving up the ghost so that he could not have it back again, Lieutenant Lincoln thought that it might be as well to inquire if it were necessary to do so at all, and he accordingly wrote to the lady to know "whether he should *die* for her, or *live* for her?" to which the lady, probably thinking that he could be of little service to her if laid in a position to be trodden under foot, in a literal sense, and perhaps thinking it more amusing to have him so that he could be trodden down figuratively, very kindly sent him word that she thought he had better *live*. Lieutenant Lincoln was of course in raptures. Every trace of the horrible disorder of which he had so recently been dying, vanished like magic, and it was wonderful to see how fresh and florid the gentleman that was expiring immediately became.

"Well," said Lieutenant Lincoln, "I must, as a matter of course, speak to old Ellison; but he is such a nice gentlemanly fellow, that I am sure not to meet with any obstacle from him. He is, without exception, the most agreeable man of my acquaintance—gives such good dinners, and always sends one an invitation."

So Lieutenant Lincoln set off full speed to Bedford Square, and found the most agreeable man of his acquaintance at home.

Now old Ellison did not think himself old at all, neither, indeed, did anybody else, always excepting the generation of twenty, who are decidedly of opinion that the generation of thirty are quite ancient, and according to this calculation old Ellison was old, for he belonged to the generation of forty. Yet, notwithstanding this patriarchal age, old Ellison looked young enough to dress, to laugh, to dance, to flirt, and while men can do these sort of things it is of no use for people to tell them that they are old, for they will not believe them.

"My dear sir," said Lieutenant Lincoln, "I have come to ask a favour."

"My dear captain, count it done."

"Ah, but you do not know its magnitude!"

"Do you want to borrow my villa?"

"O, no!"

"My horses?"

"No."

"My opera box?"

"No."

"*Money*?"

"No."

"Psha, then, it is some trifle not worth mentioning between us."

"On the contrary, it is the happiness of my life."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Without it I shall die!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, indeed, believe me!"

"My dear fellow, you look amazingly well. Your person is as stout as usual, your cheeks as red as usual, your eyes as bright as usual. I do not perceive anything of the complaints mentioned in the bills of mortality hanging over you."

"My dear sir, you speak only of bodily maladies?"

"What, have you got a mind diseased? Ha! ha! ha!"

Now when one fancies oneself in a sentimental state, it is an abominable thing to be badgered and bantered as if nothing were the matter. Lieutenant Lincoln's face flushed as deep a red as his regimental coat.

"When a man blushes he is always serious," said old Ellison, "so now I will hear as gravely as you will speak. You know you may depend upon my friendship."

"My dear sir," began the soldier, "you must have observed the attentions which I have been in the habit of paying to your daughter."

"Who! what!" exclaimed Ellison sharply, as the shadow of a frown came over his face.

"To—to—Miss Ellison," stammered the embarrassed suitor.

"Every gentleman must pay attention to the ladies in whose society he is thrown."

"But mine have been particular. They were meant to be so. I had hoped that they had attracted your attention without exciting your disapprobation."

"My dear captain, you must remember that I am not the cast-iron father of a romance, nor the dragon-like parent of a farce. I have always wished my daughter to be as happy as she could, but I knew that it was not the way to make her feel so to treat her like a slave. I do not listen to every word she speaks, nor watch every action. At the same time, I put every confidence in her discretion. I am not among the number of those men who think all women quite fools. On the contrary, I have some idea that there are women who may have sense, and I think my daughter among them."

"Her mind is of the finest order!" exclaimed Lieutenant Lincoln, in the true style of a true lover.

"She is not a Madame de Staël, nor a Mrs. Somerville, but she is passable," said the father with great equanimity.

"Madame de Staël—Mrs. Somerville," said the soldier with a tone and gesture of contempt, "tut! tut! what are they in comparison with Miss Ellison! mere common place women!"

Old Ellison, smiled a scornful smile, but whether at the lover or the ladies we disclose not.

"And then for beauty!" ejaculated Lieutenant Lincoln.

"She is neither a Venus nor a Sutherland," said the father quietly, "but she is passable."

"Passable! she is angelic!"

"She has her tempers as well as other people," said the old gentleman provokingly.

"She is too good for this world!" passionately exclaimed the lover.

"But not good enough for another," said the father. "My dear fellow, we have all our faults, and she has hers."

"There you are wrong, sir! There you are wrong! Isabella can have no fault in unprejudiced eyes!"

"In prejudiced ones, you mean," said the merchant quietly.

"There are no eyes capable of appreciating perfection in this mistaking world!" said Lincoln pathetically.

"Because there is no perfection to appreciate."

"You will not see!" exclaimed the lover.

"What does not exist," said the father. "But enough of this. I thought you were out of your senses, and merely wished to bring you into them again."

"My dear sir, I knew that you could not mean a single word that you have said!"

"Only them all."

"You trifle with my feelings!"

"At all events, I hope you are not too blind to perceive that I am wishing to cure you of your infatuation."

"Sir, my feelings are part of my existence! I could as soon part with the one as the other!"

"Well, I suppose that your disorder must go through its natural stages. After it has had its run it will cure itself. Nature is the best doctor after all."

"Mr. Ellison, do you wish to drive me to distraction?"

"You are very young," said the merchant philosophically.

"I am referring to you the hopes of my existence!"

"Very young indeed, younger than I thought," went on coolly speculating the hard-hearted merchant.

"You trifle with me!" exclaimed Lincoln passionately.

"Now, my dear fellow, listen to me, dispassionately if you can. You have no idea how very raw and boyish you are making yourself appear. I really have a liking for you, and therefore I will give you a little of my time, although I ought now to be on the Stock Exchange, and with talking to you I may be losing some lucky spec, and some pretty thousands. However, let that pass. Now tell me, my good fellow, if you ever thought of the expense of keeping a wife."

"Mercenary feelings can never enter the heart where true affection lodges—there is no room for them. O, Mr. Ellison, the pomps and gauds of the world, what are they! Isabella and myself would live to each other!"

"No doubt! no doubt! Love and a cottage. A few roses for dinner, and so on. Well, you are rather worse than I apprehended. I don't see that I can do you any good until the paroxysm abates."

"Indeed, my dear sir, I was never profuse."

"I believe that you never were particularly able to be so. If I mistake not, you have nothing beyond your pay?"

Lieutenant Lincoln was obliged to allow this.

"And may I ask how much that exceeds your expenditure?"

"I have not thought of making it."

"And—excuse the impertinence of the question—have you been able to keep out of debt?"

"A few paltry hundreds, I may perhaps be in the books of some pitiful tradesmen—mere nothing, believe me. Many of my brother officers owe thousands for my petty hundreds."

"Yes, and probably have a thousand times better means of paying them. They most likely have wealthy connexions."

"Well, and so have I."

"May I ask who?"

"I have two old rich maiden aunts."

"Ah, indeed, pray how old? Any good encouraging degree of ancientness?"

"O, yes, they are getting on fast; the youngest is seven and thirty, and the oldest turned forty."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Ellison; and he eyed his companion to see whether he were quizzing, or only a fool.

"So you consider forty quite a patriarchal age?" resumed Mr. Ellison.

"Everybody must think it old," returned the soldier.

"*I am forty!*" replied the merchant coldly.

Lincoln blushed blue, if we may be allowed to say so. He had just sense enough in his head to perceive that he had knocked it against a wall.

"Notwithstanding such an advanced age," resumed the merchant, "it is just possible that they might take it into their heads to marry, and if they have property as you say, it is very likely that they would find some marketable man willing enough to humour them. There are good-looking fellows at any price on sale at all times."

Lincoln shook his head.

"Or supposing them not sufficiently in their dotage for that, they yet may be unreasonable enough to live a long while—tiresome, I allow—but perhaps until you may be as antediluvian when they are kind enough to depart, as they are at this moment when we are speaking of them."

"They are good souls," said Lincoln, remembering a little natural feeling; "they are good souls, and I don't want them to die."

"Another thing—would their dying do you any good? Are they *obliged* to leave you their fortune?"

"O, that of course."

"Well, you are very young," said the merchant, surveying him from head to foot again after a minute's silence, and thinking that he had never seen such a raw simpleton in his life.

"And you are very old," *thought* Lieutenant Lincoln, as he looked at the merchant, fully believing, in his inmost heart, that he had never seen such a selfish old wretch in the whole course of his life.

"May I ask," said the merchant, "if you ever did anything in the way of book-keeping?"

Lieutenant Lincoln looked at him with something of suppressed

scorn. "It is not an occupation for a soldier. Men of my profession usually leave such drudgeries to clerks."

"But you learnt a few rules of arithmetic at school?"

"O, of course."

"Then, perhaps you will not think half an hour quite wasted in assisting me in a little business?"

Looking both in a bewilderment and a wonderment, the soldier made his drawing-room bow of acquiescence.

"There are pens and paper," said the merchant, as he pushed them towards the soldier, and they took their seats on the opposite sides of a middle-sized table, and old Ellison proceeded to open a large desk and disinter a huge assortment of very suspicious looking papers, whole sheets of foolscap folded particularly neatly, and bearing written characters of most orthodox exactness. "Business, my dear sir, business must be attended to. Here I have my half year's housekeeping accounts, and I have not ascertained the total. You will have the kindness to assist me. These are vulgar details I know, but you will forgive their homeliness. To begin, please to write down, Rent, one hundred and fifty pounds—thank you—taxes, forty-seven—stabling, seventy-five—opera-box—ah, that is an extravagance—three hundred guineas—butcher's bill—vulgar thing—two hundred and thirty-four pounds and sixpence—grocers, a hundred and forty-seven—tailors—ah, fie upon me, one hundred and ninety-eight pounds ——"

"Mr. Ellison!" exclaimed Lincoln, dashing down his pen, his face flushed to crimson, and his feelings all up in arms and hot—"I see what you mean! I cannot misunderstand you! You are wishing to show me my presumption in aspiring to your daughter! To make me feel how impossible it is with my narrow means—to—to ——"

"I wish to convince you," said the merchant, "that a wife is the most expensive thing you could undertake to keep, for having her you are obliged to have a thousand things besides."

Lieutenant Lincoln dashed his open palms upon his forehead, and then dashed out of the door in a very theatrical agony indeed.

Isabella Ellison was sitting in as pretty a boudoir as any little lady might desire to own, whether she herself belonged to court or commoner. Old Ellison had always been a profusely indulgent father, and his daughter in her own luxuriant little chamber was surrounded by many a mark of his open hand. Her buhl cabinet, her rich mosaic table, her silk couches and hangings, and her velvet-like carpet, besides innumerable costly books and splendid annuals, and inlaid desks and boxes, and a few highly-finished pictures in gorgeous frames, and Dresden vases full either of perfumes or flowers, being all so many proofs of his unsparing expenditure."

And here sat Isabella threading pearls on the evening after her devoted lover's interview with her inexorable father. As yet she was ignorant how exceedingly unkindly and unfeelingly her papa had behaved, and she was consequently as good tempered as young girls generally are who have everything in the world to please them, and nothing in the world to displease them. Isabella Ellison looked very pretty as she sat on her crimson silk couch, and there were two reasons for this; in the first place, Nature had turned her out of her

manufactory a well-executed piece of workmanship, very well finished, that is, painted and enamelled, and embellished, and polished, as that great artist alone knows how to manage, having an exclusive patent for such works, and carefully keeping the whole process secret; and in the second, being very prettily and tastefully dressed: in fact, Isabella was attired for a party, and her white satin robe, with its long pointed boddice, and its voluminous skirt spreading wide around her, and sweeping the floor, and its elbow sleeves with their blond falls, served to set off both her form and face, and as she stooped her glossy ringlets over her lady-like labour, she looked almost as pretty as her own picture—which is a very rare thing for a lady to look.

"I wonder," thought Isabella, "if he will be there to-night. If he is I won't dance with anybody else—that I'm determined. I wonder how I look; but white satin is so becoming to the complexion. I shouldn't like to be ugly—that must be so very disagreeable. If I were ugly I would never look into a glass. It must be disagreeable to look in a glass if you are ill looking. If I were so, I think I should turn Catholic, and go into a nunnery—that would be the best thing because no one would see you. Yet after all, the dress is very becoming if people are only handsome. When I go to a masquerade I will be dressed like a nun; but papa does not like masquerades—that is so odd of papa to be so prejudiced. I hope I shall never be prejudiced—it is so narrow minded. Lieutenant Lincoln is not at all prejudiced—and then he is so handsome. He looks quite divine in his regimentals. I looked^d about everywhere for him to-day, but I could not find him; and when I got nearly home I made them turn back, and drive all the way to Piccadilly, and pretended to have forgot something, thinking that perhaps one might find him somewhere; but we did not, though I looked at everybody all the way, and held the check-string in my hand. I put on my new hat with the feathers too—the milliner's girl said that I looked well in it, and I suppose I did, for I saw too or three gentlemen stand still to look at me every time I got in and out. I wish I had met him, but I dare say I shall to-night."

Such was a little sample, a sort of shred, of the lady's thoughts, as they meandered on during her pearl-threading employment, and it was at this fraction that old Ellison sauntered in from his wine.

"What doing, Isabella?" asked the merchant.

"O, papa, only turning my necklace into a bandeau for my hair."

"What, too poor to buy one?"

"La, papa! I can't make money go farther than it will."

"A truism, my dear—but do you make it go as far as it will?"

"Papa, you really don't know what a great many things I have to do with my money."

"But, dear, I gave you your quarterly allowance only last week."

"Yes, but then I had to pay Howell and James's, and my milliner, and for all my gloves, and then I wanted some lace."

"Not one of which things you could do without?"

"La, papa, how could I! As it was, I had to go without a great many things that I wanted."

"Then I suppose you could spend an allowance as large again."

"O, papa, if you really would be so kind. I was thinking of asking you, only I did not like."

"But are you sure, Isabella, that you can't do without it?"

"I really don't know how, papa. I have such lots of terrible bills to pay."

"You have a hundred a year."

"Yes, papa—but what is it? Really it goes before I know where I am."

"Do you think you could manage with a hundred and fifty?"

"O, papa, that would be so kind!"

"But are you sure that you cannot do with less?"

"Dear papa, I have so tried, and I cannot find the way how?"

"But before we decide upon this, I have something else to say to you."

"What is it papa?"

"You know, Isabella, that I put great confidence in your discretion. Instead of always watching you, I trust you."

Isabella blushed, face and neck and all.

"Of course you have too much sense to encourage any of the idle, lounging, penniless young men who hang about you in society. Of course I may fully trust you in that respect."

"There are dozens whom I never wish to see again," said Isabella.

"But is there *one* whom you do wish to see again? 'Tis of no use reckoning by dozens."

Isabella blushed more deeply than before, and hung over her pearls.

"I beg your pardon, Isabella," said the merchant, "I really beg your pardon. Indeed, I meant nothing serious. I never have put any constraint upon you because I rely entirely upon your good sense and right feeling. I should never suspect *you*, my dear, of forming any silly-girl-like attachment like a boarding-school miss. Oh, no! Ha! ha! ha! Only think, my dear, how perfectly ridiculous to suppose you who look so pretty dressed in white satin and stringing pearls—to see you, I say, in a cotton gown, and boiling potatoes. Ha! ha! ha!"

Isabella looked as if she did not at all enter into the jest.

"Well, my dear, and so you find that you can't do with less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year for your own little personal expenses. Well then, I suppose you must have it. I like to see you with lady-like tastes, and I don't like to see you obliged to fudge for a few pearls. Really you look a perfect Dulcinea as you sit there stringing those pretty globules. Ah, by-the-by, I thought I had something else to say to you, but it was so trifling that I had almost forgotten it. However, it will serve to make you laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Only think, Isabella, I have had an offer for you from one of these poor shabby fellows that I have been warning you against. Yes, indeed, you may well look amazed—from a poor chap that can hardly afford to pay the tax for a cab, much less to keep one. Really it is too laughable. Ha! ha! ha!"

Isabella hid her face; she did not at all see what there was to laugh at.

"Well, my dear, I would not baulk you of a jest, or else I don't

think I should have remembered to have told you, and as it was I nearly forgot. But don't tell any body. People might fancy that you had encouraged him, and such proposals as these are rather discreditable than otherwise. But, I see you want to finish your pearls, so I won't hinder you. Good by, dear. Pleasant evening to you."

"But, who was it, papa?" Isabella mustered up the courage to ask."

"Who was it," repeated the merchant as he half turned round at the door. "Who was it? Ah, let me see! Which of these dangles was it that had the impudence? It was one of those red-coated fellows whose whole income, every farthing of it, is not quite so much as your own little personal allowance, my dear. Only think of a man's selfishness and folly in supposing that you would degrade yourself into the position of a beggar to humour his presumption—a little mean income that would not pay the item of sundries in our kitchen alone, and that you say that you could not possibly do without for your own private little bills, my dear. By-the-by, I will just give you a quarter in advance—I dare say that you can't do without it—and don't bore your eyes over those pearls any longer, Isabella. You are getting quite flushed with fatigue. I will send you in two or three bandeaux, that you may choose. But you asked me for this poor fellow's name—his name—ha! ha! ha!—I think if I were charitable I should not expose his folly even to you, my dear. Why, let me see. Yes it was—yes, my dear, the poor presumptuous simpleton that thought you might dress in a printed gown, and live in a lodging of some twelve shillings a week, and do your own cooking, and look after your own washing—though I am almost angry with him, yet I can't help laughing at him—ha! ha! ha!—was no less—but don't think too hardly of him—it was Lieutenant Lincoln."

The merchant clapped the door after him with a laugh that most probably prevented him from hearing some very musical sobs from Isabella, and seeing the extravagance of her scattering all her pretty pearls on the floor in an agony of—something.

We pass for a moment from the trivialities of girlhood in luxurious boudoirs to the fury of men in the battle field. The peals of reverberating cannon had died away, the smoke of gunpowder, fit for the incense of hell, had dissipated afar, and a hushed stillness succeeded to the dire din of the horrible confusion, broken only by the deep groans of the dying, who lay weltering in blood. The streams of life from thousands of hearts, whose affections might have thrown sunshine over as many household hearths, were commingling there, and saturating the very earth. The cords of love that had so lately bound the living to the dead were rent and broken. The survivors spoke in hushed voices, feeling that they were in the ghastly majesty of death's presence. Thousands whose pulses had throbbed no quicker under the flash of the sword or the roaring of the cannon, quailed before the solemn sovereignty that then possessed the field

of Waterloo. Many a man who fears not a living enemy trembles at the proximity of a dead one. Multitudes were there who until that hour had never seen the awful aspect of the king of terrors; many were fearfully altered, the buoyancy of youth being changed into the iron sternness of men by an almost instantaneous process. In some the awful horrors of the scene had banished all bodily feelings of fatigue; in others worn-out nature so imperatively needed repose, that men might be seen even making a pillow of the body of a dead foe; while here and there some of those harpies that are known to follow on the wake of an army were seen hovering over the blood-died field, and pillaging the dying and the dead.

"The hero of a hundred fields" leapt from the brave horse that had carried him through the rage and the fury of the battle. "An express for home—for England!" exclaimed the commander in chief.

The officer to whom this duty was entrusted presumed to speak a few words to the commander in chief. They referred to a tall pale young man who was standing at his elbow, blackened with smoke and smeared with blood, and evidently exhausted in body, yet looking stern and intensely anxious. As the officer spoke, the general cast his eye on the young man and answered, "Yes, let him accompany you. He has signalized himself. I marked him. He may look for promotion. Take him with you."

The pale face of the stern-looking young man flushed through the smoke and the bloody smearings, and he bowed profoundly.

That young man was our old acquaintance, Lieutenant Lincoln.

Old Ellison was sitting in his own dressing-room, with his elbows on the table, and his face buried in his hands. The silence was so deep that even the ticking of his watch seemed a powerful sound. The house was hushed in repose. Who has not felt how insupportably painful that stillness is which is not the stillness of peace?

The clock of the neighbouring church doled out its solemn measurement of life—the merchant started and lifted up his head. *One, two, three.* As he listened to the solemn measurement of time—of life—his eyes assumed an expression such as might be supposed to weigh upon a man whose days are numbered. Ah! merciful is the uncertainty of death. And now well might the merchant have been called *old* Ellison. The well-dressed polished man had certainly grown rusty. The sleek smooth locks had now a mingling of silver threads among them. The sharp quick eye was wild and restless—frowns intersected the wrinkles on his brow, and the expression of his lip was withering, the complexion of his face was black and yellow mingled, and altogether it might have been difficult for those who had known the smooth, smiling, piquant, luxurious stock-jobber a little twelvemonth before, to have recognized him again as he sat thus moodily in the dead of the night in his lonely dressing room with his two wax candles guttering down beside him.

"No help! no outlet! no escape!" muttered the stock jobber. "Nothing but ruin staring me in the face on every hand! Ruin!

ruin! ruin! To-morrow seals my doom. Twenty thousand pounds worth of bills, and not twenty pounds to meet them. I shall be chalked up on those accursed walls! A name that never had an idle breath upon it until now!—and as men pass they will point, and smile, and sneer, and say, 'Have you heard? look there! Ah! there's no knowing any one in this world! Would you have thought he was so rotten? Good luck! and, O dear! and who'd have thought it! And then one will say, How much are you in for? and what have you lost by that scam? and what sum are you *done* in? and—and'—the stock jobber ground his teeth together.

A sort of despairing calmness succeeded to this frenzy. The flush of passion subsided into a sort of malignant, fiend-like feeling, not altogether without a spice of triumph in it.

"But I need not fear it! need not see it! need not feel it! There is one way of escaping! I can get out of the way. Who cares for their mockery? Not I! I laugh at it! I can grin in their faces, and they shall be afraid to look at me! I can answer them sneer for sneer, and the cowards shall huddle away!"

"I wonder if I shall *feel* when I am in my coffin! I suppose they will bring me in insane, and give me christian burial! Ha! ha! ha! Ah! what is that behind the curtain? Mocking fiend, I see thee beckoning me! What, another, and another! Away! away!—and yet, better with ye than alone! Ah, how awful to be alone! Well, fiends that ye are, ye are the only friends that are left me!"

"How strange that the shadows of my childhood should come upon me just at this hour! I remember me well, when I was a little child, my mother taught me to pray! It was a pretty prayer that childish lisping that my mother taught me. I wonder if I could remember it now. Forty years ago. I was just four years old when she died. I am forty-four years old—they will put it on my coffin!"

"Poor Isabella! I wish she had been well settled. I wish I had suffered her to marry that Lieutenant Lincoln. She submitted to me without a murmur, but she has never held up her head since. Poor thing! she will be sad enough when she hears—but Providence will raise her up friends. Is there, then, a Providence? What is it, then, that goads my inmost soul and pricks my spirit? Well, in another hour *I shall know this great secret!*"

The stock jobber rose from the damask-covered easy chair on which he had been sitting. "No," he said to himself—"no; pistols are doubtless prompt enough, and I would rather die in my own house whilst I might call it my own; but I will not. No, no, I will not go out of the world committing an act of cruelty; I will not let those eyes first see me whose blood it might most curdle. I have always deprecated the brutality of those men who, having resolved on suicide, commit the fearful action so that their mangled bodies first curse the sight of some poor, weak, doting, helpless woman. Poor Isabella!—*she* shall not find my blood upon the floor. No, no; it shall not stain her feeble hands, or blast her quailing sight! She may hear what has befallen her, and that will be heavy enough, but she shall not see! No, no. A quarter of an hour will bring me to the river, and there is water enough to wash away all my troubles!"

Not a puff of smoke had yet issued from any of the tall chimneys whose vast accumulation mark the locality of our great city, when the unhappy stock-jobber unchained and unbolted, for the first time in his life, the door of his own dwelling. His own servants were wrapped in heavy, stupid, dreamless sleep, and when they woke their greatest grief was but the trouble of idleness. The stock jobber envied the very dog that was only too sleepy to snarl at him as he passed. Old Ellison looked around: the grey mist of the morning was gently melting away before the coming sunlight, but still the objects around were lying indistinctly in the shade. The gas was burning, but seemed every moment to grow paler under the influence of the oncoming day. The stock jobber glanced suspiciously around, as men do who know that they have something to hide, though it be but a feeling; he looked up at his own dwelling, the home he thought to behold no more, and at the trees which he had never till that moment believed that he cared for, but which, now that he was losing for ever, he felt as if he loved. Strange, how the melted feelings flow into every nook and cranny round them! The only living being within sight was a man wrapped in a large coat, leaning against the railings of the square, and as the stock jobber closed his own door behind him, he almost fancied that the individual started as if coming towards him. Perhaps the idea disturbed any further trains of thought and feeling, and made the stock jobber hurry forward on his accursed purpose of *self-murder*.

The stock jobber walked as if life rather than death depended on his speed, or like a slave under the lash seeking to escape from its goadings, and in a little while he stood in one of the recesses of Blackfriars Bridge, his head leaning over the balustrade, and gazing on the black moody tide that was ebbing away beneath him.

"I shall soon know it all!" said the stock jobber—"all! If there be a Providence, why does it not interfere for me? But I am left to myself—or, rather, I am left to the fiends! Providence has nothing to do with me: so down into that yawning grave—down! down!"

The stock jobber clambered to the top of the parapet, and expanded his arms for the fatal plunge: the impulse had been given, and another moment would have precipitated him into the current; but even at the instant when he was arraigning Providence, a strong muscular grasp from behind pulled him headlong down upon the ground, and, both stunned and astonished at this different termination of his purpose, the stock jobber lay for a few moments in sullen bewilderment, with a tall thin young man, muffled up in a military coat, leaning over him.

"Madman!" exclaimed the stranger. "Is death such a pleasant thing that you court it thus roughly? I tell you, better any life of woe, or toil, or drudgery, than noisome death! Be thankful that you are spared from this mad reckless act."

"Death is my only friend," replied the stock jobber sullenly, "and I know not where to look for another."

"Had you seen it in as many shapes as I have," replied his companion, "you would have thought that whole bones in a whole skin, with the breath still in the body, a better condition than that of a

dead king. But how do you know that you have not better friends in the living than the dead?"

"You are a stranger to me," replied the stock jobber moodily. "You may think that you have done me a service that entitles you to be free, but I think differently. You are a stranger! Go your way, and I will go mine."

"Your way is my way!"

"Old Ellison stamped his foot angrily upon the ground. "Go! leave me! I do not thank you for what you have done. I am in no humour to brook intrusion."

"Mr. Ellison, I shall not leave you at your bidding."

"Ha! do you know me then?"

"I am no stranger," replied the other, "as I will soon satisfy you."

And as he spoke, he opened his large wrap military coat, and lifted off the undress cap.

"Lincoln! Is it possible!" exclaimed the agitated stock jobber.

And Lincoln it was, though strangely and grievously altered. His under garments were those that he had worn in the field of battle, torn, smeared, soiled, stained, and bloody. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot, his lips parched and pallid, his face withered, and he bore the stamp of a man worn to the utmost limits of intense fatigue and anxiety.

"Is this accident, or are you here to reproach me in my extremity?" exclaimed the stock jobber.

"Neither!" returned the young soldier. "With the exception of one circumstance, you were ever a kind friend to me, and even for that one, I have grown so far worldly wise as to feel that you had justice and reason on your side. I had no right to wish to reduce your daughter to beggary."

"And within this hour I have been wishing that I had not denied you. Isabella's feelings were with you, and I should not then have left her alone in the world."

"I thank you for that wish," returned the soldier, holding out his hand, which the stock-jobber shook, "and I trust that brighter days are in store for us all."

"I am a ruined man!" exclaimed the stock jobber. "Nothing can save me! I will not live to be pitied and despised!"

"I can save you," replied the soldier.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the stock jobber. "You have nothing but your paltry pay, and I owe seventy thousand pounds!"

"No matter," replied Lincoln, "even though it were double! I have been growing worldly wise since I last saw you. I own to you that I am tired with this mean position which I fill in the world. I confess that I love the ease and the deference that wait on wealth. I fully believe that I never can acquire these by any of those slow processes by which other men delve on at the rate of half-crown profits, and I am venturing all upon a masterly stroke? Mr. Ellison, will you come into my terms? If I show you a road to a princely fortune, to be made in a day, will you give me half of it and Isabella?"

Something like the stock jobber's old scornful smile broke over his haggard face as he answered,

"I remember telling you that you were *young*, and now I am wondering how you have grown so *old* in so short a time."

A little flush of embarrassment broke over the soldier's face.

"In mingling with the world, Mr. Ellison, we grow worldly too, and perhaps it was yourself who gave me one of my first lessons. Is it or is it not a bargain?"

"Are you not too sanguine about the means?"

"If I am so, of course I miss the end."

"Well, I have nothing to lose," replied the stock jobber. "I fear you are too credulous—or perhaps you are only cheating me into another day of life."

"Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain, and my hand and word upon it. And now for the means."

"Hark you," said the soldier. "Do you see this soil and blood upon my clothes, and this wear and tear upon my body? We have had a battle, *and won it*. You know how that will affect the money market!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the stock jobber, staggering back for support against the stone baluster. "I see! I see! You are not mad! not an enthusiast! not a fool!"

"I told you I was getting worldly wise," replied the soldier. "Now do you see how the way lies? how the stakes must be played? Is it not a glorious game?"

"Does any one know? does any one know?" breathlessly exclaimed the stock jobber. "Are you sure?—sure?"

"As sure as of my own existence! We left the battle-field while its smoke had barely rolled away. I accompanied the express, not officially, but by permission, and yesterday I invented an excuse to leave it—talked of home—of love—I know not what—was sickly and sentimental. They thought I was branching off into the country, while I did but leave them to outstrip their speed and hasten to you. Not a soul in this vast metropolis knows a syllable of the matter, *and cannot* until night, at the soonest. You cannot guess what exertions I have made to outstrip the news. I got here riding express like a madman but an hour ago, and posted myself in front of your dwelling, intending only to wait until the morning fairly dawned before I roused you. I trust that it was your good genius as well as my own that sent me there, for I saw you, and—"

"No more of that!" said the stock jobber, who was already ashamed of his own cowardly purpose. How wonderfully differently men both feel and reason under different circumstances!

"Stocks have been fearfully depressed," said old Ellison. "We must buy to the largest amount. We must buy! buy! buy! How gloriously they will run up to-morrow! Lincoln, we shall make princely fortunes. We will drain the market to-day, and to-morrow we shall be the richest men in England! There has been a panic over everything. Had Napoleon won his game we should have lost ours!"

"We fought like mad!" said the soldier. "You will almost smile when I tell you that the commander in chief and poor Lieutenant Lincoln had everything at stake on that battle field—he all that he had, I all that I hoped for; and we fought, accordingly, like frenzied men. When I saw that we had won, I was half wild with hopes and fears, and if they had not permitted me to accompany the express, I should have deserted. I have accomplished my purpose, and now I almost think that I shall die of fatigue. I shall hardly be able to carry these poor limbs away from this spot."

"You shall go home with me," said the stock jobber—"you shall go home with me and rest, while I do my day's work. You shall rest whilst I labour. Ah, how I shall labour! To-morrow we shall be rich men!"

"I cannot go home with you," said Lincoln. "I could not see Isabella in this guise; I should frighten and disgust her. No, I will drag myself into the nearest hotel, and sleep away the hours, whilst you are sweeping in our treasury of gold."

"Promise me one thing," said the stock jobber—"promise me that you will never hint or breathe a word to Isabella or any other person of the wild madness that possessed me this night."

"On my honour," said the soldier. "And now go and buy up everything before you."

"Never doubt me," replied the stock jobber. "I will buy! buy! buy! To-morrow we shall be two of the richest men in England. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Everybody thought the old stock jobber mad on that day which came ushered in as apparently the last of his credit and the last of his existence, buying up the market to such a vast extent as he did. Very cunning men looked knowingly at each other, winked, and shook their heads, and whispered together, and then offered to do business with him. And old Ellison accepted all their offers, so that at the close of the day there was a general opinion current on the Stock Exchange, that the old jobber had turned out an old fool.

A week after this, great wedding festivities were celebrated in Bedford Square. Isabella made the prettiest bride in the world in her blonde and white satin, and Lieutenant Lincoln one of the most gallant of bridegrooms. Everybody said how handsome was the one, and how fortunate was the other; but the great wonder was at old Ellison's extreme disinterestedness and generosity. It was little less than miraculous that a city stock jobber should give away his daughter and a hundred thousand pounds to a mere lieutenant, who had not a farthing in the world besides his pay. Yet so it was; and the world declared that the old stock jobber was the most liberal man that ever was born, and the young lieutenant the most lucky; and as this was never disproved, the world, of course, must have been quite as right as usual in its own opinion.

MARIA DE JOYSEL.

IN the year 1683 there lived at Paris on the Quai des Tournelles an old secular priest and his housekeeper, happy and contented in the steady and moderate enjoyment of many of the blessings which this poor earth can give, and in full and sanguine expectation of the unmutilated enjoyment of those which are garnered up for the faithful in a better world than this. The Canonikus Le Blanc wore his silver locks and carried his sixty-eighth year with all that dignity and freshness of spirit which are to be met with but in those true and pious servants of the church, whose bosoms are so replete with heavenly faith as to have no room to spare for the naughty passions of this nether world. It was no trivial care that could damp his spirits, and he knew perhaps no more serious vexation than that occasioned by oversalting his porridge, or by listening too attentively to the long-winded gossipings of his housekeeper. But though he was a man who did not think little of a savoury supper, and who was always blessed with a very respectable appetite when this his favourite meal was spread before him, you must not for a moment think that his cheeks were fat and pendant, that he had a preposterous double chin, or that his thirst was unquenchable—or, in fact, that he was in outward appearance in any respect like the pictures which Rabelais was wont and fond to draw of these, and such like persons. No such thing. He was an old man of noble bearing. There was a certain degree of pomposity in his gait; his exterior man would not in the least have reminded you of the flesh pots of Egypt, or of any other country; on the contrary, in seeing him, Pharoah's lean kine might have suggested themselves to your imagination. He was of a commanding stature, and though he made no outward display of his own calling, he was zealous in the faithful discharge of its duties. In his chapter, as also in the pulpit, he was very popular; there was a simplicity about his character which won the hearts of all; his discourses were remarkable for their pithiness and conciseness—two qualities which gained them ready hearers; and as he was not called on more than twice every twelvemonth to put the patience of his auditors to the test, they were for the most part considered specimens of eloquence. His worldly means were anything but considerable, and belonged to all the world conjointly with himself; the poor came in for their share, and his housekeeper in particular was not forgotten in the distribution. The only fault his most intimate friends could find in him deserving of any particular censure—and who is there without any fault?—was a slight dash of capriciousness in his disposition. There was no knowing how to take him. 'Twas thus they expressed themselves when speaking on this head—joy and sorrow, dejection and hilarity strewed themselves by fits and starts, something like a November, or rather like an April wind, just as the heavens are cloudy or serene. When it was a black day in the calendar of his spirits, he would sit

the whole day through by the fire-side, stir up the crackling fagot, and lose himself, as he was wont to call it, in his purgatory. His friends seldom disturbed him in this amusement, and, in fact, all attempts to have provoked him to conversation when in such moods would have been futile—even his housekeeper, who was wont at these times to exert more than usual skill in the preparation of his supper, and more than usual eloquence in eulogizing it, was never known to succeed. He would sometimes spend a whole week and upwards in this unsocial, *purgatorial* mood; but, as we have before said, there were no fixed and stated periods for its reappearance—it came by fits—just as suddenly the cloud would pass away, the sun would arise, purgatory would disappear, and the Canonius le Blanc was the most jovial, conversable, and amiable of men.

Demoiselle Maria Magdalena Angelica Du Mont—she had some half dozen more christian names, but we are not like the incomparable Vicar of Wakefield, we do not like to give the whole name—was an innate old maid and secular priest's housekeeper and cook; she was very vinegar-faced, very ugly, very avaricious, peevish to a fault, dissatisfied and discontented with everything—at times her dear self not even excepted—sadly addicted to bodily ornaments, but in every other respect a perfect pattern of a housekeeper.

The Canonius was descended from a poor but honest family, resident in the country, in the neighbourhood of Lyons. The only sister he had living was married to a physician of that city, named Shomé, an honest and intelligent member of society, who was much too good, and much too honest, to derive wealth from his laborious profession, and who, *per consequence*, in his declining days was totally unable to provide for his children. Upon the advice of his wife, he decided, but not without reluctance, on recommending his son, Charles Henry, to the benevolence of the Canonius, who was considered by his relatives as a man well to do in the world. The old priest, without consulting, or saying a word about the matter to Demoiselle Angelica, had duly replied to this recommendation by enclosing his brother in law a remittance of three thousand livres, upon which Henry was to study medicine at Montpellier. This he did, and with great success; but where, in the name of all the saints, was he to find patients to work upon? This was a question whose satisfactory solution was attended with no inconsiderable difficulty. Mr. Shomé senior himself had but a very scanty sprinkling, and in the same city there was consequently no hope whatever for the inexperienced son.

"Go to Paris, my son," said his mother with a tender embrace; "find out my kind-hearted brother; from the love which he has always borne—nay, still bears thy unfortunate mother, he will be a father to thee, and assist thee in making thy fortune in the world."

Henry mounted the *Diligence*, attended by the good wishes, the tears, and prayers of his family, and accompanied by a few dollars in his pocket and an officer of the royal guard at his side.

We are not fond of describing;—it is not our forte—besides, let the author take as much pains as he will, and let him have the pencil of a Lawrence, and the eloquence of a Scott, we know from our own experience that the author's description of his hero, and the repre-

sentation of the same individual, which the imagination of the reader is wont to pourtray, are anything but twin brothers. But, notwithstanding, though we are well aware how superfluous the labours of the author on this point are, we think it our duty to say that Henry Shomé was a youth whose outward appearance at the period of his leaving home was decidedly not very graceful or prepossessing; he was not, for instance, a young man whom very romantic ladies would have fallen in love with, *prima vista*; there was nothing about him strikingly beautiful, and yet he was not deformed in any one member; he was somewhat above the common size, twenty-four years of age, with bright beaming eyes, which seemed to shed their influence over his whole countenance, which, although somewhat of the palest, was agreeably shaded by a profusion of dark brown locks. There was nothing of the genius, nothing of the poet, but very little of the artist about his outward man; but when you heard the tone of his voice, the artlessness, the natural feeling, the benevolence, which his lips expressed, would most assuredly have won him your favour.

It was towards the evening of a December day when he reached his uncle's. The Canonius saw—or, what was the same thing—fancied he saw the features of his beloved sister reflected in the countenance of the youth before him, and received him with a tenderness peculiar to his nature, mingled at the same time with no greater reserve than he considered necessary not to grieve the compassionate soul of Demoiselle Angelica. The motive of the old man was good, but not altogether successful, for upon seeing Henry, the young lady distorted the features with which Nature had endowed her into shapes which were anything but pleasing, and muttered something between her teeth, which most decidedly was not a blessing upon the head of the stranger. But her anger was of no long duration, and after having in some measure healed up the wounds inflicted on her feelings by providing for the occasion a supper considerably less savoury than was her custom, she condescended to lend a patient ear to the conversation of the young man, who, in compliance with the intimated wishes of his uncle, occasionally addressed his observations to her—nay, she even went so far in her condescension as to wish him a good night upon conducting him to his apartment. This apartment, by-the-by, was one of the most useful rooms in the whole house; it served three purposes at once—it was the salon or drawing-room, the library, and stranger's dormitory. It would not have taken you long to have noted down an inventory of its contents;—a four-post bedstead with curtains of yellow, faded silk, a stool of carved oak with a crucifix suspended above it, about a dozen shelves of dusty books, two wormeaten arm chairs, a Liliputian mirror above the spacious grate—and that was all. For a secular priest, however, it was looked upon as something far above the common style, and Angelica never entered this mystic apartment but upon the points of her toes and with a feeling of the profoundest awe, for which reason she had at first resolutely opposed Henry's taking possession of it, and considered it an act of the greatest self denial and kindness of heart on her part, when she suffered her master's earnest representations to outweigh her own feelings upon the subject. Long was her struggle,—

long was her resistance;—but fortunately, with all her errors—and we are none of us free from them—she belonged to that somewhat rare species of womankind, who *will* listen to the reason of others, when they can get no one to listen to their folly.

Scarcely had eight days elapsed when she and Henry stood upon the most friendly terms imaginable. She favoured him with all her interesting stories about her chickens and ducks, and with the still more interesting accounts of the host of lovers she had had—but refused, merely for the sake of remaining with the Abbé le Blanc—of the nights she had watched by his bedside—of the days she had laboured and toiled in providing for his table—in short, little expecting that it was Henry's intention to remain with his uncle, she opened to him her heart, as had he been her oldest and dearest friend. From her, Henry had learnt many particulars in reference to the character and disposition of his uncle, of which he might otherwise have long remained ignorant; amongst other matters she dwelt upon the changeableness of his spirits,—upon his white, red, and black moon-shines, and concluded by admonishing him never to address or interrupt him when in his melancholy fits, except upon urgent occasions. Henry promised obedience, but when he saw the good old man looking so very dismal and unhappy, he determined, perhaps as much from curiosity as from compassion, to inquire into the cause.

It was not long before an opportunity presented itself. The Canonius sat at the window in complete abstraction, it seemed as if all his faculties were on the point of fading away with the declining day. Henry approached him, and spoke of the weather. "I don't know, dear uncle, whether it be the same with you as with me; but I do assure you the heavens of Paris work upon my spirits as were they so many fiddle-strings; the rain, for instance, depresses me—I become dispirited and listless, and can find no pleasure in anything, not even in my books; but when the sun breaks through the clouds I am all at once quite a different being;—there is for me something extremely invigorating in the smile of the sun—it would seem to gild all it lights on with laughter and hilarity;—even when at church, I feel as it were nearer to God when the heavens are smiling, than when they are murky and damp." The Canonius made no answer. "I am of opinion, dear uncle," continued Henry, making another effort to gain his point, "that other persons share this feeling in common with myself;—even you, yourself—who live altogether in a state of blessedness, as it were, far removed from the cares and troubles of this world, —even you, I say, are not entirely able to resist the influence of the weather." The old man obstinately maintained his silence. "But," continued the nephew, rising, "I may be mistaken; forgive me for disturbing your pious reflections—child of the world as I am, I still know how to honour and respect these abstractions of a holy mind."

After having delivered himself of this observation, he remained standing by the grate in which the fire was nearly consumed, and the Canonius, concluding from his silence, that his nephew had left the room, began forthwith, as was his wont, to think aloud. "Merciful God!" exclaimed he, with a deep drawn sigh,—“lend me strength to save her! Poor unfortunate woman, languishing in dishonourable

captivity ! Merciful Saviour, thou hadst more compassion with Magdalena and Mary—and they could not have been richer in tears and beauty !”

Surprised at hearing his uncle thus unconsciously betraying himself, Henry deemed it advisable to leave the apartment as noiselessly as he could, and began lifting up his legs and pointing down his toes with all possible caution, when the door was suddenly opened from without, and Demoiselle Angelica bounced into the room. “Monsieur Canonicus ! Monsieur Le Blanc !” exclaimed she at the top of her voice, and at once thwarting Henry’s honourable intentions ; “does it please your reverence to sup to night or not ?” Le Blanc made no answer. “Is the man deaf ?” continued she ; “Do you intend paying your usual visits to the prison this evening, or not ?” “No, no,” said the Canonicus, more to himself than in answer to the person who put the question ; “I don’t think I shall ever go again.” Saying these words, he got up, took his cap and left the room.

“Now do but look at this uncle of yours, this saint of an uncle !” ejaculated she, looking after the Canonicus, but addressing her observations to Henry. “He said he does not think he shall ever go again, and off he marches directly, though it’s raining cats and dogs ! Tell me, Monsieur Henry, did you ever see such a whimsical being in all your life ? Don’t you think he might as well have waited till to-morrow—as if the woman needed the consecrated oil previous to her setting out on her passage to purgatory ? But so it is—O the obstinacy of the male species !”

Henry was too absorbed to make any reply to these observations ; his whole thoughts were with his uncle ; he pictured him to himself in the condemned cell, offering the consolations of religion to some beautiful penitent or other ; and full of this idea, he determined in his own mind to adopt some means to gain an entrance into the prison St. Pelagie.

Upon the return of the Canonicus, Henry asked him in what state he had found the object of his visit ; whether he was satisfied with the sincerity of her penitence, and whether he entertained the hope that he should eventually succeed in recalling one lost sheep into the fold of the blessed. “The poor prisoners,” replied Le Blanc, not without visible emotion, “manifest the best intentions, the most resolute will, and the sincerest repentance ; there is but one amongst them who is still lamentably unmindful of those things which are requisite to her eternal salvation, and still, I trust, I shall eventually succeed in opening her eyes and heart to her real condition. Ah !” continued he after a pause, and squeezing the rain from his capuchin “how willingly would I save this fallen angel !”

“Dearest uncle,” said the nephew, not without some embarrassment, “are there none of the prisoners in St. Pelagie, who stand in need of medical advice ?”

“Most assuredly, my son, these dungeons are but a few steps removed from the grave.”

“Well then, uncle, as you are the spiritual physician, might I not be allowed to exercise my skill and experience upon the ailments of

the body? Besides, you are an intimate friend of Monsieur de Louvois, of the Archbishop, and other influential men; do you know, uncle, that your word would have great weight with them, and I don't see why you should not employ this interest in procuring me the situation of a physician—if it be but as an assistant—to the prison. You see it would be a good school for me,—I should be able to profit much by it—and till something better offers, six hundred livres the year would be no unacceptable salary. What say you, uncle?" To the concluding part of the observation, Le Blanc could make no possible objection—the truth was obvious. He promised to take the matter into his consideration, and again fell into his dreaming fit.

The ensuing two days no further allusion was made to St. Pelagie. Henry had just arrived at the conclusion, that his uncle had forgotten his request, and was revolving in his mind when, how, and where he could the best remind him of it, when Le Blanc, all at once, informed him that he had mentioned the matter to the chancellor, and through the kindness of some influential friends had succeeded in obtaining for him the situation he had so earnestly desired,—that of an assistant physician to the prison of St. Pelagie. Accompanied by the Canonius, the young man waited upon the superiors of the institution, and was forthwith conducted to the chambers of the sick. But instead of beauty clothed in sackcloth, and smiling through the tears of penitence, his eye fell upon none but miserable objects, whose crimes had rendered them what they were, and brought them where they were, nor did he perceive amongst the greater number those manifestations of awakened conscience, of which his uncle had spoken. "I can't possibly conceive," thought he to himself, "to which of these truly most wretched looking beings my uncle alluded, when he raved about fallen angels; for my part, I can't distinguish one individual, which, in any sense of the term, would justify such a comparison;—these old fellows have most singular ideas of beauty."

Some days subsequently he was requested by one of the women of the house, sister Martha, to visit a sick prisoner, upon whom, notwithstanding the weak state of her body, the overseer had enforced some severe manual labour. "Manual labour,—severe manual labour!" ejaculated the porter, who was just opening the outward door; "well, that beats everything i' faith! why, I'd venture to eat all the wool she combs, without either oil or vinegar to wash it down; severe manual labour, forsooth!" But without paying any attention to this interruption, Henry followed the nun to a dormitory beneath the stairs, at the door of which she gave three slight raps, opened it, and ushered the physician into the apartment. "Sister Maria," said she, approaching the couch upon which the person addressed was reclining, "the first physician is unfortunately prevented by his age and increasing infirmities from paying that regular attention to you, which your case requires; you are therefore to place full confidence in his assistant, this young man, who is recommended to us by his uncle, the Reverend Abbé Le Blanc." Maria gently bowed her head, and cast a look of perfect indifference on Henry. "I shall return in a few minutes," added the nun, who had summoned his assistance, closing the door behind her.

"Sir," said Maria, without any further preface, "I have one request to make of you, and I trust you will have so much kindness of heart as not to refuse it. Pronounce me ill—very ill—but for some days—perhaps but one;—you are a physician," added she in a tone of gentle irony, "and it will surely not be difficult for you to invent some name for my assumed illness?"

Henry was but a young man—a man who had had but little experience, and this little experience was of a nature by no means qualified to enable him to withstand the influence of a couple of radiant eyes, whose full fire was now directed on his person, and whose penetrating rays not even the most experienced could have escaped entirely and completely unscathed. "I scarcely know what answer I can make you," replied he, after a moment's pause,—“and though I am willing to be of service to you as far as my poor abilities will allow, I must first request you—and be it but to satisfy my conscience—”

"I understand you," interrupted she, holding out her hand, which Henry must have pressed more than medical gentlemen are wont to do upon such interesting occasions,—for she raised herself up and inquired with seeming pleasure, whether he did not find that she was suffering from fever?

"Why—not exactly, madame," replied he hesitatingly; "but I am sorry to say you have every symptom of a disease which will not be so easily or so speedily cured, and I shall immediately make an entry to that effect in the general register." A contemptuous smile was the only answer the lady thought proper to make, upon which she opened her prayer book, and took no more notice of Henry than if he had never existed,—at least, she affected to do so. It was certainly a most unpleasant situation for any young man, and a most mortifying one to him, who had, to use her own expression, been just rendering her so great a service. He walked up and down the room, hoping and expecting that his singular patient would give him an opportunity of entering into conversation; but finding that this was not likely to be the case, and arriving at the conclusion that if any conversation took place it must originate with him, he summoned courage and began. "You have a sincere friend, madame, in my uncle the Abbé Le Blanc;—he is deeply interested in your fate, I can assure you. Such great misfortunes, borne with such patient resignation, your beauty, your solitary confinement, your tears fast flowing—whilst so many a heart is beating, who would be proud to ——"

"Monsieur!" interrupted she, suddenly closing her book, and raising her head—"Monsieur, whatever, my sufferings may be, I see no right you have to favour me with your compassion, uncalled for;—but perhaps," continued she, in a milder tone, perceiving that the severity of the words had grieved him;—"perhaps our mutual friendship for the Abbé, your uncle, may plead as an extenuation for your inconsideration. Well, then, pity me as you will, I will endure it." At this interesting moment, very much to the mortification of the reader, the door opened, and all further conversation was put a stop to. "I shall see you to-morrow, madame," said Henry, and with a deep bow left the chamber.

There are certain months of the twelve, it is said, which exercise

a singular influence upon the human heart ;—or, that we may be fully understood—there are certain months, in which the human heart is more inclined to love than in others. We ourselves cannot pretend to pass a definite opinion upon the subject ; because, in the first place, we are still in great doubt whether we have any heart at all ; and in the second place, if we have, it has become so overshadowed with the moss and weeds of some fifty years' growth and upwards, that it is perfectly ridiculous to suppose it can in any way be touched, or smiled upon, or breathed upon, or shone upon, by any such things as months, let the season be what it will. But be this as it may, it is still asserted that the youthful heart in certain months, is more frequently visited by those yearnings after the attainment of some indefinite, or definite object, which yearnings either constitute love, or are the stepping stones which lead to it ; and from several instances, which have passed beneath our more immediate observation, we are somewhat inclined to place credence in the assertion. When we look through the pages of gallic history, we find that, prone as the good people of that illustrious nation are to upset the established order of things, and establish a mis-order of their own peculiar construction, these interesting ebullitions of popular frenzy generally manifested themselves only during *certain* months of the year. We don't mean by this to imply that there is any similarity in the world between love and frenzy—heaven forefend !—it has merely struck us as being strange that *certain* months are more favourable than others to their generation and spread. But this is a digression.

It was the month of April when Henry first made the acquaintance of Maria, and upon leaving St. Pelagie, he all at once felt such an inclination to admire the budding beauties of nature, that he strolled for the next six hours into the adjoining fields, in order the more uninterruptedly to indulge it. The amiable *demoiselle* Angelica lost herself in a labyrinth of surmises as to the cause of his non-appearance at the usual hour of meals, and even Le Blanc himself became at last somewhat uneasy. But Angelica's surprise and the kind uncle's uneasiness were of no long, very long continuance. Towards evening Henry made his appearance, and cast the whole blame of his having remained away so much longer than usual to the extraordinary beauties of nature. In the course of conversation, however, he informed his uncle that he had been introduced, in the course of his morning visit to St. Pelagie, to one of the most beautiful creatures—Henry said creatures, but the word which was uppermost in his thoughts was more akin to angels—his eye had ever beheld. "It is true," observed he, drawing to a conclusion—"it is true I did but see her eyes and hands ; but what eyes ! what hands !"

"Sinful eyes and guilty hands !" replied the Canonius with a sigh. "Henry, let us never speak of this woman again."

In the solitude of his chamber, Henry endeavoured to recall to his memory every passage of the scene with the fair penitent of the morning, and to bring before his mental eye a faithful representation of her beautiful person—the pale and haggard features, which, in spite of their speaking misery and wretchedness, still possessed sufficient charm to captivate the imagination of our hero, and which from

their very misery and wretchedness, were the more calculated to awaken the sympathy of a deeply-feeling heart.

We still possess a portrait of Maria de Joyssel (for this was her real name,) from the pencil of Coppel, taken, mayhap, at a time when youth and innocence lent their irresistible attractions to features upon which nature had impressed her fairest stamp. She is represented in this picture in warm and glowing colours, something like the lovely *blondines* of the matchless Titian—an Eve beneath the shadow of the Tree of Knowledge, with the forbidden fruit in her hand. And even after the lapse of years, at the period of which we are now speaking, the eyes of the emaciated woman were still the same which Coppel's impassioned pencil has handed down to posterity.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Henry, completely absorbed in contemplation and admiration of the image he had conjured up, "it is useless to blind myself to the consequences—beautiful though she be, to love this woman is to precipitate myself into an abyss."

Poor fellow! the jump into the precipice, as he termed it, he had already taken. It was to no purpose that he now as zealously endeavoured to banish the image as he had but a short time before strained every nerve to call it into being. He tried to sleep—he could not; he closed his eyes, and sought to forget those charms which had so completely fascinated him, but without effect; his pulse beat high and audibly; the fever of which Maria had spoken was in reality raging in his veins.

It was about noon on the following day when Henry repaired to the prison; he was much more excited, and his outward man bore more symptoms of mental agitation than had hitherto been the case; but he succeeded in repressing his feelings, and determined, if possible, to raise the veil which clouded with such mystery the fate of a woman whose beauty, and perhaps distress, had made such an indescribable impression upon him. The dormitory or cell was nothing but a grave upon a somewhat enlarged scale, with damp and naked walls, and a stone floor. The furniture, if furniture it might be called, consisted of a narrow couch, a dilapidated stool with a straw cushion, an embroidery frame, a broken water jug, some few books of religious contents, several miserable rags, and the wreck of a china cup, in which a violet was endeavouring to raise its modest head and smile. A small and cracked glass, in an antiquated frame, supplied the place of Pelisson's spider, in which the wretched captive was, at any rate, still able to behold a human face, though haggard and emaciated by long confinement and the workings of an unquiet mind. Into this miserable aperture the light forced its arduous way through the iron gratings in the upper part of the door.

"It is quite impossible that you can remain in this miserable hole," commenced Henry, whose eye had been attentively examining the apartment—"quite impossible. In your present weak state, you would not endure it a single week."

"And still," interrupted she, "it has been my only dwelling for the last fourteen years."

"Fourteen years!" faltered Henry, starting back as if a dagger had been pierced through his heart.

"But what of that?" continued she. "Am I not condemned to close my days here? My liberator—death—tarries long—very long!" added she, with a deep-drawn sigh, and sinking her eyes upon a book of devotion she held in her hand.

"Those who inflicted on you this torture, madame, must have been barbarians. Nothing but the utmost stretch of the most refined cruelty—"

"In the name of all the saints, monsieur, why allude, in the most distant terms, to the past? Forget, and if you really have compassion for me, assist me in forgetting that I was ever anything else than what you now see me—a miserable prisoner, diseased in mind and body!"

"Fourteen years!" ejaculated Henry. "Why, you could have been but a child—a very child; and as such, how could you have excited such deadly hatred?"

"I was no child, sir; I was twenty-two years of age."

"And have you, then, really spent the best years of your life in this miserable dungeon? Horrible! most horrible!"

Maria returned no answer; she did not hear him, or at least she appeared not to hear him, for her thoughts were seemingly chained to the book in which she was reading. Henry respected her silence, and retired. He inquired of the turnkey if he knew who she was, and for what crime she had been imprisoned.

"Why, no," answered he. "All we know of her is that her christian name is Maria, and that she was imprisoned at the suit of a man whom nobody about the house knew anything of. Poor creature!" added he, "she is very quiet, considering her sufferings. She blubbers, it is true, now and then, but I never knew her once complain of her persecutor. I beg your pardon," added he, shouting after Henry, who had already got some paces from the door: "there is something else I had almost forgotten to mention. Persons of distinction have been here in their carriages, and have offered me hundreds upon hundreds if I would but let them see the prisoner but for a few moments. Of course I denied, though I must say the money would have been very acceptable. One man, in particular, offered to settle upon me all he had in the world if I would but assist him in effecting her escape."

"Dearest uncle," commenced Henry, upon his return home, "I must entreat you to let me know something about the life and character of the prisoner they call Maria. As physician to the body, you see, I cannot make my services fully available, unless I am—at least to a certain extent—informed of the state of the mind."

"Henry," replied the Canonius, "what was imparted to me in the confessional must be known but to God and myself; besides, I am ever wont to forget the sin as soon as I have absolved the sinner. It is the Judge of heaven and earth alone in whose memory the actions of the past are but as the deeds of the present moment. I'll tell you what it is, Henry—we must never speak about this miserable woman; let the penitence she manifests rather induce us to respect her weakness, and forget her crimes."

But whilst the Canonius was speaking, he was struck with the un-

usual paleness in the countenance of his nephew, and with the feverish look that was expressed in his eye.

"Fool that I was!" said he to himself, "I might have foreseen that it would fare with the poor fellow no better than it has with all whose cruel destiny ever led them within the seductive sphere of this child of sin."

"My friend," added he, in a louder tone of voice, addressing his nephew, "this woman of whom you are speaking is a fearful abyss, upon whose brink a giddiness and indescribable apprehension of fearful consequences involuntarily take possession even of me. Lament her, if you will, but ponder not on her misfortunes. But I had almost forgotten to tell thee that a letter has just arrived for thee from thy mother."

"From my mother!" exclaimed Henry with animation, breaking the seal, and devouring the contents with eagerness. The letter was couched in such tender words of motherly affection, there was such a warmth of pure virtue and moral dignity in every line, that Henry's soul blushed for the passion it entertained for a criminal. Opposed to his noble and sincerely pious mother, Maria's image lost much of its fascinating charm, but it was not long before the spirit of evil regained the upper hand in his struggling heart. When he retired to his chamber, he felt as if a century had passed since his last visit to St. Pelagie, and now, perhaps for the first time, he became alarmed at the consciousness, thus brought home to him, how deep the destructive passion had already rooted in his heart. He fell upon his knees, and attempted to pray, although a prayer had scarcely passed his lips since the days of his childhood; but there was blasphemy in his prayer, for the moment after his lips had ejaculated, "O God, O my mother, deliver me from this woman!" his heart expressed in words the entreaty which the tears in his eyes implied, and he concluded—"Deliver her from the dungeon in which she languishes—lead her into my arms!"

Instead of manfully struggling with his passion, Henry gave himself completely up to it—a passion which offered him no more cheering future than the damp walls of a dungeon, and whose only retrospect was guilt and shame. But what passion is so ingenious in practising the arts of self-deception as love? He was not long in persuading himself that the object of his thoughts was a person of high birth, whose personal beauty alone had exposed her to the envious persecutions of her enemies; and when he thought of her errors, it was rather with a feeling of pity than disgust. In less than eight days he had become the will-less puppet of his passion, although it was evident that he was a perfect object of indifference in the eyes of her he loved—so much so, that she scarcely regarded his presence, or deigned him a look when he addressed her.

But this state of affairs was of no long duration. He found her one morning greatly excited and in tears, with dishevelled hair, wringing her hands in the bitterest despair, and upon his inquiring the cause, the tone of her voice, her manner, her whole bearing towards him, was entirely changed. Henry sank upon his knees beside her, and clasping both her hands in his, said, in a faltering tone of voice,

"O, if you could but know how I love you!"

At any other time, Maria would, in all probability, have pushed him from her; but amid the storm of passion, and grief, and despair which now raged within her, she was visibly and sensibly moved by this open avowal, looked down more in surprise than anger upon the youth at her feet, let him retain her hands, and replied, in her softest tone,

"You love me? No, no!—it cannot be. You know not to whom you are speaking—what you are speaking. It is my sufferings which move you; it is pity—compassion; but love—no, no—it is not, it cannot be love!"

"Not love you?" interrupted Henry, and Maria felt his hot tears fall fast upon her hand; "say, how shall I prove it?"

"Poor youth!" sighed she, giving vent to a fresh burst of tears—"poor youth! who art thou—say, from whence comest thou; that upon your journey through life no other woman, worthy of your years and virtue, should have as yet crossed your path? Hast thou no sister, whose pure image could and should prove to thee a talisman to ward thee from such infatuation?"

"Yes, yes; I have a sister—a dear, an affectionate sister," replied Henry, with a scarcely audible voice, "and if she could but see thee, so beautiful and so miserable, she herself would urge me to love thee as I do!"

Maria became thoughtful; she stretched out her hand to the figure of the crucified Saviour above her couch, and took from a secret recess in the same a rusty key and dagger, upon which some spots of blood were visible.

"But no, no," observed she, as suddenly replacing them—"I cannot—I cannot—not now, at least!"

"What is it thou canst not do now? I entreat thee," implored Henry, "bestow upon me thy full, thy unreserved confidence!"

"Well, then," replied she, after some moments' consideration, "if, as you say, you are really attached to me, and wish me well, help me to accomplish a great undertaking. Will you do this?"

"How canst thou doubt?" replied Henry, raising his head and looking into her face. "Command my services; my arm, nay, my very soul, belongs to you, and you alone!"

"Consider what you are saying, monsieur; what I have to demand of you may prove your ruin."

"Death in your behalf I should welcome as a blessing. Command me—I obey."

"Be it then," exclaimed Maria, gently pressing his hand. "I place confidence in your sincerity. Listen to me. This very week I must leave this house for a few hours, about midnight, and proceed in a hackney coach to the Rue Mazarin, where I have an appointment with some one."

Henry could not resist a feeling of jealousy which pervaded his bosom at this intelligence.

"Young man," added she, most probably guessing the thought that was uppermost in his mind, "do not my eyes tell you clearly enough that it is no lover whom I expect to meet there? When

my visit is over," continued she, "we must immediately return to these walls, for it is not my intention to escape—not even with you! Justice shall take its course. Say, dost thou feel the power, the courage, and the will to assist me?"

"I do," said Henry; "and, as a reward for my services, I demand permission to press my lips to these beautiful tresses."

"Take your reward beforehand," replied she; and she seemed to breathe more freely.

"Do you require my services to-night?" asked Henry, in a transport of delight at the boon conferred.

"If it be possible—yes."

"If you wish it, it is possible. I shall tell the turnkey and the superior that your illness has taken an unfavourable turn, and that I deem it absolutely necessary to repeat my visit towards night. Martha is in your service, and devotedly attached to you, as indeed are all who know you; she will not—she cannot obstruct our plan. We will leave this house together, and no one shall know of your flight—Heaven will protect us!"

"Be it so then, my friend; in earnest prayer I shall await your return."

(To be continued.)

IRISH SONG.

DERMODY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WEARY and sad, at the mid watch reclining,
 Young Dermody sunk for a moment to rest;
 The beams of the cold moon around him were shining,
 While his dreams were of home in the beautiful west.
 Hark the blast of the trumpet! it wakens the sleeper,
 Home, country, and friends, fade away from his view,
 For now on the night-wind comes deeper and deeper,
 The war-note that calls him to proud Waterloo.

The brave sons of Erin, (none braver in story!)
 With banner and bugle rush on to the fight;
 With England's and Scotia's they share in the glory,
 That covers their deeds with a mantle of light:
 But bleeding and faint, when the battle was over,
 Young Dermody lay on his dark bed of rest;
 There he breathed the last sigh of the son and the lover,
 To his kindred of soul in the beautiful west.

Ah! often I ween, when the gay bells are ringing,
 To hail the bright dawn of that glorious day;
 When the bards of the land are of victory singing,
 And the lion-flag floats o'er the turret of gray;
 As the summer breeze sweeps o'er Loch-erne's lonely water,
 'Twill bear the wild wail of the mourners along,
 As sad mem'ry tells of that far field of slaughter,
 Where Dermody sleeps with the deathless of song.

THE DERVISH LOVER.¹

A STORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Zeph.—Have at thee, fiend—ah heaven!
 What cloud is this
 That thwarts upon my sight? My head grows dizzy,
 My joints unloose—sure 'tis the stroke of fate!
Mah. (aside.)—The poison works; then triumph Mahomet!
 THE INFECTOR.

Arp.—O Dezival! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!
 Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?
 Patience! distraction! Blast the tyrant!—blast him,
 Avenging lightnings! snatch him hence, ye fiends!
 Love! death! Moneses!—nature can no more;
 Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once! TAMERLANE.

LALA-DERVISH left the mosque of Santa Sophia about the end of the fifth prayer—that is to say, little more than an hour after sunset. He re-entered his own dwelling, where he took from out a coffer of mother-of-pearl strongly secured, a paper, which he concealed in his bosom. He afterwards hid in the folds of his benich a packet of cords and a small bundle, composed of fagots of fir wood, to which was attached a match besmeared with sulphur; furnished with these articles, which were needed for the accomplishment of his designs, he bent his course towards the abode of Cara Mehemed Aga, the butcher to the seraglio.

That functionary's residence presented the same aspect of mystery and solitude as before. The jealousies of the windows were close down, yet a feeble ray of light, which pierced through one of the windows on the ground floor, announced that all the members of the household were not yet retired to rest. By applying his ear to the grate, the dervish was soon convinced that Gul-Bahar was not alone in her chamber. A few seconds afterwards the young girl's window was partially thrown open, for the heat was stifling, and the old man, crouched in the shade the better to watch his prey, clearly distinguished the young softa of the Médressé, peacefully smoking, seated as he was in an angle of the sofa, that very same narghlûlé of silver, incrustated with precious stones, recently given by Hafaz to his mistress.

At that sight the dervish recoiled upon himself like a wounded bull. His hand was plunged by a spontaneous movement into the folds of his shawl-belt to grasp the ivory pommel there of his sharp dagger. However he restrained himself, and drawing with stealthy step close to the jalousie, he was desirous of judging by the evidence of his own eyes of the extent of his misfortune. The presence of his rival at such an hour in the chamber of Gul-Bahar, too well informed the wretched old man what foundation in fact there was for his worst suspicions; the attentions and affectionate services of the

¹ Continued from p. 103.

young girl, who sometimes presented the *sofa* with a spoonful of rose-scented sweetmeats, or a cup of coffee, then returned, light as a fawn, to nestle herself by his side on the *divan*—all this awoke one of those bursts of deep and concentrated fury in the heart of the dervish, which with such irresistible impulse urge on to vengeance, immediate, bloody, and cruel.

When Hafaz had twice filled and emptied the *narghilé*, and dispersed in light clouds the perfumed *tombaki*, which his lovely mistress presented to him in a pouch of cashmere, fringed with gold and pearls, Lala-Dervish hurriedly drew from his *benich* the small bundle of fagots he had brought, then retiring in the shade afforded by the over-hanging roof of the opposite house, he struck a light with an agate stone, and set fire to the match it contained. Afterwards he conveyed the whole incendiary apparatus to the door of Cara Mehemed's residence, which soon burst forth into a red and smoky flame.

The dervish smiled for a few instants whilst contemplating the rapid progress of his handywork. The fire in effect was not long in extending its ravages to the different portions of the building, wholly constructed, as is the custom in Constantinople, of planks covered with a thick coating of paint. The dervish, before the lovers perceived the peril which menaced their existence, ran again to Gul-Bahar's window, whose *jalousie* he fastened to the wall by means of a stoutly-twisted rope, so as, on that side, to render all attempt at flight impossible. Then he waited until the fire had reached the upper story, and when he saw the flame had taken firm hold, and not till then, in a voice clearer and more sonorous than that of a *muezzin* calling to prayer from the top of a minaret, he sent forth the cry of alarm, "*Yangoun bar!*" so well known, and so dreaded to this hour in the capital of the Osmanlees.

At this dread summons, which was soon repeated by all the neighbours, hastily risen from their beds, Hafaz let fall the long flexible tube of his *narghilé* from his lips, and pressing Gul-Bahar to his bosom :

"Listen!" murmured he, pale as death ; "there is a cry of fire in the street."

"Tis nothing," answered the young girl. "Remain yet a short time longer, my Hafaz! I trust the flames will not attain our house."

"Thou art deceived, Gul-Bahar; see how bright and overpowering is the glare. Ah! the fire must be very near."

"What matters it? Thou canst not go forth without destroying thyself, and me with thee. Look through this lowered *jalousie* down below there—a crowd of men passing hastily to and fro to bring assistance doubtless to the unhappy victims, who ——"

At this moment steps resounded loud and hurried in the inner corridor of Cara Mehemed's house. Gul-Bahar felt ready to die with fear on recognizing her father's voice. With one desperate bound she threw herself to her chamber door for the purpose of making fast both bolt and lock, then stretching a trembling hand to her lover—

"Fly! fly! by yonder window!" cried she to him almost in dis-

traction. "Fly, let what will happen! An instant—but one instant, and my father will be here."

And the voice of Cara Mehemed, which drew nearer every moment, was heard again to cry out in frenzied accents, "Fire! fire! our house is on fire!"

Hafaz had already darted to the window. He recoiled with terror on seeing the jalousie closed and fastened, and behind it the eyes of the old dervish, which flashed fire on meeting the gaze of his own.

"I told thee," murmured the old wretch, "cruel young man, thou hadst no pity on me. I hold thee now in my power; think not to escape me."

"O my father!" stammered out Hafaz, his forehead pressed against the grate, which he vainly sought to shake with his hands, "have compassion on thy son;—condemn him not to a death so dreadful!"

"Did he not wish my death?" retorted the dervish. "Why should I be more generous than him? Listen, Hafaz, there is but one way of saving thee, and preserving unsullied the honour of Gul-Bahar. If thou refuse it, only blame thyself for all the evil, whose sole cause thou then wilt be."

"What way?"

"Renounce thy mistress for ever; to-morrow, at point of day, leave Stamboul, and never —"

"Silence, wretch!" replied the young man.

"Then do your pleasure, noble sofia!" interrupted the dervish retiring.

Hafaz instantly recalled him.

"Let us make a compact. Listen: thou wishest for my blood, dost thou not, to avenge thyself? Well, rescue me from here: open this grate, for fear lest my presence should dishonour Gul-Bahar when the servants of Cara Mehemed's household, who are in the corridor, shall enter this chamber. Take the muslin of my turban, bind my hands behind my back, put a gag in my mouth to prevent me crying out, and then slay me with a blow of thy dagger in some deserted corner of the city. Thy wish will be thus fulfilled, and no one dream of rendering thee responsible for my death."

"Well imagined, Hafaz; but such a scheme suits not my views. 'Tis to me of the greatest importance that every one should know, beyond the possibility of doubt, the cloud that has passed over the once undimmed star of Gul-Bahar's virtue. Without that I may not pretend to her hand, poor, old, and ugly, as I am, engaged in a contest with all the handsome young men, and they are many, who seek the alliance of the wealthy Cara Mehemed. Thus, then, take patience, dear Hafaz, hide thyself as well as thou canst in thy mistress's chamber. The fire will soon force the fox from his hole."

Without waiting to heed any more, the dervish ran to meet a troop of janissaries, who debouched in the street with buckets to extinguish the conflagration. Hafaz, placed between two imminently threatening dangers, resolved at all hazards to attempt an escape by the interior apartments of the house. But his mistress besought him yet to wait a brief while longer, for the servants of Cara Mehemed, at that

moment busied in transporting the furniture and objects of value beyond the reach of the devastating element, would not fail to recognize and do him some injury.

In the mean time, the fire continued its ravages without any steps being as yet taken to check its further progress. The janissaries, who had just brought a tardy assistance to bear, had only forgotten one thing in their haste—water. Until this omission could be remedied, Lala-Dervish persuaded them to beat in the doors of Cara Mehemed's cellar. Contrary to the prophet's precept, they found there many casks of an excellent wine of the isles, which they set themselves incontinently to discuss after so energetic a fashion that the supply was exhausted, whilst the fire completely enveloped the habitation they had come to save, in smoke and flame. After this fine exploit, as the water still delayed making its appearance, the drunken band, whose consciences would not allow them to remain idle for that, took it into their wise heads to fill their buckets with oil, and amidst the cheering shouts of their comrades, one detachment after another sprinkled Cara Mehemed's crumbling roof with that efficient substitute.

Amidst the uproar and disorder of the conflagration, the young sofa vainly besought his mistress to follow him out of the burning tomb, which toppled to the fall above their heads. Gul-Bahar was resolute not to consent, declaring she preferred death to the dishonour which would then await her.

A thick suffocating smoke already filled the chamber. A flaming beam fell from the ceiling close by their sides, and half dead with fear, Gul-Bahar sank senseless on the floor. Then Hafaz, only listening to the voice of his united love and courage, wrapped himself in a woman's cloak which lay near, covered his face with a double veil of muslin, and thus effectually disguised, deliberately seized the still insensible girl in his arms. Loaded with this precious burden, he boldly traversed the deserted apartments of the house. Many times was he on the point of losing his way—many times the combined flames and smoke were near suffocating the two fond lovers. At length Hafaz placed his foot on the pavement of the street at the very moment when the last ruins of the mansion, now reduced to a mere shell, gave way behind him with a frightful crush.

A cry of joy from the excited crowd hailed the apparition of Gul-Bahar. Cara Mehemed snatched his darling daughter with transport to his heart, and she was instantly conveyed by the surrounding attendants to a harem close by, where every attention which her state demanded was lavished upon her.

Hafaz, meanwhile, received the congratulations and thanks of the relatives and friends of the family, and wrapping himself as well as he could to escape detection in his borrowed dress, made every effort to escape the dangerous effusion of their warmly-expressed gratitude. He would have succeeded, when his evil genius, in the shape of the dervish, suddenly tearing off the veil which covered the young man's face, changed in a moment the marks of friendly interest on the part of the multitude into imprecations and abuse the most violent. In

fact, Hafaz would infallibly have fallen a victim to the popular fury, had he not, taking advantage of the swiftness and vigour of his youthful limbs, fled away through all the dark and narrow alleys he could meet with, whose baffling turns he knew so well. His speed, and the obscurity of a moonless night, ensured his safety. The crowd dispersed, crying, "Anathema!" and the janissaries reappeared with divers tons of water to work their buckets, when Cara Mehemed's house had crumbled to its foundations.

Lala-Dervish had not, however, completed all his projects of vengeance. Casting a last look of satisfaction on the ruins he had made, he withdrew the latest from the scene of desolation, and bent his course to the magnificent djaine, called the Sulimainé. Leaving on his left the imperial mosque, whose doors were closed, the dervish seemed to meditate for a few moments, and then entered a building of less elevation, whose severely grand interior announced one of those tombs of the Ottoman sovereigns, where the faithful are admitted to pray. 'Twas the turbé of Solyman the Great.

There are a great number of these sepulchral chapels in Constantinople. Their walls are adorned with porcelain tiles, and ornamented with inscriptions in letters of gold. Over the grave where the body has been inhumed rises a cenotaph covered with precious stuffs and cashmeres half unfolded, and placed in a confused heap one upon another. The situation of the head, indicated by a muslin turban, is enveloped in a morsel of the sacred veil of the Kaaba from Mecca. A gilded grating, or one enriched with mother-of-pearl, surrounds the place of sepulture. Divers lamps suspended from the vaulted roof burn night and day in these funereal palaces, whose constant care and attention is confided to six guardians under the name of *turbédars*. In addition, ten or fifteen old men, with long white beards, are appointed to recite every morning various chapters from the Koran for the repose of the imperial souls.

On entering the turbé of Sultan Solyman, Lala-Dervish first made sure, by one rapid glance, whether the Reis Rami Effendi had preceded him to the place of meeting. He perceived him prostrated at the extremity of the building, repeating his chaplet with much apparent fervency and abstraction in the shade, whilst one of the *turbédars* was engaged in trimming the lamps. The guardian was not long before he left the two nocturnal visitors to themselves, who accosted each other with an air of lively curiosity and distrust.

Rami Effendi first broke the silence.

"If thou keepest the promise," he said, "which thou madest me in thy letter, dervish, thou shalt not have lost thy time, I swear to thee."

"Eccellenza," replied the dervish, bowing humbly, "your gracious words embolden your slave to speak."

"Dost thou, then, really possess a proof which will put the head of the grand vizir, Daltaban, in danger?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"On me."

The eyes of the Reis sparkled with a joy he could not hide. It

seemed to say, "I am certain now of forcing from thee this proof, since thou hast had the imprudence to trust thyself in my power." The dervish doubtless perceived the fault he had committed, for his trembling glance fell on the door of the turbé, as if to make sure that, in case of peril, it would be possible for him to fly.

The turbédar had closed the door behind him. Lala-Dervish trembled in every nerve,

"That proof," repeated the Reis calmly, "thou wilt now hand over to me."

"Tis for that purpose I am come here, excellenza; but we will first speak, so please you, of the reward I am to receive from you."

"What meanest thou?"

"You know, my lord, the daughter of Cara Mehemed—"

"What has Gul-Bahar to do with the present business?"

"You intended, my lord, did you not, to elevate her to the rank of your wife? But, after what has just happened, you will doubtless renounce such a design for ever."

"What dost thou mean, ill-omened croaker?"

"That amidst the fire which has just devoured the residence of your future father in law, a young sofia of the [medrèssé of Santa Sophia was found shut up in the young lady's chamber; that her dishonour is henceforth publicly known; and that, whilst you renounce the hand of a girl utterly unworthy of you, you will doubtless not refuse to support, by your influence with her father, the pretensions of a lover less sensitive and much humbler, who asks no other recompence at your hands for the eminent service you expect him to perform."

"By the nostrils of the holy mare El-Borak!" stammered forth the Reis, completely taken aback by so unexpected a request, "here is a singular demand for you! I tell thee at once, however, that it is by no means to my taste, friend. I would fain not chastise thee for the calumny thou hast just poured into my ears; but venture not to repeat it, old idiot. Know that I expect Cara Mehemed here every moment. We are both deeply interested in effecting the grand vizir's ruin. Be thou, therefore, well assured that we will not let the occasion for doing so, which thou so disinterestedly offerest us, slip by. Come, tell us what thou knowest, and give up the proof thou holdest with a good grace, else—"

The door of the turbé was again thrown open, and Cara Mehemed appeared before the alarmed gaze of the dervish. The shawl, which served both for belt and arsenal to the butcher of the seraglio, contained within its vast folds a long pair of Albanian pistols, and close beside these cannons on a small scale, of polished steel, crossing each other in the most picturesque manner possible, were a yatagan, three feet in length, and a small Damascus knife, in a sheath of silver gilt. The butcher was speedily informed, by his intended son in law, of the modest pretensions of this unexpected rival. In the first impulse of his fury, he would have brained the unlucky aspirant where he stood, or rather cowered, but the Reis restrained him. The dervish, however, only escaped one danger to fall into another.

"Give us thy proof," repeated with one voice the two enemies into whose power he had so imprudently delivered himself.

Backed against the wall of the turbé, his whole defence consisting in his poniard and creis, the old man clearly saw that he was lost, and that, his secret once obtained, his life would most likely be the next sacrifice.

"I am ready, my lord, to obey," he said; "but a scruple of conscience has suddenly seized me."

"Explain thyself."

"I cannot resolve to destroy so eminent a personage as his highness's vizir in presence of the sacred tombs which surround us."

"No more! Thou wouldst laugh at our beads," muttered the butcher, plucking one of the pistols from his belt."

"My dear lords," pursued the wretched dervish, "accompany me out of this holy place, and as soon as we reach the street—"

"Not a word more!" interrupted Rami Effendi, his hand on the hilt of his kangiar. "Dervish, we will reward thee handsomely; but we must have thy proof this very instant, or thou art dead."

The old man felt all the blood in his veins turned to ice. To protect yet one instant more the precious pledge on which he had built all his hopes of happiness, he convulsively pressed the border of his benich to his chest with both trembling hands, and piteously besought his murderers to let him, at least, have time to utter a last prayer.

Falling on his knees on the steps of the sultan Solymán's tomb, he racked his brain to devise some means of vengeance, by depriving the double traitors of the price of their perfidy. After having recited his orisons at the four corners of the imperial monument, he rose to his feet, pale and ghastly as a wandering shade, and cried,

"Holy sepulchre of the great Solymán, conceal in thy sombre depths the precious treasure, which these faithless men can never find without my aid!"

Then turning to Rami and Cara Mehemed, who already raised their arms to strike,

"Stop!" said he. "My secret and my life are now inseparable from one another. I alone know where I have just hid that paper!"

"Thou liest, dog," answered Cara Mehemed, plunging his yatagan in the dervish's breast. "Were it necessary to pull this sepulchre to pieces, I will yet discover the proof we seek."

Lala-Dervish fell, uttering a horrible cry of mingled pain and despair.

"What have you done?" murmured the Reis Effendi, whilst the butcher cleared the imperial tomb of the stuffs and shawls which encumbered it.

"Help! help! murder!" yet stammered forth the old man in a faint voice, choked by the blood, which flowed in torrents from his wound.

Let us hence! let us away!—quick!" cried Rami Effendi. "The turbédars have perchance heard the uproar. If they find us thus, we are lost. Come—Away!"

"This tomb is deaf to the living as well as the dead," replied the butcher. "Besides, I secured the outer door of the *turbé* when I entered, and I defy 'the dusty foot,' the vizir Daltaban himself, to penetrate to where we stand!"

The words had scarce escaped his lips, than the door of the *turbé* suddenly flew open, and, amidst the profoundest silence, appeared Daltaban Mustapha Pacha, who made a sign to his guards to raise the senseless body, and take the stupified murderers prisoners.

"The man without shoes" had, according to his proverbial custom, reached the scene of action whilst the crime was yet freshly committed, and before the sound of his step or the slightest sign could betray his coming. The aspect of his frowning brow, the prestige of the authority he exercised, and, above all, the devoted soldiers who followed him, their hands upon their large knives, and ready to strike at the first intimation, for an instant alarmed the fears of the detected assassins. However, in a while they regained courage, by reflecting that the vizir, despite his audacity, would shrink from assuming to himself the right to punish such eminent personages, without the sentence having first received the sultan's approbation. In effect, Daltaban Mustapha Pacha contented himself with ordering the guilty men to retire in all haste to their several abodes, at the same time warning them that they would have to answer for the blood they had just shed. The dervish, who yet breathed, was carried to the vizir's palace, and the *turbédars* silently reclosed the door of the mausoleum on the august remains of the great emperor.

Once returned home, the vizir had the body of the victim laid in an isolated chamber, and the physicians of the palace were sent for in all haste to attend him. Daltaban, despite the advanced hour of the night, would not retire before the doctors had given him their opinion as to the wounded man's state. Their unanimous declaration was that the blow was not mortal. The vizir seemed relieved of a great weight on hearing these words. It speedily became evident to all the world that he attached some grave interest, whose secret he alone knew, to the existence of that man. When the lips of the wound had been carefully closed, and, strengthened by a drink which had been administered to him, the dervish began to open his eyes and show some sign of life, Daltaban enjoined the physicians to leave him alone with the sufferer, and hold themselves in readiness, in the adjoining chamber, to afford their patient all the care and attention which his case required.

After the lapse of about an hour, Lala-Dervish was able to rise in bed, and at length give answers to the hurried questions with which the vizir up to that time had not ceased to press him.

"Fear nothing, dervish. God mercifully restores thee to life; and for myself, I promise thee the pleasure of complete revenge. You must, however, let me know all—confess everything."

As he still continued silent, Daltaban, bending down low to his face, proceeded in these terms:—

"Eighteen years ago—am I not right?—thou didst not wear the high felt cap of the *Mevleves*, but the janissaries' turban?"

The wounded man nodded his head in sign of assent.

"'Twas to thee that, after the battle of Peterwardein, was committed an infant, with a bag of gold to bring him up, and different articles which would serve, later on, to effect his recognition by his parents?"

"Yes," answered the dervish, whilst a smile of singular expression curled his lip.

"That child," pursued the vizir, forcibly shaking his interlocutor's arm—"that child!—where is he now?—what didst thou with him? Thou wilt restore him to me, wilt thou not?"

"I will," murmured the sufferer, in a faint voice.

"When?"

"Soon. But, first of all, I must have my liberty, for you might avenge yourself on me else."

"Avenge myself? And wherefore?"

"Listen. With the bag of gold and the infant you gave me a terrible weapon, which I have since used."

"What meanest thou?"

"That at the bottom of the bag which contained the gold, the janissary found a letter, written and signed by the child's mother. It established beyond doubt the fact, that that same mother, since dead, but then the wife of another man, had a son by Mustapha Pacha, her seducer, who is now called Daltaban Pacha, grand vizir to his Highness, and supreme judge of the Osmanlee empire. Now you know, excellenza, that according to our laws, the crime of adultery is punished with death."

"And what hast thou done with that letter?" stammered out Daltaban, frowning fiercely.

"I went to the tarbé of Sultan Solyman, to give it up to Rami Effendi, who has basely assassinated me."

"Wretch!"

"But reassure yourself, excellenza," pursued the dervish. "Rami Effendi did not profit by his treachery. I contrived to conceal the letter under the second step of the imperial monument, on the right-hand corner. You'll find it there to-morrow."

"I will not fail. God pardon thee thy evil designs against myself. And now, dervish, give me back the son I confided to thy care. Where hast thou hid him? Speak!—O speak quickly! I have mourned for him so long!"

"I have already told you, my lord, "that I will restore you your son when a perfect cure and unrestrained liberty enable me to escape from any new revenge."

"O, thou delightest in my anguish then!" exclaimed the vizir, striving to keep down the fierce wrath that boiled within. "But know, miserable dervish, that I can force thee to disclose thy secret by the agonies of torture!"

"You'll not attempt it, excellenza; for I am very weak after all the blood I have lost, and, should I die, you will never hear anything more."

"The vizir gently approached the wounded man, and, clasping his hand in both his own,

"Ah," he cried, I stand in no need of thy confession to regain my

son. The instincts of my heart are not so easily deceived. That young softa from the medréssé of Santa Sophia, who came with thee to Stamboul—that Hafaz—”

“I have largely practised the charitable acts enjoined us by the Prophet,” interrupted the dervish. “Hafaz is not the only orphan I have received into my arms, to draw the blessings and mercy of heaven on my poor head. Beware of self-deception, my lord. I, and I alone, can make you sure, and furnish you with incontestible proofs in support of my testimony. Reflect yet once again on this—when I am free I will do it. Permit me now to snatch a few instants of repose, and to-morrow, as soon as the sun rises, forget not to visit the tomb of Solyman the Great.”

The vizir withdrew, not to retard the dervish's cure, and after again recommending him to the best attention of his doctors, sought out his couch himself, to court the favours of coy sleep. But his mind, distracted between hope and fear, could not enjoy a moment's calm, and day appeared without the vizir having once closed his aching lids.

Just as Daltaban Mustapha Pacha was on the point of repairing to the turbé of Sultan Solyman, a missive from the Padishah summoned him to the seraglio, where matters of importance required his instant attendance. 'Twas not until about noon that he could escape away to the turbé. The doors had been long opened, and a number of the faithful, since early morn, had already been to repeat their orisons within its holy precincts. Daltaban took his chaplet in his hands, and fell on his knees before the monument near to the step, which the dervish had pointed out to him. In vain did he sound every corner, ransack every nook; he could find no paper. Firmly resolved to punish the wretch severely, whom he suspected of having put a wanton trick upon him, he left the turbé full of rage against the dervish; but before passing through the outer door, the thought struck him to ask one of the guardians whether any person of distinction had visited the precious relics that morning. Daltaban grew pale as death, when the turbédar replied, that in effect, soon after sunrise, Itami Effendi and Cara Mehemed Aga had descended into the mausoleum, and been, at their express request, left for some time alone to offer up their prayers.

The vizir at once saw his fate was in the power of his mortal enemies. The dervish, and he alone, the author of his ruin, could aid him to avert the storm. Daltaban, therefore re-entered his palace in greatest haste, and ran to the chamber, where, the night before, he had left his wounded guest. What were his anger and bitter despair when he found this last resource also fail him! a window still open, and to which a sheet from off the bed was yet attached, pointed out by what means the dervish had escaped the perilous protection which had been afforded him. One single hope of safety remained to the vizir, which was to fly to the seraglio, to see the sultan, and ruin his two enemies before they could have time to accuse himself. As he was giving orders to the suite, who were to accompany him to the royal presence, an officer of his highness made his appearance, and conveyed to him an order from Sultan Mustapha the Second, to re-

pair immediately to the palace, alone, on urgent business. The vizir grew deadly pale, and at once perceived that it was all over with his fortune and his life.

A maid servant, squatted down on a rush mat, in the low browed and obscure hall of a house situate not far from the gate of the seraglio, was occupied, singing the while a Greek litany in honour of Saint Eudocia, in clearing and polishing the bowl of a rich narghilé when she was interrupted in her labours by a man's voice, which addressed the following question to her from the street :

"Is not this the new residence of Cara Mehemed Aga, the butcher to the seraglio?"

The Greek servant raised her eyes to the window, from whence the words proceeded, and replied :

"Respectable effendi, my master is at this moment at the imperial palace, in company with the Reis, his illustrious friend, who is, in a few days, 'tis said, to become the husband of my young and lovely mistress, Gul-Bahar. Would you like to come in here and wait awhile for him?"

The visitor did not require to be asked a second time, and the servant opened the house door to him; then she resumed her orisons and task. The stranger drew near her.

"That handsome narghilé," he said, "doubtless belongs to thy master."

"No," replied the woman, carelessly, "'tis Gul-Bahar's, who saved it from being consumed when our house was burnt. 'I was given her by a young softa, who ——"

"Hoped to obtain her hand, eh! I know the story of their loves," interrupted the stranger, "Hafaz is one of my most intimate friends."

"O! well then," pursued the servant, dropping her voice, "you are perhaps come to aid him in his bold project. When day has fallen, I am to introduce the Lord Hafaz by this door, and afterwards we are all to leave the house and escape to Smyrna, by a vessel of my nation, which sets sail this very night. For you must know, Mehemed Aga, our master, would hear of no excuse. To-morrow, Gul-Bahar, if she remains, will perforce become the wife of Rami Effendi, whom she detests."

"I swear to thee, by my beard," said the stranger, shaking his head, "that marriage will never take place."

The servant had now completed her task.

"'Tis time for me," she said, "to go in search of the tombaki which my mistress and Lord Hafaz will smoke just now, whilst waiting for the moment of departure."

"I have some upon me," replied the visitor, "which arrived from Persia this very day. Nothing can be milder or more delicious. Let me fill this narghilé with it, which thou wilt afterwards present to the two lovers, without saying I am here. I wish to surprise them by my presence, and will therefore hold myself concealed near this house, and at the hour of departure return to find you out."

Saying these words, the stranger drew a small bag of embroidered cloth from his belt. He filled the bowl with its contents; then, giving the woman a piece of money, he again enjoined her to keep silence, and went forth promising to come back again soon.

Satan in person, after having seduced our mother Eve to fall into ruin, indulged not in a heartier or more fiendish laugh than the personage, to whom the too credulous servant of Gul-Bahar had just, without knowing him, betrayed her mistress. Lala-Dervish, for the stranger was no other than himself, hastened to gain the first court of the seraglio, where another drama, whose unfortunate hero the grand vizir Daltaban Mustapha Pacha was doomed to be, was in course of preparation.

The Turkish historians relate that the feeble Mustapha the Second, who then reigned over the Osmanlee empire, fearing an insurrection of the people and soldiers, if he had so glorious a general arrested in open day, and his own palace, caused him to come in secret, and by night to the seraglio, under pretext of giving him some order. The Kiaia of the Baltadjis received Daltaban, and commanded him in the sultan's name to give back the imperial seal, which is an infallible sign of a vizir's deposition. Playing upon the terrors of Mustapha, whom they had persuaded that Daltaban Pacha, charged by them with the commission of every crime, was plotting against his life, Rami Effendi and Cara Mehemed Aga, seconded by the mufti, had obtained from the master they deceived a sentence of death against their redoubtable enemy.

Before resigning into the hands of the chief of the Baltadjis the ensigns of his dignity, Daltaban only asked one favour; that of having a few minutes conversation with the sultan, undisturbed and alone. His request was transmitted to Mustapha, who, impelled by perfidious counsellors, refused the reasonable boon. The grand vizir was waiting the orders of his sovereign in the hall of the imperial divan, when the capoudjis arrived to unfold, before his eyes, the firman which commanded his execution. The hero heard his sentence read without betraying the least mark of emotion. His only request to his executioners was to be allowed some water to perform his last ablutions. After having said his prayers, he arose, and addressing the capoudjis—

"Slay, O Mussulmen," he cried, "slay the man, whom the sabres of the infidel have spared on the battle field!"

At the very moment when Daltaban Pacha held out his neck to the mutes, and as though his persecutors did not think themselves sufficiently avenged by his simple death, there came an order of the sultan to delay the execution of the sentence until morning, and meanwhile to secure the victim in the prison of the court, called Capou Arassi.

Whilst these matters were taking place, Gul-Bahar, knowing her father would be detained the whole night at the imperial seraglio, had determined on flying with her lover to avoid the marriage destined for her with a cruel indifference as to the state of her own feelings. As soon as the servant, who had been on the watch, had seen Hafaz enter her mistress's apartment, she lit the narghilé, and left the happy pair to themselves, after having first presented it to the youthful soft.

The two lovers remarked, with some surprise, that the door by which the servant had just left, was shut and bolted after her from without, and they even fancied they heard a man's voice whispering

in the interior apartments of the house, where, according to the custom of the country, women could alone gain admittance; but soon restored to all the intoxication of their mutual passion, their present happiness, and the delightful visions to which the future pointed with her ever hopeful, but alas, too often delusive smile, they soon forgot so slight and passing an emotion.

Hafaz, half reclined in an angle of the divan, held fixed to his mouth the long and flexible tube of the narghilé, whose other extremity was coiled like a serpent, streaked with gold and emeralds around the crystal vase, where the smoke of the tombaki received its perfumed odour before mounting in silvery clouds to the young man's lips. Gul-Bahar, negligently seated by his side, plunged her passion-breathing looks in his. Her legs, folded under her after the oriental fashion, were buried in wide trousers of red silk, terminated by fairy-like caboches of purple velvet, embroidered with seed pearls; an elegant headdress of cherry coloured satin, coquettishly inclined over one ear, crowned as with a diadem the curiously entwined network of silver threads, and hair, black as jet and finer than silk, which fell in rich profusion over the fair neck and shoulders of the lovely young girl.

'Twas a sight to dwell upon—but the spoiler was near!

"At length!" she said—"at length, my Hafaz, thou wilt be mine, and mine only! a man whom I abhor, because he would fain ravish me from thee, shall never become the master of her, who is thine, wholly, unalterably thine, despite the cruel orders of her yet more cruel father! Family, country, fortune, all do I quit for thee! Nestled in some isolated corner of the world, we will live only for each other's love, my treasure, and that empire will be to us more vast than all the Padishah possesses!"

"Happiness is about to open her enchanted gardens to us, O my lovely Houri!" answered the softa. "Let every other recollection save that of our love vanish from our minds as does this smoke, which by my breath is wafted into air, in blue tinged circles!"

"And now," resumed Gul-Bahar, in her turn putting the amber mouthpiece of the narghilé to her rose tinged lips, "'tis my turn to form a wish, my Hafaz!"

And inspiring the balmy fumes of the tombaki, she took a pleasure also in watching the transparent wreathes of the perfumed vapour mount to the ceiling of the apartment.

"May our love," she cried, "thus rise to God, when the angel Azrael separates them from our bodies with his fiery sword!"

"That day, I trust, is far distant," answered Hafaz. "Now that thou art near me, and friendly night protects our flight, I defy fate, and the malignity of my two rivals, Rami Effendi, and that old fool of a dervish, who dared——"

"But what ailest thee, my well beloved?" interrupted the softa, leaning the beauteous head of Gul-Bahar, who had suddenly grown deadly pale, on his bosom.

"I know not," stammered forth the young girl, "but an icy chill has just run through me. And, now I feel my veins on fire!"

"Recover thyself, Gul-Bahar, 'tis nothing. Perhaps this narghilé——"

"Yes—the narghilé—'tis that!" gasped out Gul-Bahar, convulsively throwing from her the gold encircled tube, which she held in her hand.

"I myself," resumed Hafaz, wiping a clammy moisture, that bedewed his brow, "I feel a sudden giddiness—my bosom burns—O God!"

Gul-Bahar, a prey to horrible convulsions, uttered a cry of agonized distress, and fell back dying on the divan.

"Allah! Allah!" shrieked the young man in wild delirium, "we are poisoned!—Help! help!"

With one furious bound he reached the door. 'Twas fast. He would fain have rushed to the window, but strength failed him, and he rolled upon the floor at the feet of the unfortunate Gul-Bahar. At this moment a fiendish laugh broke the surrounding silence. The dying youth heard it, with a last, desperate, effort he sprang to his feet, advanced a step towards the door, half drew his yatagan from its sheath, and murmuring an inarticulate curse, fell dead beside Gul-Bahar!

They were both cold and stiff!

The same instant the door of the chamber opened, and the dervish appeared with a slave, whom he ordered to wrap the two corpses in one and the same cloak. They were afterwards laid in a covered arabah, which immediately set forth for the first court of the seraglio. Daltaban Mustapha Pacha had descended thither, escorted by his executioners. They only waited for the first rays of the rising sun to execute the imperial sentence. Lala-Dervish obtained permission to accost the condemned.

"I promised thee," he said to the fallen vizir, "to let thee see thy son. I keep my word—behold!"

And he raised the cloak, which concealed the bodies of his two victims. Between them was seen to glisten in the rays of the rising sun a narghilé of marvellous workmanship, which the unfortunate vizir recognised as being the first present made by him to his son, whilst yet in his cradle.

Daltaban raised his eyes to heaven as if to ask from it courage to support this last, worst blow. The hero's silent prayer was heard, for his death was the signal of a revolt, which felled the heads of all his persecutors, and hurled the sultan Mustapha the Second from his throne, to be replaced there by his brother Achmet the Third.

NIGHT.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

NIGHT, beautiful Night !
Bejemm'd like a bride with thy jewels of light—
I love thee, I love thee, fair, beautiful Night !
Like an infant thou wakest with soft sighs and tears,
Which give way to a smile when the first star appears,
And thou laughest in glee o'er the welcoming earth
When thy sister, the moon, is just beaming in birth.
I love thee—thou bring'st to the wearied repose,
As gentle as dew-drops that fall on the rose ;
Thou com'st like a suitor who trembleth when near
The one that he loveth and longeth to cheer.

Night, beautiful Night !
Thy breezes are balmy, thy airs mild and light—
I love thee, I love thee, fair, beautiful Night !
To the lover thou offerest a dawning of joy,
And the stars speak to him of his "ladye love's" eye;
To the mourner that watcheth the sufferer's bed,
Who is waiting the call to be join'd with the dead,
Thou bringest a feeling of quiet,—a calm
That falls on the spirits as soft as the balm
The Samaritan dropt on the traveller's brow.
Night, beautiful Night, to me pleasant art thou !

Night, beautiful Night !
Tho' thou dawnest in shadow, thy fullness is bright,
I love thee, I love thee, fair, beautiful Night !
Thou givest a moral to man. In his morn
All sunshine and brightness, he feels not the thorn
That in after years pierceth his soul :—but when eve
Spreads its shadows upon him it biddeth him grieve,
Then he feels that his joys must depart with the light,
And he shrinks at the gradual coming of night,
Such a lesson thou givest to man ;—would he read,
Fair Night, thou would'st be to him friendly indeed !

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.¹

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER III.

The Château—Old Pictures.—The Ruin—The Cottage of the Sœurs—The
beautiful Nun.—The Village Festival.

“ The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon sweet regente of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak which grew thereby.”

PERCY COLLECTION.

THE principal approach to the château of La Poissonnière was by a road which winding along the massy walls that enclosed that side of the park and passing an antiquated farmyard, the waving outline of the large gable of the dwelling-house, attached to which, thickly festooned with vine-branches, overlooked the wall, took at length the form of an avenue, being completely arched over with trees, through whose vista the river and islands were seen in the distance. About half way down this avenue, the walls suddenly retreated in a curve on each side of a huge wooden gateway, the centre gates of which were usually closed; but a postern door in the wall admitted visitors, whose entrance was very soon announced by the voice of Partons, the old hound, ringing through the court along which he slowly stalked. An avenue of plantain trees reached half through the court, on one side of which a long line of stabling and coach-houses stretched to the gardens, their bright parterres and green alleys appearing beyond, while the tall and venerable old mansion, forming one large angle of the court, threw its deep shadow across it.

Some glass folding doors, which were in the corner of the angle, led at once through an entrance fronting a wide staircase, to the salon of the château, a large room hung round with very interesting old family pictures; while its cheerful hearth in winter always showed a pile of logs like trunks of trees, and in summer an open door at the further end led the eye across a broad gravel walk and an extensive lawn to the fence of shrubs, beyond which the river glittered in the valley. A side window, in at which, summer and winter, the roses always peeped, commanded the park and a long avenue leading towards the village, and having the whole interval between the trees, except a footpath on each side, *planted with lucerne*.

The pictures were perhaps the first objects of interest, at least in the still life of the scene. The one which struck me most, I remember, was that of a young lady in a very ancient dress, whose history I never heard, probably the only sister of the old nobleman, who, sur-

¹ Continued from p. 162.

living through so many scenes of strife and stormy change, is seeing his sun decline in peace in the halls of his race, and showing the kindness and courtesy of the days of the old régime to his country neighbours and to the foreign stranger; for she was said to have died young, before the revolution began.

But that which rivetted one's gaze, when once attracted to it, was the figure of a lady in the attire of the court of Marie Antoinette, with features in all the bloom of early womanhood and surpassingly lovely, but with a look and attitude so commanding, that we were not surprised when told that a suspicion of her being the beautiful Austrian herself, disguised in order to escape, had caused her arrest in the early part of the troubles. This portrait was the Countess du Chilleau, executed for attempting to send some relief to her husband, then in command in the straitened and suffering army of the emigrants. The lady of the château was her daughter, and a portrait lately taken was hanging opposite to her mother's, but which did her little justice,—for a being more calculated to impersonate all one's shapings out of mental and personal loveliness, all one's dreams of the creatures worshipped by the chivalry of France, never rose before my mind in thought, nor startled me unlooked for in my vagrant pathway, and yet her grey curls were clustering round her brow. We were reading a few days after, in the *Foreign Quarterly*, a review of Michélet's history, and came upon a passage so exactly descriptive of Madame de R—, that to insert it here will be better than any sketch I can draw, of one who, dear as many months of unvarying kindness and gentleness made her, time only deepening her claims to our admiration and reverence, never commanded more homage than her first aspect, before there had been time to appreciate her character, drew involuntarily from one's mind.

"She who is *now* honoured with the appellation of Grande Dame," observes the reviewer, in speaking of the present state of Parisian society, during which his amusing picture (or rather one he quotes) of the Paris Bas-bleu with the English *Quarterly* always before her, and her husband starved upon tea and English broth, will not be forgotten by any one who has glanced at it,— "is only a caricature or antithesis of the true 'Grande Dame' of the past; a majestic composition, of which all the parts were perfectly in unison, and sealed with a seal of indelible grandeur. Look at the high-born lady of the olden time: how admirably do her features, the air of her head, the general attitude of her body, harmonize and unite in the pure Greek ideal of the gods, to indicate native superiority! There is grace united to grandeur; but to a grandeur that, like the Farnese Hercules, feels it unnecessary to crush to maintain its unquestioned position,—an assemblage of the noblest elements of choice nature, polished and repolished by time,—brilliant transfiguration of a mass of glory accumulated by centuries, inscribed by a hundred generations on all the pages of our history. In the pulses of the high-born lady of the olden time, was the blood of the barons of France, whose banners for ten centuries were seen in every fight, by the side of, and almost equal to, the *Oriflamme*."

Her mother, that stately mother! perishing on the scaffold, and her

father in the fields of Germany, the orphan Countess du Chilleau and her little sister were saved by being carried in baskets on a donkey over the Pyrenees; but their heritage went to strangers. Many years afterwards, Madame de R—went to look at the home of her childhood, her father's birthplace;—but

“Sorrow was in the breezy sound
Of the tall poplars whispering round;
Even in its sunshine seemed to brood
Something more deep than solitude:”

and “I did not stay long,” she said, “there was no one there who knew me; and I soon stole away.”

“Ou m’a prise pur une étrangère
Mon frère!”

sings the montagnarde in Chateaubriand’s sad verses,

“Je n’ai retrouvé que de soucis,
A la place de ces beaux Lys!”

and bitter must have been the feelings of many a wanderer returning after years of exile, to a home that knew him not.

Why the children of the emigrant nobles, who fought and fell for their king in the army of Condé, should never have had their family estates restored to them, some compensation being made to those it was necessary to displace, may appear very clear to politicians; *mais je crois bien*, that it will always remain a mystery to those who, as the Edinburgh says, satirically, look at the French Revolution in the light in which right and wrong are set by the eighth commandment.

The little fugitives—finally found a shelter with their uncle, the venerable archbishop of Tours, the almoner of Marie Antoinette, who after many years exile in Germany, ended his days at Tours, and sleeps in the rich chancel of his fine cathedral. He brought up his orphan nieces with a father’s care, and lived to see their children round him, dying at the advanced age of ninety years. His heart is buried in the little chapel among the ruins of St. René’s Castle, where Madame de R— has erected a fine monument of black marble to his memory; and there is another over his grave at Tours. His portrait is among those in the château.

There were several persons seated in the salon of the château when we made our first call there, (in France, or at all events in Anjou, the new comer calls first, which is rather *contrariant* to our English manners, especially if any English reserve be added;) Madame de R— had a large frame before her, and was engaged in broderie, the pattern being a sort of arabesque worked in white upon a crimson ground; the backs of the walnut-wood chairs were carved into figures of hounds, stags, and other animals, very tastefully executed, and two handsome dogs were lying upon the uncarpeted pavement of the apartment,—for square tiles and *rien de plus* are the *mode* of Anjou; and your eye often wanders from a wainscot hung round with rich old tapestry to fall upon a bare brick floor; very cool and pleasant it is on a warm summer’s day, and always looks fresh and cheerful like

an English farmhouse kitchen. Opposite to the mistress of the château sate a venerable figure in the long black robes of a priest, his hair as white as the powder which covered it, but his animated countenance freshened with the glow of health, though in his eightieth year. We soon learned to know him by his village name of Père Josset; and used to listen with great interest to the story of his travels, for he had been much in Switzerland, knew well the borders of Lake Lemman, and had resided in Venice—the Venice of long ago.

He was so young when the revolution broke out, that though he was on the point of starting for England, his friends persuaded him he would never be known for a priest, and induced him to disguise himself, and remain: accordingly, he resided many years in concealment at Rouen, but he used to tell us that could he have foreseen the awful scenes he witnessed, nothing on earth should have prevailed with him to stay. Having nieces settled at Angers, St. Georges, and Mont Jean, the children of his sisters, whose adventurous rides with him along the perilous by-roads of the province were the themes of some of his stories when referring to his earlier life, he had settled down to close his days, as he hoped, in peace at La Poissonière, which lay centrally among them all, and the kind old man seemed to be a universal friend. Only, as a lively young visitor of our friends observed, who when it rained would leave her new hat at Père Josset's house after mass, and tying her handkerchief over her head run home to Lallu without it—*only* when he assisted in the Sunday services, his catechising was *rather* too long.

A bold rock which rose behind his dwelling was covered, by his care and taste, with plants and fruit trees; a pretty brook ran through it, and he had a slip of green meadow land in the valley beyond; to reach it you crossed a tiny bridge, and he took pleasure in pointing out to us how soon, by a path down the hill through the vineyards, the children would be able to get that way into his garden when next spring his cherries would be ripe. He had a nice little library in an upper room of his house, which he regretted as he showed it to us consisted probably of books *trop sérieux* for us; and it was but a few days before Christmas that he gathered us a white rose off one of his trees.

A long absence, which he made soon after our arrival, going for nearly the whole summer into Normandy, prevented our becoming intimate with him till our own sojourn in his neighbourhood was drawing to a close,—or some tempting names among the writers on ecclesiastical history on his book shelves would probably have made us enter a protest against his opinion of our want of gravity in literary taste; but the library at the château possessed ample store of volumes in keeping with all the feelings such a place inspired; and the valuable historical and topographical information they supplied us with, added very much to the interest of our rambles through the surrounding country. Few things, however, which it could show to us, rich as it was in traces of our early monarchs, from our bold Plantagenet to the coward Lackland, were more striking than the singular fragment which towering above the surrounding trees, formed the principal ornament of the Park of La Poissonière. A park in French does not

mean a park in English ; our idea of bringing the mind's innate love of the infinite to bear upon landscape scenery, and produce a charm by the indefiniteness of the prospect across which the eye is led, and by its meeting vast expanses whose size comes with tenfold force upon the imagination from their having no visible boundary, has not yet supplanted their love of the fanciful and labyrinthine ; here and there even the quaintly cut shrub and tree, shows a lingering affection for the grotesque in gardening, and carries one back to the days in England of Dr. Dove and his contemporaries ; and though the château of Serrant displays its long glades and bold line of gigantic trees in unchecked native growth, it is pointed out to the stranger as *à l'Anglais* ; and it is at Varennes and la Poissonière that you see the French style. Avenues endless, not in length but in number, and frequently diverging all ways from a star like the drives in the Forest of St. Germain ; fine broad straight walks, running parallel to each other ; and bosquets of the deepest shade, formed by interlaced and trellised boughs—these are the characteristics of such grounds as surround the country houses of the old noblesse, residing in such numbers around Angers, where they pass the winter ; and it feeds one's love of the antique, and harmonizes with all the feelings any study of the romantic and picturesque records of Anjou inspires, to a degree scarcely to be imagined by one unaccustomed to wandering amongst them. In the park of Monsieur de R—, there is a something of English wildness, blending very gracefully with the more formal arrangement of things ; and you have no sooner traversed the broad avenue leading from the château, than passing an urn upon a pillar among vines and roses, and ascending a small hill, you find yourselves among a maze of path and closely embowered alley, “ dingle, and bosky dell,” winding ascent and steep hollow, the paths in one place crossing one another by a rustic bridge, and sunk in others, sometimes by sudden slopes, and sometimes by stone and moss-grown steps, till you wander in a sort of enchantment, trees of every kind and form blending their heads in one mass, which rises round the ruin like a fairy wood ; while the rich windows of the little chapel, of finely carved stone, filled with old stained glass, send a gleam through the boughs, and the ivy hangs green on the old castle wall. Climbing to the base of the tall fragment, and turning round it past the place where a winding staircase, its entrance hidden with briars and shrubs, descends to the vaults below, you come upon a little velvet lawn before the chapel door, and on a summer's noon, while lying there with our books in the shadow of the trees, with the children playing round us, and the rich sunshine streaming down distant alleys and falling upon the roofless and gloomy cachots and uncovered passages of the castle, with the turf and wild flowers mantling their sombre aspect, the hours fled uncounted, but left their remembrance deep in the mind. At night, when all was bathed in the lustre of a golden harvest moon, and we had been sitting, a mingled group of English, Spanish, Bretons, Angevines, and guests from La Vendée, conversing and listening, perhaps to tales of spirits and strange appearances, on the terrace before the door of the salon,—a troop of us would sally forth to seek for the white lady, who was said to haunt the ruin, and live in the Souterrain beneath the castle,—

and linger till nightfall amid the beautiful and bewildering shadows. A mass of singularly carved débris, found among the rocky foundations, and consisting of broken capitals and columns with strange figures sculptured on them, was piled in a little pyramid upon the lawn before the chapel door, till old Partons, hunting among them for some stray rabbit or leveret, scattered them down upon the turf. One of the representations, which seemed to be a wild beast attacking a woman with a child in her arms, was rather remarkable.

The castle owed its celebrity to having been the birthplace of St. René, the legend of whose history seems a strange mingling of real events in eastern and, scriptural history; the beautiful story of Augustine and Monica, with that of the Shunamite's child.

The chatelaine of the castle, a lady of great piety, lost her only son, who had been granted her in answer to the prayers of some bishop of Angers, eminent for holiness; and in her bitter grief the unhappy mother so persecuted the prelate with prayers to obtain her back her child, that he left the shade of his cathedral, and remained long an exile. Returning after eight years, he came to the grave of the little boy, and praying fervently over his ashes, they were restored to life in answer to his entreaty, and the mother's broken heart at length comforted. She devoted her son to God, who had given him back to her. He became an eminent saint, and is said by some to have succeeded to the bishopric of Angers, but others dispute this.

“ Dreamlike to the searching eye
The legend of thy history,
Time covers with his hand the flame.”

But among such scenes one's heart is little inclined to the heresy of doubt, and the principal circumstances of St. René's life are represented in the painted windows of the little chapel, which were buried during the Revolution.

The fortress, together with the answering castle of Rochfort on the opposite side of the river, the only remains of which, rising from the summit of a gigantic and precipitous rock, bear a singular resemblance in shape to these, were strongholds of the bandit chiefs, who by means of them were able to command the river. That of La Poissonnière has been twice dismantled; the good king René, in the fifteenth century, having granted leave to Margaret, Dame de la Poissonnière, to raise St. René's birthplace from its ruins; such abodes being at that time generally suppressed as dangerous.

There is scarcely a bend of the river, as you pass down the Loire from Angers to the seven dividing streams of Nantes, which does not bring you in view of some fresh object of this nature; the roofless and deserted dwellings upon which the fury of the revolution fell, blending very sorrowfully with the calmer interest excited by the trace of struggles over which time has cast its softening shadow. The same wave reflects the tall tower of Oudon and the rugged walls that crown the heights of Champtoceaux; Bluebeard's terrible castle looks across to St. Florent, and the beautiful but wasted château of Mont Jean; and you have scarcely passed the famed vineyards of Epiraye, upon the Roche de Serrant, hardly a trace of whose strong cas-

tle that saw the dastard brother of Cœur de Lion beaten by Philip and Louis, can now be discerned,—when you leave the majestic Loire to roll towards the antique arches of the bridge of Cæsar, and the sparkling Maine carries you beneath the walls of king René's summer palace of La Baumette, whose rock-hung gardens shade the stream; his ducal fortress of Angers darkening the distance.

A large part of the Park of La Poissonnière was occupied by a vineyard of grapes, whose purple clusters hung thickly beside the path; beyond it a private road led to a side door of the church in one direction, while in the other a beautiful coppice shaped out into divers broad green alleys, every one of which commanded some striking object in the distant landscape, concealed an old-fashioned house, the back of which overlooked the cottages of the vigneron, and the huge grange where the press was worked in the time of the vintage. This abode had served as a retreat to the aged seigneur, the father of Monsieur de R—, after his liberation from the dungeons of the revolution; and the lower part was now allotted to the gardener and his wife, and there Madame la Jardinière, a delightful old lady, would make her wood fire blaze up bright to give you welcome if you looked in upon her for half an hour, while waiting till the evening labour of the pressoir should begin; the upper half was occupied by the family of Signior Antiquaria, better known in La Poissonnière, by the name of Monsieur l'Espagnole, a Spanish officer of the *légitimiste* party, or rather of those who hold Don Carlos to be the only legitimate monarch of Spain, and who had been obliged, in common with many of his countrymen, to fly across the Pyrenees, and seek a shelter from the kindness of those who maintained the same principles among the provinces of France. His escape had been a very narrow one: having gone so far as one day to shoot a hare for the dinner of the prince, he had been imprisoned by Espartero's party, and after long confinement, finding himself sentenced to be strangled, he made his escape with some companions through the window of his cell on the night previous to his intended execution, and being joined by his wife and children, escaped across the frontier. Monsieur de R—, having been himself in early life an exile among foreigners; showed great kindness to many of these unfortunate and destitute fugitives, from which the French government has now withdrawn the allowance formerly granted them; he had settled several of them in a large house taken on purpose in Angers; but being struck with compassion for this family, as the barrack-like life of their fellow-countrymen would have been ill-suited to the lady and her children, he gave them a home in his grounds, provided for their wants, and sent their sons to school in Angers. Ignace and Jose Antiquaria were in mien and manner graceful and striking in the extreme; Ignace in particular, the younger, was a splendid child, with a head fit for a Murillo, and both of them wore the stamp of their sunburnt clime and haughty people. Their figures struck one's eye among the vineyards, as they shared the joyous labour in which the gay children of the soil, young and old, were occupied; accompanied often by the little English boy, with his sunny locks and white forehead, to make up the picture.

There was another dwelling within the grounds of the château,

close beside the western gate, than which, perhaps, no other was so interesting: it was that of *les bonnes Sœurs* the kind nuns, or as they were always called, "the Sisters," who tended the poor, nursed the sick, and educated the village children. Everybody loved them, and the progress made by their happy little scholars would have done credit to many an establishment for children of a far higher rank in England. The Curé and the Vicaire, both of them men of excellent moral character, and sedulous in their duties, visited and examined the school continually, and seemed quite disposed to concur in the sisters' rule of kindness. A beautiful picture that happy school room always seemed to me; the outside of the cottage, with its trellis of vines and roses, was hardly so cheerful as that line of bright faces, with the gentle form of "the sister" watching over her charge, and the mild looks of Perrette Boiteau, as monitor, shedding sweetness enough to have disarmed even the sturdy "anti-Lancastrian," who once declared to a clergyman's wife in one of our Norfolk parishes, that *her* child should *never* be put under a "*monument*."

"*Ma sœur aînée*," upon whom the charge of the visiting principally fell, was a person of about forty, with a kind motherly face beneath her large white hood, and such a quiet sincerity in her address, that it won one at once, and resembled very much the manners of many of the most refined in the society of friends. Education had probably done much for her, as her father, a venerable old man, who once while we were there made a pilgrimage all the way from near Orleans to see her, did not appear to be much above the paysan, or, at all events, the bourgeois class. She used to be particularly kind to the little English children, who grew so attached to her, that when we met *ma sœur* in our walk through the prairies, or when she came up to call on their mamma, the little invalid would hasten to climb upon her knee, or be taken up in her arms, and play with the long black rosary that hung at her side, or the little ivory crucifix upon her bosom.

When we first went, there was a much younger sister, who was her companion, and who accompanied her in her first call, but remained very silent, leaving it to the elder to take the lead. Our friends were, however, more struck with something in her appearance than with her companion's, and our learning afterwards that she had expressed a good deal of interest in the English family, led us to attempt some further intercourse with her; but before we had met many times, the period of their annual visit to the convent where they had taken the vows arrived. The village school fête, when all the children were to have their prizes, and dine beneath the trees in the gardens of the château, was to take place before their departure. We had gathered from some of the villagers that the younger *sœur* was believed to have been a young lady, and even to have possessed property, which she had given to the convent; and this deepened our feeling for one, who having forsaken all her earthly ties, and taken the vow of poverty, was living in conformity with the strict rules of her order, rising early to prayer and household labour, and spending her life among the poor, in the very shade of an abode where society was to be found in all its refinement and all its interest, and where all that she was excluded

from, the light of intellect, the charms of polished life, the holy charities of the domestic hearth, shone as if to sadden by their brightness her isolated path. I shall never forget that school fête. Interested in it, as well for the sake of those engaged in it, as from its carrying back one's thoughts to many such a festival in the green meadows of our distant England, of some of which the music, in all the melody of children's voices rising on the clear summer air, comes back upon the heart through the distance of years, bringing with it faces and forms long since buried in the grave—it is impressed upon our minds from the young nun's image, standing prominent among its memories. As we approached the gates of the château, on our way to attend it, we found a long line of peasants in their holiday dresses, the mothers and sisters of the happy children, seated on the grass by the roadside, under the shade of the avenue; and the salon, when we entered it, was crowded with company, who soon adjourned to the open air, where, after the little villagers had recited and sung, and shown their neat work, and their beautiful writing, and received their beautiful prizes, and the wreaths with which every deserving child was crowned; Madame de R. presiding, and her delighted grandchildren assisting her—the whole number were seated down to a collation in the gardens, while the company sauntered round them looking on. It was a group so varied as one seldom meets in England; priests in their long robes, young travellers just returned from Italy, neighbouring bourgeois mingled with the daughters of the surrounding chateaux, and a crowd of paysannes, some of them aged grandmothers, and pleased mothers of the young pupils; while, perhaps, the objects on which an artist's eye would have rested, if cast across the throng, were the gipsy brow of Ignace, as his dark eyes flashed their laughing answers to a young priest, who was talking alternately Spanish to the two Andalusians and English to us, and the subdued mien of the younger sister, as her crimsoned cheek was half buried beneath her deep hood, whose whiteness contrasted so strongly with her sombre robes of black woollen. There she stood in the green shadow of those gardens, among young nobles and light-hearted girls, and joyful children; and with a heart evidently oppressed by painful foreboding, she told us how she loved *La Poissonière*! how dear her little scholars were to her—such good docile children! and how much she feared she might be leaving them never to return. We tried to comfort her, and so did the lady of the château, but when we inquired afterwards we were told her fears were but too probably right; for, added the lady who was speaking, they are seldom allowed to remain long in one place, "*quand on est si jolie qu'elle*."

The large dishes, beneath whose weight the long table in the billiard-room had been groaning, were transferred one after another to those beneath the trees, and rapidly disappeared; the eldest of the English children called my attention to the great hound he was dragging up to me by its neck, with the help of his friends Raoul and Lion, the children of the château; and as the sunset lighted the groves, the assembled crowd gradually dispersed homewards. A few nights afterwards, we went down by moonlight into the village to say adieu to the sisters. They were to leave early next morning, and a

large party of nuns from Chalon, Savennières, and all the neighbouring parishes, had assembled in their cottage, where they were to pass the night, and start with them next morning in the steam boat up the Loire. Their convent was near Le Mans, that ancient capital of Mayenne which was so important a place in the days of Charlemagne; and a private vehicle was to convey them thither from Angers. Their pretty garden, with its gay flowers, looked lovely in the yellow moonlight—lovelier, perhaps than ever, to the eyes of the young *sœur*: perhaps she knew what it was to try and fill the heart's voids with that innate love,

“ Which clings
Around our human clay,
That fondness for familiar things,
Which *will* not wear away ;”

or to slake its thirst, like Margaret in Deerbrook, with the companionship of children, and the tending of flowers; it may be that her spirit, in its loneliness, had been guided to holier fountains; however it was, we took leave of her sadly. A simple, but very inviting meal was set out before their guests; it was very picturesque to see them seated round the little *salle à manger*, yet there were none in the group who looked as if they could give much fellowship to *her*. We did not like to interrupt them long, kind as their welcome was, so wishing them a pleasant pilgrimage and glad return, we again climbed our hill. We often spoke of them in their absence; the village children were so afraid their beloved instructress should not come back to them; the *mère de Tabac* especially, and poor Perrette, grieved at the thought. In less than a fortnight *ma sœur aînée* returned, bringing with her a simple-minded Breton girl, called *la Sœur Alexis*, quite another order of person. The sweet young sister we never saw again. They said her health was too delicate for the fatigue of so large a school, and she was gone to a lighter situation in a hospital at Orléans.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage to Angers.—La Baumette.—King René.

“ Though wild the fable, though rude the rhyme,
Yet dear is a tale of the olden time!
Those days of marvel and mystery,
Those times we never again may see!
When the Templar rushed to the holy land,
When the troubadour wandered with harp in hand,
And the rosy garland of gay Provence,
Wreathed bloomingly round the warrior's lance.”

LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The poet Crabbe's hero, whose *two journeys* set the flat scenery of the Suffolk coast in such opposite lights, could hardly have found a greater transformation in the face of things than the banks of the meeting rivers presented on our *second voyage* along their waters, from which certainly our first had not led us to expect much. So true it is that, to do justice to a country, some residence among its scenes is necessary, it being hardly possible to make allowance for the

difference caused by the accidents of cloud and sunshine, the rich hues that *belong* to the Angevine sky, or the vault of slate it sometimes borrows from its neighbour province, Bretagne. Not to mention that inner world which may occasionally cast a shadow across the outward; but, however cold, wet, and weariness may have concurred to occasion this on our first launch upon the breast of the famed river,

“ Our heart's deep valley was not slow,
Its brightness to recover ;”

and we had no sooner left the ferryman's cottage, and rounded the first green island, than as the vast breadth of the stream began to break upon us, we commenced wondering at our former want of admiration, and soon gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of a panorama, varied as it was changing, through which the swift prow of the Riverain was rapidly carrying us. As La Poissonière sank among the trees, Savanières, with its curious church, one of the oldest in France, and the arm of water that runs up to the château of Varennes, came into view, masses of rock and cliff here and there far overtopping the trees, but not yet advancing to the river's brink; then a little stone cross on a narrow promontory showed the first point of the pretty isle of Behouard, whose beautiful chapel on the rock rose next from its surrounding hamlet; the old-fashioned houses of Lombardière came down to the edge of the bank on the opposite shore, and a little further on the Savanières' side rose the bold hill of La Roche de Serrant, and the vineyards of Epiraye. The wine of the Roche de Serrant is so celebrated, that the greatest watchfulness is kept up while the vintage lasts, lest any drop should be abstracted, and the merchants who buy the year's vintage of the Countess de Serrant are said never to leave the winepress night or day, but take it in turns to be always there till the process is done. The top of the hill, we were told, commanded a fine view of the meeting of the Loire and Maine, which soon after broke upon our view from the deck of the steamboat. A lovelier nook of earth one seldom sees than that which lies between the two broad rivers, as their waters, clear as crystal, sweep sparkling by, and leave its corner of greenest meadow land rising in emerald verdure between them. It was the close of June, and the haystacks were still standing there, while a line of hedge-row trees, which began after a short distance to interpose its screen between us and the Loire, shaded its further end. I have seen it since, when instead of the haystacks, some quiet sheep grazing there were flinging their long shadows in the evening light across the greensward. Just across, on the left bank of the Maine, a long old-fashioned mansion, with a garden walled at the sides, and beyond it some beautiful trees standing on a green that stretched down to the water, ornamented the shore; and a pretty boat was moored at the water's edge. Altogether, the quiet of the scene, as it lay between the lively villages of La Pointe and Bouchemaine, fell upon one's heart like the influence of one of Claude's landscapes. Past Bouchemaine the shore grew bolder; every here and there a huge precipice of rock darkened our path, and flung its image into the glassy depths through

which we floated. The right side remained a verdant plain for some distance, and allowed us to see the tall white spire of Angers Cathedral, and the ancient and gloomy tower of St. Aubyn, side by side in the distance, till suddenly a cliff rising from the level shore came forward into the waters, and gliding round it we found ourselves under the terraced gardens and narrow windows of La Baumette, the little convent, once the favourite summer palace of René of Anjou, king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; and in the shadow of those very gardens he took such pains to plant into pleasant walks and orchards, that his beloved subjects of Angers, his birthplace, and the resting place of his ashes, might come with their families to enjoy this grateful retreat.

And here, perhaps, wandered Margaret, the high-spirited, heart-broken Margaret, saddest fated of that fated family,—in her childhood;—and there dwelt René. The pinks, the roses, and the laughing vines of Anjou, speak of the hand which fostered them, and brought the produce of the south to bloom among his native valleys. The literature which “will take care of itself, and you too if you neglect it,” has been very slow in redressing the wrongs which the last sovereign of Provence and Anjou, the beloved of his people, the venerated in the lands he ruled, has suffered for its sake. Perhaps few will rise from reading the interesting memoirs of his life and eventful reign, published within a few years by the Viscount Villeneuve de Bergemont, written in so clear and candid a manner, without feeling that the softtime-conquered and fortune-conquering René was as much true-knight as true-poet; and that the hero who gave his leisure to the pursuit of studies in advance of his contemporaries and the age in which he lived, was not the *less* a hero. But the prejudices which writers, evidently partial and unjust, have cast upon his name, have widely gained ground, and he is spoken of as weak, and trifling away his time in light and at best unimportant studies, and fitter for minstrel than monarch; as if the lyre and sword had never been united in the hands of a Sidney or a Howard, or the Körner of later days. René's early life was passed in struggles as unequal as those of his kinsman and feudal prince, the Dauphin Charles, whom he aided, and whose tyrant son was the unrelenting oppressor of the Angevine's declining years: taken prisoner in nearly his first battle, the aged general he fought under falling in the field,—René was released from long captivity to enter the lists against the clever and crafty Alphonso, with the slippery footing of a Naples ever bursting into volcano, for his battle-ground. Bravely he bore down his antagonist; and it was the treachery of the fickle people who had called him to their head that overturned his power, and sent him back to the native provinces where he was always loved and cherished. His sister sat upon the throne of France, his daughter on that of England; his son was called to take the sceptre of Castile: he himself wore the title, once so full of meaning, of monarch of Jerusalem;—but the crescent was in the ascendant in the East, and René's star waned in the skies of Italy; his eldest hope, the child of so much promise, fell in the zenith of his fame, in the flower of knighthood, suddenly, and as if by the hand of treachery, and the same hour saw the boy

who should have taken his father's place by the old man's side, follow him into his grave; Margaret of Anjou wandered back to the shores of her native river, a childless widow; and Mary, the lofty hearted wife of a monarch, who, though he saved his country, left the hand to perish that had guided him to triumph, saw herself easily exiled from the camp of a husband whom she loved, as a contemporary writer says, "with a sort of worship," and not only her claim on his affection but on the gratitude of her country, set aside, by the beautiful and *gentille* Agnes; though to which of them belongs most the glory of having roused the desponding Charles from his lethargy of dismay, we are uncertain to this day. His anger for his mother's sake is one of the few relieving points in the dark character of Louis XI., the one voice excusing the almost parricide. The belle des belles shuddered at the thought of the vengeful prince; though not for herself did Agnes sore tremble, and her own untimely death was hurried on by a mind fevered for the safety of her royal lover.

Within the grey walls of Angers lie the scenes of so many events connected with the illustrious family, which ended as a royal house in René of Anjou, that a few sketches of their annals, taken from Monsieur V. de Bargemont's history, will not be out of place in an attempt to pourtray the claims to our interest possessed by the city where he sleeps the sleep of the just. Surely we may believe that the dying entreaty of one whose last days passed in earnest listening to the reading of those Scriptures he had long studied and loved;—"O! not for my life!—for my *soul*!—it is for my *soul*! I would have you pray!"—was not a vain utterance; nor the supplications of his sorrowing people, for one so beloved in life, so wept in death, unheard. René's rich tomb was scattered to the winds by the rude hands of the republican spoilers; but his ashes rest still where he asked to have them laid, and from whence the fond attachment of his Provençal subjects was unable to detain them. They lie deep in Angevine earth, beneath the antique fane, whose perfect symmetry is the pride of his ancient capital.

René lived in an age when chivalry in its primitive and more peculiarly characteristic shape of knighthood, was blazing up in one last and flickering glow, ere it should fall, as M. de Bargemont beautifully remarks, before the arquebuse which struck down Bayard in the retreat of Rebec. He "without fear and without reproach," was yet a child in the halls of the mother who girded on his sword and sent him forth so young; when René, full of years and honour, was closing his eyes in that "simple lit de toile," become as it were a sanctuary, —and "like Saint Louis dying on the shores of Carthage, giving, with an admirable presence of mind, his solemn counsels on the duty of a sovereign, to the successor to whom he could also leave the example of his life;"—but Dunois, the gallant Dunois, was holding out in Orleans, while René took his early lessons in the court and camp of the Duke of Lorraine; and the beautiful Valentine of Milan, who had ruled, as president of the celebrated courts of Love; and of the convocation held on the fête of her patron saint, aided by her provosts of the "Hawthorn" and seneschal of Eglantine, in the court of Charles VI., was living to hear, in her widowhood, the fame of

her changeling child, as she called the Bastard of Orleans ; while her minstrel son, the father of one of France's best monarchs, the good Louis XII., was sighing the music of his melancholy carols through the bars of his prison in the Tower of London, for years of long captivity. Death had closed the brotherhood of the terrible Constables Duguesclin and Olivier de Clisson, and the fierce lord of Nantes slept at his master's feet in St. Denis, while his strong castle and his office were at that time held by that noble Artus de Richemont who, when his barons would have persuaded him that the title of Constable of France was below the rank of a Duke of Brittany, replied, " Then I will honour in my old age a charge which has been the glory of my young years." Pierre d'Aubusson was yet in his cradle, his glorious career as grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, then struggling to retain Rhodes, yet unbegun ; but Scanderberg was curbing the Mussulman, and scattering the ranks of the Osmanlie.

It is believed that the young René must have seen at Nancy the first apparition of the Maid of Orleans, when, presented by the governor of Vancouleurs to Duke Charles of Lorraine and his assembled knights, she only asked a lance and war steed in answer to their sceptical questions, and springing upon the fiery charger, the mild and timid girl, the shepherdess from a distant hamlet, flashed forth the warrior heroine, before the astonished chivalry of Lorraine. There is little doubt he was that " son of the duke her sovereign seigneur," whose escort she asked to the camp of the hunted Charles, before the swords of whose enemies city after city was falling ; for the duke had only daughters, and as the betrothed husband of the little princess Isabella, René was his affianced son and destined successor. But René was obliged to lead his troops against Metz, that seat of proud burghers, to fight for his father-in-law, and to quit Nancy in order to assemble them, while Joan of Arc, in pursuance of her glorious mission, was arriving beneath the tents of France. At his entreaty, probably, his mother, the Queen Yolande of Arragon, hastened to welcome the young heroine, and become her support in the presence of the French court, while her son, eager to follow, and weary of the long siege and the many disasters undergone for the sake of a panier of apples, "*une hottée de pommes*," a dispute about which had caused the war between the duke and the men of Metz, gave way to indignant feeling at being detained so long from the French army, and took the sudden resolution of going to fight under the standard of the lilies. Hastily breaking the narrow circle of trivial interests which had fettered his valour, he disappeared from beneath its walls ; but meeting with many delays, René did not arrive at the army of the French monarch till the eve of its joyous entry into Rheims, and at the moment when the keys of the city were being presented to the still uncrowned Charles, then at the château of the Seven Leaps, a little distance from the town.

René was accompanied by the Damoisel of Commercy, and many other lords ; but, in the midst of the triumphant court they came to join, René missed one who should have made its leading ornament, the queen his sister, the early betrothed of Charles, and the sharer of his evil fortunes, but whom some rising jealousies, or

rather the influence of the court favourite, Georges de la Trémouille, had banished from him in the day of his success; while the heroine of Dom Remi pleaded for the queen's appearance at the coronation in vain. If deceived in one hope, however, René, who, early adopted by his uncle the cardinal prince of the duchy of Bar, and afterwards confided entirely to the Duke of Lorraine, had been much separated from his family, had the pleasure of finding there his brothers, the younger of whom, Charles of Anjou, had been some years with the royal troops, while the elder, Louis III., King of Sicily, who had just gained a signal victory at Aquila, in Abruzzo, had quitted Italy with the flower of his nobility, to conduct them to the aid of his cousin and brother, the king of France.

These three princes of the house of Anjou, who had found so glorious a place of rendezvous in the plains of Champagne, marched by the side of Charles VII. when he entered triumphantly into the city of Rheims, on a July evening of the year 1489.

The next day was one of perhaps the most interesting in history; one drawing its interest amid a thousand other claims, yet principally from the prominent figure in its scenes of one, as singular in her character and beautifully sustained position, as her after fate was sad. The historian's description of her first appearance before the Duke of Lorraine so accords with the whole impression left upon one's mind by her story, that the heart surrenders itself to a belief of its truth as fully as when under the spell of that sweet statue, which, as was said of Van Dyck and the melancholy Stuart, has made the too early lost Princess Mary the best pleader for the injured Pucelle. "Her shape was slight and tall; her large brown eyes were at once mild and full of melancholy expression, and her voice was touching; her long chestnut hair floated upon her shoulders, and all her mien contrasted strongly with her coarse garments of a shepherdess." That heavy robe of purple woollen, and the peasant cap, so soon changed for the helm of the warrior maiden, one can conceive it so well. And her heart, so full of its one purpose, its fervent hope and trust, it had no room for the perilous delights of that dazzling and beguiling atmosphere she was suddenly raised up into; it could not open to feel them. France called more than one its "Saviour" in that time; but perhaps Agnes Sorel, when she begged a tomb within the holy walls of Jumièges, would rather hers had been the few ashes left by the flame at Rouen.

It was on a Sunday, the 17th of July, that the king of France, the king of Sicily, René Duke of Bar, Charles of Anjou, Lafayette marshal of France, and a crowd of nobles, repaired to the antique cathedral. The venerable archbishop, Renaud of Châtres, who awaited them under the magnificent portal, one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of christian architecture in France, led them up the vast nave to the choir, within whose enceinte were ranged those knights, the glory of France. There the bold Dunois, chafing at the name of the English, bowed his victorious front before the altar; there the eye, turning from him, fell upon the manly features of the adventurous Poton de Saintrailles; those of the haughty la Trémouille, the royal favourite; of the Count of Alençon, renowned for his beauty, and for

A throng of other warriors, valiant and illustrious, stood around them, but at the apparition of Charles, formerly proscribed and fugitive, now wrapped in the regal purple, every heart was thrilled, and the shout of a thousand voices rang through the vaulted roofs.

"But who alone
 And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
 With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming
 And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming
 Silent and radiant stood?
 And *that* slight form,
 Was that the leader through the battle storm?
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye
 Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
 'Twas even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
 Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!"

A few more years, and Rheims, and the taking of Rouen, and Joanne, and Charles himself, like the poor forgotten shepherd-girl, were become themes for the neglected dowagers, "*les douairières délaissées*," who, as Martial d'Auvergne says, while the young knights and ladies spent their evening in playing at cross questions, and divers other games and amusements of their age, sate apart discoursing among themselves of past-by things and paternosters, of the battle of Montlehéry, and the death of the Constable. Poor Louis de St. Pol ! who took so bravely the "rude news" of his sentence, passed by the tyrant of Plessis ! I suppose *his* must have been the fate which lingered among the recollections of the old people in Martial's time.

Poetry, in the days of René, in his early life at least, was a thing the court was rife with ; for the "mania of making verses," says his biographer, developed itself in the brilliant circles which animated the court of Charles VII., as soon as the memorable victories of the French arms had permitted princes and knights to taste the delights of profound peace. Poetry is so naturally the expression of minds kept by the excitement of times like those in an atmosphere above the quiet and lulling flow of daily life, and needing at once music to soothe and words to fling their feelings into shape, that this was likely to follow with the momentary pause. René himself wrote long and much, and copied, says M. de Bargemont, in its style of metre and allegory, the famous "Roman de la Rose;" but of that crowd of writings lost to us, a few fugitive pieces, escaped by chance from the ravages of time and the dust of old libraries, are now the only title of the troubadour prince to the crown of poetry accorded him by his contemporaries. It was not gained by walking the course ; for in that age, "the mode," that word of power in France, engaged almost all princes to cultivate the Muses ; and that they gave no vain worship may be seen by the fragments of Charles Duke of Orleans' ballads, the music of whose

"Allez vous en ! allez, allez—
Soucis, soins, et melancolie !"

rings in one's ear like some old English carol, and in the "Forêt de longue attente" of Charles of Burgundy, Comte de Nevers. One long tale which has come down of René's, sketches out beautiful pictures of pastoral life—such life as may be led now by many a French shepherd and shepherdess among the green prairies ; but the chief interest of his verses is the knowledge we may draw from them, that the heavily tried spirit of one who, set as a mark for evil fortune, felt suffering with the keenness which belongs to genius, went far deeper for its rest than the outside and vain shadows, the hollow delusions, which could soothe the stung conscience of his heartless rival ; and that while Louis XI. was casting himself upon the saints of Rome, and in every accès of terror or remorse pouring out his soul to the images he carried for ever with him, the deep and fervent hearted René, he who in his sorrow over the grave of Isabel so often repeated with Petrarch,

"Eh qu'importe au blessé
Que l'arc soit détendu quand le trait l' a percé !"

in answer to his vain comforters, and bade carve for his device on sculptured wall and sketch on painted window the broken bow—passing by the human help of which in living men he felt the vanity, found in that same Church of Rome the presence of One whose claim to the heart's worship she in argument so jealously maintains, while, with a strange inconsistency, she calls up a cloud of phantasies, imaginations of the foolish and darkened heart, to rise between Him and the soul that seeketh Him. It is true that René, led perhaps partly by the superstitions of early education, partly by his love of the magnificent, is said to have encouraged, and even instituted, gorgeous processions ; but there is a *tone* in what is left us from his pen that breathes of something higher far ; and I only regret that the pleasures of social companionship and the temptations of a luxurious climate, inducing one to idle away hours out of doors, should have prevented my making many extracts of this nature. One which I find in the first leaves of a manuscript book, hastily begun at this time, will give some idea of his style, though taken alone it is hardly clear. He is speaking to the soul.

"Connois *que* tu es ? d' où tu viens ? là où vas ?
Comment firs faite ?—et lors tu connoistras,
Le parfait bien (qu' à toi ne tient qu' auras)
Et la grande gloire qu' t' est veoir appareillée,
Et le royaume que tu posséderas !
Des cieus d' azur desquels tu jouiras !
Et là ton Dieu face à face verras !"

KING RENÉ'S MORTIFICATION DE VAIN PLAISANCE.

Were the monarch who wrote his name so deep in the hearts of his subjects that to this day he is revered as "the good," to be classed, as he has undeservedly been, with those weak and well-meaning princes whose very fear of doing ill seems to have been a

misfortune to their subjects, René's piety should have been passed over in silence. Religion owes too much wrong to the infirmities of its friends: well for those who, stricken hearted and too late repentant, feel their own folly and blindness has robbed them of man's sympathy, that *she* will never shut her doors against them. While there is life there is hope; but theirs is a hope to light the darkness of their own bosoms, not a beacon fire among shoals and quicksands, to proclaim to the *world's* eye that those who venture there may yet find safety. Were he the craven loiterer, idling away his hours in vain study and toils unworthy of his lot, we would not speak of his trust; but René, the hero of so many fields, the adventurer of the wintry Appenines, leading his bold march among their angry hordes—René, the friend of Frégoza, the idol of fair Provence, that land of soul and chivalry,

“His sword and name by no dishonour crost—”

is one whose path the eye traces with an interest that longs to follow its faint line into the blue depths of eternity.

The Cardinal of Bar, who loved René from his childhood, and early adopted him, bestowed the highest care upon the young prince's education, which was continued after he had been confided to the Duke of Lorraine; so that, besides speaking with an equal facility the Greek, Latin, Catalan, and Italian languages, and the Provençal dialect, he was versed, says the viscount, “in the Holy Scriptures, and in theology, jurisprudence, and the mathematics.” His administration of justice was striking and impartial. Often, in his later years, while his sun was going down in his beloved Provence—like St. Louis beneath the oaks of Vincennes, and drest as simply—René would leave his palace, and ordering a carpet to be spread upon the turf or on a rock, would seat himself beneath the linden trees, or under the mulberries, or the olives in the neighbourhood of Aix, and listening to every one who came to complain or to petition him, would render justice to all;—as, in ages long ago, the royal husband of the Provençal princess Margaret. He gave life and spirit, by his encouragement, to every kind of industry in his dominions. The inhabitants of Provence owe to him the propagation of the culture of the mulberry tree, and the establishment of the first glass manufactory; he studied and greatly patronized painting on glass; he carried the white peacock from Italy into his southern provinces; and he raised to their perfection the grapes of Anjou. Thither he brought the pink and the Provence rose, which have flourished long since the days of the Troubadours, but all that he tried to restore, borrowed from the same happy clime, have faded away.

The two Van Eycks, Hubert and Jean de Bruges, are believed to have been known to René in his youth, as well as Antonello of Messina, who stole from Van Eyck the secret of painting in oils, and Gian Bellini, who made it known. “How dear,” the author we quote from continues, after informing us of these particulars, “to the eye of a prince, nursed in the love of history and antiquity, must have been those Italian shores, embellished at once by their rich earth and enchanting sky, and the magic of so many traditions, which, adopted her successor by the

Queen of Naples, he went to take possession of while yet in the dawn of life. There lay the starry Campania, whose vast plain and laughing slopes his glance wandered over. Here his predecessor, King Robert, had received Petrarch, had listened to the reading of his poem on Africa, and seated near the tomb of Virgil, in the shadow of the laurel planted by Laura's lover, had stripped himself of his royal mantle, to decorate with it the poet whom a crown awaited at the capitol. Nearer at hand were associations which recalled the name of that brother of St. Louis, the stern vanquisher of Mainfroi and of Conradin—the unhappy Conradin! whose tomb still existed in the city. The eye lingered alternately upon the sea and upon the quiet waters of the soft Ionian deep. Proud destiny of France! It has given sovereigns to almost every country of Europe, to Cyprus, to Jerusalem, and to the Byzantine empire."

Their charms must have been heightened by the weariness of a long captivity, from which René passed, upon the Duke of Burgundy's agreeing to wait for a part of his ransom, to assume the management of affairs in the Sicilian kingdom, which his young queen Isabel of Lorraine had been conducting for him with the greatest skill and delicacy. But his claim, notwithstanding the choice of Joan, was disputed by another; the powerful Alphonso of Arragon, the son of Ferdinand the Just, contested the rich inheritance; and René, after a long struggle, found his upright and chivalric spirit obliged to yield to the depth and subtlety of his opponent, in whose character, however, eminent as he was for lofty talents, there flashed out sparks of greatness, as on the fine occasion when seeing a galley full of men in danger, he flung himself alone into a shallop to go to their help, exclaiming, "I would rather be the sharer than the spectator of their death!"

Magnificent in person, and endowed with vast genius; active, enterprising, and endowed with rare eloquence, Alphonso was yet a long time held in check by the youthful valour of René, and was on the point of losing all he had acquired on the shores of Italy, when the treachery of one of René's Italian generals, who influenced a great part of his troops, and the subsequent defection of the restless people who had welcomed him as their king, overwhelmed him with sudden reverses, and at last obliged him to yield his last fortress to the Spaniard.

"Scarcely had René crossed its threshold to embark for France, when the banner of Alphonso was displayed upon its battlements. The vessel of the departing prince, delayed by an entire calm, lingered for a short time stationary in the roads of Naples, while the flags of Arragon were floating everywhere around it. As the magnificent amphitheatre of hills spread itself before his gaze, with its gardens of citron and orange, whose perfume was borne to him upon the breeze, René stood fixed to the deck, unable to take his eyes from the scene he was for ever quitting. At length his attendant nobles, alarmed at the bitterness of his feelings, gathered round him to distract, if possible, his attention from a sight that was wringing his heart; and soon a favourable wind coming to the help of the rowers, the spires of Naples, its lofty towers, the antique palace of its kings, and the deli-

cious heights of Campania, disappeared at once amidst the light vapours of the horizon."

Warm was the welcome awaiting his return to his native provinces, now by his brother's death become his own, and his ill fortunes were soothed by the cares of friendship on his way: for, after stopping at Florence, where he met John Paleologus, Emperor of the East, at the court of Pope Eugene IV., he for a time forgot his misfortunes in the society of his beloved and intimate ally, Thomas di Fregoza, Doge of Genoa. "Perhaps they little thought, those two illustrious men, while sharing for a little interval the delight of each other's converse, that close beside them, in the obscure village of Lugaretto, one had just entered the world whose manhood was destined to discover new realms," and throw such vast sources of power into the hands of that Spain they were resisting. "Christopher Columbus saw the day at the moment when another phenomenon, the art of printing, was about to startle the universe, and, lending its powerful spring to all human knowledge, propagate it, as by enchantment, over all the surface of the globe."

Having taken leave of the venerable Doge, and again put to sea, René speedily saw the shores of his faithful Provence, and landed at Marseilles, in the first days of November, four years after his first arrival under the shadow of Vesuvius.

Much of René's closing life was spent in that port of Marseilles, after his nephew, the king of France, suddenly seizing, in a time of peace, his strong castle of Angers, usurped possession of his Angevine dominions, where for many years he had chiefly resided; and within its walls, as well as among the ramparts of Aix, his capital, spots are still shown that go by the name of the "*Cheminée du bon Roi René*." It was given to them in his lifetime, when, wearing no outward decoration, the aged king would often leave his palace, and mingling with the groups who, in sunny and sheltered nooks, enjoyed the mild air of a southern winter, he talked with them of their health, of the affairs of daily life, of the appearance of the crops, and all those minor details by entering into which he won the hearts of his people. Endowed with rare powers of memory, he knew, it is said, the whole population of his capital; and Galaup de Chasteuil relates, continues the viscount, that there was not a family in Provence whose name was unknown to him; he was acquainted with their dispositions, talents, and condition in life. All might apply themselves at once to him, and confide to him their slightest interests, certain of obtaining a speedy answer. M. de Bargemont then gives some beautiful proofs of this, in letters addressed to René by the widow of one of his servants.

"He lived to the age of seventy-two years, and his last illness called forth the most intense anxiety and sorrow among his whole people. The different roads leading to his capital were filled with messengers, coming from the towns, and even the lowliest hamlets of his dominions, to inquire if there were any sign of amelioration in his state; while the dying king, his eyes filled with tears at hearing of their earnestness, fixed looks full of kindness on those who, surrounding his simple bed, came to press his weak hand. Gathering up the remains of his strength, as if to measure the depth of that eternity

which was now opening upon him, René was not heard to utter a word of which his salvation was not the object. 'C'est pour l'âme ! oui c'est pour l'âme *seulement* que je vous conjure de prier !' repeated he incessantly to those who were pouring out their vows to heaven for his restoration.

"About to enter eternity, he wished once more to listen to the word of God, and desired some of the psalms to be read to him. Elzéar Garneur, who read them to him, has related that, preserving till the moment of his death the use of his memory and his other intellectual faculties, René did not cease, while he read, to utter reflections whose piety was at once profound and touching, upon different passages which struck him. Without grief, without pain, he breathed his last sigh, and slept in the bosom of his God, Monday, the 10th July, 1480. The Provençals cherish his memory fondly, and still bless his name.

"Like his ancestor St. Louis, René bore upon his banner those lilies so often bent by dark storms, so long exiled from their native earth. M. Chevriel, an historian who seems peculiarly inveterate against this sovereign's memory, alleges that he sank into a kind of lunacy—a statement clearly falsified by history." He remitted by his will the beautiful provinces that formed his kingdom to the crown of France, (after the demise of his nephew, the Duke of Maine, who held the whole or a part during his lifetime,) and thus sheltered them, probably, from long future wars. With him died away the last echoes of Provençal song, and faded the wild music of the Troubadours. René's lance glittered in many a tournament, and his shield was often seen among those ranged side by side in the cloisters of convent or abbey, that the dames whose beauty was to light the festival might go and witness that none were about to fight whose honour was not stainless; but after *his* time, such gay pageants, and the strains which celebrated them, seldom appeared in the South.

"Left," says the viscount, "in the solitude of their old monotonous donjons, the noble dames no longer formed the ornament of cities; absorbed in martial labours, the young knights practised no more the lyre nor the mandora of the minstrel; and the 'gai savoir' vanished gradually away from Provence." Its departure is linked with the memory of one, vainly as he tried to stay its flight, dear to the lover of the beautiful. And as it came it went; for the rise in that so long famed province of the South of all the literature and the very language that shed a light around, even in the darkness of rude ages, is to be traced back to men who, cultivating freedom of thought, and gifted with the deep insight of genius, lifted the first protest against the thralldom of Roman superstition upon the spirit. "Four times, since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in western Christendom," remarks the 'Edinburgh' for October, 1840, "has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. The first of these insurrections broke out in the region where the beautiful language of *Oc* was spoken. That country, singularly favoured by nature, was in the twelfth century the most flourishing and civilized part of western Europe. It was there that the spirit of chivalry first laid aside its terrors, first took a humane and graceful form, first appeared as the

inseparable associate of literature, of courtesy, and love. The sweet Tuscan, the rich and energetic English, were still abandoned to artisans and shepherds. But the language of Provence was already the language of the learned and polite, and was employed by numerous writers studious of all the arts of composition and versification. A literature rich in ballads, in war songs, in satires, amused the leisure of the knights and ladies whose fortified mansions adorned the banks of the Rhone and Garonne. With civilization had come freedom of thought. No Norman or Breton ever saw a Mussulman except to give and receive blows on some Syrian field of battle. But the people of the rich countries which lay under the Pyrenees lived in habits of courteous and profitable intercourse with the Moorish kingdoms of Spain, and gave a hospitable welcome to skilful teachers and mathematicians, who, in the schools of Cordova and Grenada, had become versed in all the learning of the Arabians. The Greek, still preserving in the midst of political degradation, the ready wit and inquiring spirit of his fathers, still able to read the most perfect of human compositions, still speaking the most powerful and flexible of human languages, brought to the marts of Narbonne and Toulouse, together with the drugs and silks of remote climates, bold and subtle theories, long unknown to the ignorant and credulous West. A theology in which many of the doctrines of the modern Calvinists were mingled with some derived from the ancient Manichees, spread rapidly through Provence and Languedoc.

"One only of the transalpine nations had yet emerged from barbarism, and that nation had thrown off all respect for Rome! Only one of the vernacular languages of Europe had yet been extensively employed for literary purposes, and that language was a machine in the hands of heretics! Rome cried for help to the warriors of northern France. A war, distinguished even among wars of religion by its merciless atrocity, destroyed the Albigensian heresy, and with that heresy the prosperity, the civilization, the literature of what was once the most opulent and enlightened part of the great European family."

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.¹

CHAPTER VIII.

An uneasy conscience laid to sleep by the tongue of a goodly young squire.

It was long ere the damosel of Malthorpe could think upon her morning's walk, without trouble and uneasiness of mind—whether as regarded her evil requital of all the poor youth's love and pains—or her dread of what might be the end of this coil on their lord's return. And though she nothing feared, that so gentle and merciful a prelate should avail himself of the power given by law to guardians, even to fine and imprisonment of a rebellious ward, yet was she scarcely less dismayed at thought of the change she must look for in his words and aspect, when he should know of her hardy presumption in despising the marriage he had designed for her, as well as her ingratitude and cruelty in choosing a season of pain and sickness to grieve one whom he so kindly affected. Often would she sit musing in such wise, until her very brain grew hot and burning, and her heart ached so sorely, that she only found ease in a flood of tears; then she would fling away, and betake her to Madam Eglantine for diversion; but she joyed not in her company as before. Her tales grew stale and wearisome, and her songs sounded hoarse; nay, her laugh rang hollow and feigned, and her very mirth now seemed but rank folly—for May Avis listened not to them, as formerly, with a light and careless heart.

You may well think she cared not to tell to any one, and least of all to this high-minded lady, all that had befallen in her late discourse with John Ashtoft. To her aunt Madam Pouncefort alone she related some part thereof; though not out of love to her, or as desiring judgment on the matter, but because it was solely by her means, through their confessor, that she could hear tidings of what was doing at the priory. The poor sick lad, as may be readily guessed, came no more to the manor place—his first journey thither, said Dan Matthew, having so sorely increased his pain and weakness, that Sir Eustace, their fermerer, had forbidden his going out again, until they should hear from the Lord Gilbert. So that May Avis had full leisure to consider whether, and in what guise, she should amend her former unkindness; a consideration so little to her ease, that she almost could have wished her lord might take the matter into his own hand, and end all further thought by enforcing her to wed John Ashtoft without more ado.

Despite the discreet silence of the damosel Avis on one side, and of the youth on the other, what had passed between them was speedily known to many; for Madam Joyce not only gave some inkling thereof to Friar Matthew, but likewise to her niece Bradeston, and she again to her damosel, whence it passed to the page and yeoman; whilst, on the other part, Gauchet, who had fished for more things

* Continued from p. 188.

than the young clerk's hood by the moat that morning, failed not to bestow part of what he there gathered on Dame Muriel, in payment for his evening cup, and the remainder, out of pure good-will, on her daughter Gillian. Further, Dan Matthew, the confessor, forgot not to whisper privily, both what he heard and guessed on the business, to such of the brethren as, like himself, envied the youth his seeming good fortune.

But short was the time granted them wherein to laugh at his cost; since many days had not passed over, when they of Malthorpe had news, by Bernard the reeve, that Master Ashtoft was that same morning set off from Charlewode, by behest of the lord prior; who had sent for him over seas with all speed, in hope to have him healed, God willing, by help of certain famous waters in those parts, which had performed many notable cures on those with crippled limbs and joints. Also, that being unable for weakness to travel on horseback, a litter had been sent the whole way from London to fetch him, by express appointment of that noble prelate, and with it his own yeoman, Gerveis, to provide and order all things for his comfort on the voyage.

Even Madam Pauncefort heard not these tidings with her wonted serene and smiling aspect; for she began to doubt if she had not meddled in a matter beyond her compass—and if May Avis had been before disquieted by the fear of her lord's displeasure, how much more was she now, at finding how great store he set by the lad she had so disdainfully cast off! But the deed was done—and there remained nought to her, save to abide the penance as she might.

It was now the sweet month of April. The earth all green and gladsome with soft showers and bright sunshine, and the sighing breath of the west wind, stealing on the sense like a gale of fragrance from heaven, wooed every living thing to come forth and rejoice in the pleasant air. The young damosel of Malthorpe would gladly have enjoyed it with the rest, as she had done aforetime, roaming about in the sunshine to note the singing of the small birds, and watch the tender green of the young leaves deepening day by day over copse and greenwood; but John Ashtoft was gone, and she had none to roam and enjoy it with her. The Lady Eglantine, in verity, who now strove in all to pleasure bell' Avise, would at times walk forth a pace or two in the pleasance at her request; but she moved with so slow and solemn a grace—never looking to right or left—and complained so sorely of the hardness and roughness of the walking, that her kinswoman soon left off to invite her. So that May Avis had little enough pleasure of that fair spring weather—her sole pastime being to sit all alone in the sycamore arbour, that John Ashtoft had so loved to train and prune for her, at the far end of the verger,* and sigh oft and heavily, at thought of the wrong she had done him.

After this manner she was seated, on a still sunny afternoon, listlessly hearkening to the humming of the bees without the arbour, when Madam Eglantine's page came, running in great haste, to pray her presence in his lady's chamber. Thither she betook herself accordingly, and found Madam Joyce already with the Lady Eglantine—

* Verger, an orchard.

when this last damosel, after rendering to both many and gracious thanks for all their loving courtesies, made known to them her intent to take her leave and set forth in two days from that time—her brother, Messire Piers, having within the hour advised her, by one of his squires, that he purposed being that same even at the Manor Place, to do his reverence to the Lady Avis.

The Lady Avis, as had been of late her custom, on hearing the name of the handsome young squire, blushed and looked down in silence, leaving it to her aunt to make such speech as befitted the case; and then, hastily excusing herself, withdrew, first to her chamber, to array her as she best could, after the court fashions, and then to the small croset window overlooking the door porch, to watch for her new guest, and to study at leisure such forms of speech and behaviour as might best set forth her gentle breeding.

This occupation she found so much more delectable than had been her former one of sweeping the house and purveying supper for Madam Eglantine, that she took no heed of the time; and it was now within an hour of sunset, when she descried, between the trees of the linden avenue, a stranger of gay and goodly appearance, mounted on a strong bay courser, that was trapped with blue and gold, and riding at a gallop for the Manor Place. So great, in truth, seemed his haste to get there, that he slackened not once his pace for gate or turning; but throwing a largess to the porter as he passed, he spurred on and up the court, lighting down—with many thanks, and another goodly fee to the varlet that held his rein—at the hall porch.

It must be confessed that this young squire was as well grown and comely a person as you might see on a summer's day, and had been held for such amongst damosels who had opportunity to compare him with another sort of bachelors than John Ashtoft. He was of great stature and strength; with keen, lively grey eyes, a broad white forehead, a high arched nose, and a hue little less fresh and bright than that of the Lady Eglantine; moreover, he had fair yellow locks, glittering like gold in the sun's rays, and curling all round from under a small black cap that barely covered his crown. He was apparelled at point device, after the newest fashion at court; being in a suit of blue and black, exactly divided in the middle, so as that one half of his body, with the arm and leg appertaining, appeared to be of each colour. His cloak was of black velvet, bordered with blue and gold—his boots of maroquin leather fairly clasped, and with ends hanging full a span below the toes, as was the manner of the gallants of those days—a purse, large and heavy to see, hung at his girdle, and on his wrist sat a tercelet.

Thus much had the damosel Avis the time to espy from her hiding-place—and further, to acknowledge to herself, that in depicting to her mind's eye this goodly squire, her fancy had fallen far short of his desert—ere she was sought out of Madam Joyce, who prayed her to go down and greet her guest as beseemed the Lady of Malthorpe. So she descended, bashfully hanging on the arm of her aunt, and conning over the fair speeches of welcome she had so often devised, when sitting alone in her sycamore arbour. But no sooner did she perceive him step forward to meet her, as she entered the great paved parlour beside the hall, than every one of her set speeches va-

nished clean out of her head—nay, her very eyes dazzled, and her heart beat so fiercely, as with sudden illness, that she was well nigh afraid of swooning as she stood. Whether Messire Piers was aware of her disorder, she could not tell; since, without tarrying the gracious welcoming that Madam Pauncefort would have spoken in the name of the damosel, he signified his acceptance thereof, by taking the hand of that worthy woman, and touching her cheek with his lips. Then turning him quickly toward May Avis, like one who well knew how to perform his devoir to all, he bent one knee before her, and kissed her hand with such an air of hearty, unfeigned reverence, as if he could desire no greater happiness. Certes, she thought, it was a courtesy whereof John Ashtoft—ungainly churl that he was!—had never deemed her worthy, in all the years of their fellowship.

"Parfaie! lovely lady," he said, in a voice so soft and gentle, it seemed made to speak but of love, "long and tedious hath the time seemed to me, until I might essay to thank you, as I am a thousand times beholden to do, for your great love and friendship toward my sister, the damosel Eglantine."

Then, suffering her not to study for a reply, as in truth she had not as yet regained breath or memory to make one, he fell to praising the place and pleasant country roundabout, and the wholesome virtues of the air, which made themselves known in the beauty and bloom of those who were therein bred up; and this speech he uttered not boldly and loudly, as had done an untaught man, essaying to flatter, but touching lightly thereon, as he had but given words to his thoughts at unawares, whilst gazing on the young maiden then in presence. Next, craving leave to shake the dust from his apparel, in readiness to attend her at the meal-board, he withdrew, leaving the damosel of Malthorpe wholly overcome with admiration at his courtly graces and gentillesse.

Not a whit less courteous or debonaire was his behaviour at suppertide, when he took his place in exact order as the meat was served, commending all on the board, both fish and flesh, baked and stewed, and tasting largely of each kind to boot—proffering to instruct Madam Joyce in the making and seasoning of divers new and dainty dishes and sauces—describing to May Avis all kinds of rare devices and ornaments in pastry and confections—with ever and anon some tale or word of news or court gossipry, failing not to show how deep he was in the counsels of those great lords and ladies he named. Of a truth, it had been long enough ere so much as one of all these marvellous things had been seen or said of John Ashtoft!

Thus passed over the supper meal, with much glee and gaiety—though the Lady Eglantine joined but rarely in the discourse, and seemed altogether less joyful than May Avis deemed she ought to be, in the coming of so dear a kinsman; and when they rose up afterward, Messire Piers, espying the lute, took it into his hands, and after touching and tuning for a space, as one who had a perfect knowledge of music, passed it to the young lady of the house, praying her to delight them therewith. But she blushingly excusing herself from her want of skill, he drew it to him again; and after lightly striking the chords, began to sing in a deep manly voice, a virelai or lover's plaint, that was the last new song at court, being written by a great

clerk and poet to King Richard, one Sir Geoffrey Chaucer; and began thus,—

“ Alone walking,
In thought plaining,
And sore sighing,
All desolate.

Me remembering,
Of my living,
My death wishing,
Both early and late.”

Then he sang to them a roudel—and next a French chansonnette—and then a hunting strain—staying awhile between to speak of the melody of each, and inquire which of them all was most to the liking of the Lady Avis. Next, calling to them the damosel, his sister, (who, little fain as she seemed of his company, never gainsaid his will,) he made her sing with him certain airs and lays for two voices, and if May Avis had taken pleasure in listening to their music apart, far more was her delight now—for so alike were the voices of the brother and sister, so perfect their skill and practice, that they seemed together to make up but one harmony. And yet further to content her, Messire Piers, after giving them song upon song, as if he deemed himself but too happy in diverting her, courteously proffered, on the morrow, to teach her this manner of singing, since it was to her liking. Then, tarrying not her thanks, he went on to speak of dancing, and finally prayed that they might all stand up and tread a measure; which being readily assented to by the others, May Avis, in her bashfulness, took out her aunt, and the brother and sister danced together, Messire Piers calling for his yeoman to make them music on the pipe. And here again the country maiden was so enwrap in wonder and admiration at their graceful swimnings and glidings, that she forgot her own part outright in gazing on them. Howbeit, the courteous squire, who seemed bent on her taking share in all their pastime, leaving his sister after a space, insisted on showing the Lady Avis some of the steps and paces they had gone through; which he did, with so winning a behaviour—so graciously commending her carriage and aptness to learn—and leading her by the hand through all, so reverently, yet so tenderly, that the little maiden thought, when they took leave to go to rest, that this had been the very blithest evening of her life.

From that hour she mused no more upon John Ashtoft, and but little on the coming of the Lord Gilbert; her only fear being, lest this fair bachelor might prove, like his sister, somewhat strange and variable of humour; as her sole grief was the thought, that, as amiable as he might be, he would too surely depart within a day's space.

Her fear, in any case, was groundless. The morrow but showed her guest to be yet more earnest than before in his good-will and courtesy; for scantily had he given them good-day, ere he besought the Lady Avis to remember her promise touching the singing; to which she being nothing loth, the lute was brought, and they sat down together; Madam Joyce—discreet, worthy lady—holding the Lady Eglantine in talk at the far end of the parlour.

Now Messire Piers Bradeston was a perfect master of such melody, and his scholar was ever ready witted at learning; so that what with his zeal to teach, and her desire to learn, she gained more in that one

short hour, than she had done with all her diligence in so many weeks by aid of the damosel Eglantine. Also, would he needs hear some of her own simple country songs; and though it seemed to her that she had never croaked so hoarsely, yet was he eloquent in praise of her voice, which he declared to be the sweetest he had ever listed. And with that, starting up before she could frame her answer, as if to spare her pains therein, he walked to the other end of the chamber, and looked through a lattice that overhung the garden, now in the sweet blossomy time of the year, and sending up its fresh odours; whilst linnet and throstlecock were straining their throats amongst the boughs, as if in emulation of their voices.

"Parde, dear Lady Avis," he said, "methinks it were ungentle in me to withhold you any longer from the fresh air, that breathes so soft and wooingly below. Yea, and by my fay, right fain should I be of a walk in your fair pleasance here, so you would but vouchsafe to be my guide."

The maiden, who desired nothing better, made answer that she would go full willingly, might they but have the company of the Lady Eglantine; whereupon that fair lady, who scantily could know an oak from an ale-stake, and cared not to behold the light of day, unless it shone on tourney or pageant, began to excuse herself on the score of her health; when suddenly, on a look from Messire Piers, unperceived of any other, she commanded her page to go fetch her cloak and cornet, and without another word went down with them to the garden.

They roamed long time far and wide through the pleasance, Messire Piers taking no heed of his sister—who followed painfully, and at distance, leaning on the shoulder of her page, and sorely bemoaning the sharpness of the flints, and heat of the sun—being wholly taken up with striving to commend himself to the Lady of Malthorpe manor, in which essay truly he failed not of his intent.

He spoke, amongst other matters, of hawking and hunting, and then of his falcon, which he vaunted for the best in England, having been given him, as he said, by the king of Meath, in Ireland, when he was over seas there, to have his good will and word at the court. And from this he took occasion to relate the many wonderful things he had both seen and performed in that expedition; certes, proving himself worthy, by his valour and desert of all kinds, to have been knighted ten times over. Nor was his modesty less than his virtue; for when the damosel, in her simple-heartedness adventured to ask how he had failed of this his recompence, he assured her that he felt not himself in any wise aggrieved; and then returning to their former discourse, proposed that they should all ride out in the fields after dinner, and see his tercelet fly, for that it was yet the season to find a hare or coney.

To the fields they went; and though their sport was of the smallest, yet not the less for that reason was the diversion of the damosel Avis, who, in truth, thought more of the pleasant looks and words of the young handsome squire, than of all the hawks in England.

"Now, in sooth, sweet lady Avis," he said, as they rode along, "it seems to me that you sit not easily on yonder small gennet; which

beside, ill befits, if I may speak my deem, the estate of the lady of Malthorpe. Wherefore bid you not those who have charge over your stable to seek you out a fair ambling palfrey, with such harness and array as may beseeem your worth and place?"

"My certes, that would I gladly, so I were free to choose," answered the damosel. "But know you not, that such gear pertains not to me, but to my lord prior, who ordereth all things here even as it pleaseth him?"

"Yea, dear lady," replied the squire; "nor is it to be doubted that the prudent prelate, like every other full-fed lord in cope and stole, remembereth him that thrift in the hall of the minor maketh heavy the pouch of the guardian. My lord prior of Charlewode, as is well known, fined right nobly to the king, for licence to make his profit of your wardship."

"Out of doubt he did so," said the maiden, "as indeed I have been told by my aunt and others, and therefore just is it, that my noble lord should pay himself that which he first graciously dispended on my behalf. Nay, blithe should I be if I might by any means requite him in some sort for his great goodness toward me!"

Verily May Avis spoke thus, as thinking herself in duty bound to uphold her lord's cause in his absence, for in her heart, it must be said, she leaned somewhat to the judgment of Messire Piers, as oft as she called to mind his design to keep the rule over her lands, by wedding her to John Ashtoft.

The courteous squire, whatever his thought, would urge her no further, but quickly replied, "Saint John be my speed, lady, as you have well spoken, and as beseems your gentle breeding. And, in sooth, they who deem worst of the Lord Gilbert Nevil, yet freely confess him for a right courtly prelate, so amiable and gracious of speech and bearing, that I, for one, do heartily grieve at the mischance which hath brought so fairseeming a lord into such utter ruin and disgrace."

"Holy Mary! what mean you?" cried the damosel, in amazement. "But, no—it cannot be! Why, my lord of Charlewode hath been in France these two months and more, on the king's business; which being now, as we hear, happily concluded, he is looked for back again in all joy and honour. Of a surety, you have been misadvised, or refer that to my lord which hath happed to some other noble gentleman."

"Even so then let it be, gentle lady, since it is grievous to you to think otherwise. Nevertheless, certain it is that the peace so nearly concluded, hath been hindered, and much debate raised with them of the French part, through the subtlety and ill-will of some employed from hence; as also that the whole blame thereof hath been laid by my Lord de Spenser on another of our English commissioners, as working secretly on the part of the turbulent Duke of Gloster, who is known to be ill-disposed alike to the king, the peace, and the marriage. And this charge, it is thought, will weigh heavily against that party, since my lord Hugh Spenser, and his brother-in-law of Rutland, have more of the royal ear than any man living."

"But what can they, or any others, do against him, set case it were

my lord?" cried the damosel, who began to fear there was indeed more in the tale than she had first deemed. "Since well assured am I, that they have charged him foully and falsely. Never for love or gain of any would he do aught unbecoming a noble gentleman or a true Englishman."

"Out and alas, lady! what importeth a man's guilt or innocence; when his enemies are stronger than his friends? And truly in such case at this time standeth my lord prior of Charlewode, that none are hardy enough to plead for him."

"Beseech you, what is like to be the end of the matter?" said May Avis, waxing pale; for she truly loved and honoured the noble prelate, and would not that harm should betide him, even could she so scape his displeasure.

"So may I thrive, lady, as none can tell as yet," answered the squire. "Out of doubt, were my Lord Gilbert but a lay baron, he had answered with his head, for his majesty is over hot and hasty on the French alliance, and all pertaining thereunto. But since the church hath a special grace for treason as for all other offences, it may fare no worse with him than a heavy fine, and to be banished the kingdom for life. But this certainly may I say, that my lord prior is now in London, whence he is forbidden to depart; and men deem that his next lodgings will be in the Tower."

And herewith the handsome squire, having said as much as he held needful for this present time, changed the discourse altogether, speaking, as they rode homeward, but of courtly pastimes and shows, knightly feats, and deeds of chivalry, until she had well nigh forgotten all in the world beside. And that evening again they danced, and played, and sang, and diverted themselves as gaily as the one before it. Only the Lady Eglantine complained that somewhat ailed her from walking on the damp ground in the pleasance; but Messire Piers jested thereat, bidding her dance away her malady—or, if aught remained by the morrow, he would try his own hand at leechcraft, and perfect her cure with the journey homeward, for the which he warned her to array herself by break of day.

CHAPTER IX.

A courtship.—Gauchet sets forth for Reeve Bernard's, and ends his walk in London.

If these commands of Messire Bradeston fell lightly on the ear of her to whom they were addressed, they sounded in that of May Avis like the passing bell of hope and joy. Certes she had known from the first, that his coming was but for a brief space; yet had he seemed so friendly and familiar, so blithe of their company, and well pleased with all things there, that she had hoped, since maidenly honesty would not suffer her to pray his longer tarrance, that he himself might frame some device thereunto. But when she heard him thus fixedly declare his purpose to the damosel his sister, as he were even impatient to be gone, her heart so sank within her, that scarcely could she restrain her tears until she was alone, when she wept and

bewailed herself more bitterly and piteously than she had ever done yet.

Little was the rest that came to her eyes that night; but toward morning she fell asleep through very weariness, and had just forgotten her griefs, when she was awakened by Gillian, praying her to rise and hasten to the Lady Eglantine, whose sickness was so much increased, that she was liker to need the physician from Kimbolton, than to set forth on her journey. Incontinently she arose, and ran to the chamber of her cousin, who she found shivering and shaking like one in an ague fit, with her head and visage closely enfolded in her bed gear, by reason of a cruel pain across her forehead which would not suffer her to endure the light, insomuch that May Avis could not discern her hue or features; but she spoke feebly and languishingly, complaining much of the anguish in her head and limbs, which wholly hindered her even to raise herself from her bed, much less to mount on horseback.

"Now do I vow to our lady, sweet coz," she said, "I lack words to speak my sorrow at this mischance, which constraineth me not only to pray your sufferance yet a two days longer, but to beseech you plead my cause with Piers Bradeston, who hath set his mind so steadfastly on our going, that truly I am in dread of his enforcing me to ride, an were it in voluper* and nightweed."

Who now was half so joyful as May Avis at this news? or how, in truth, could she grieve for the sickness of one poor damosel, who had wished the overnight that Jack Straw and his rout were even come again, so that the fear of them might but stay her guests at the Manor Place. Nevertheless she demeaned herself thereupon not the less kindly and courteously, praying that the Lady Eglantine would be content to abide there, were it a month longer, and she would straightway desire her aunt to make her excuse to Messire Piers.

That gentle squire, in verity, was not hard to appease on the matter, granting their prayer right graciously, and solely desiring, in order that his longer sojourn there might bring on them as small annoy as might be, that the Lady Avis and her aunt would deign to command him in all things whereby he might do them service or pleasure. And since this last worthy woman was altogether hindered from profiting by his courtesy, being taken up both day and night with the care of Lady Eglantine, it followed that he must needs bestow his whole time and discourse on the damosel of the house, now left, like himself, without other fellowship—a chance whereby he was not slow to profit.

That very day he prevailed on her to take the air again in company of himself and his hawk, on the damosel Eglantine's dapple grey ambler, and afterward to walk in the garden and pleasance as they had done yesterday. And though soothly he heeded neither the song of the birds, nor the sweetness of the flowers, nor yet was he a learned clerk like John Ashtoft—freely confessing that both reading and penmanship were unknown to him—yet had he learned of other crafts, such as are taught in the school of the world, enough to raise the wonder and admiration of a simple country maiden, and knew how to

* A night-cap.

set forth what he had seen and heard in such fair and well-framed speech, and so greatly to his own advantage, that it was small marvel if she, all unskilled as she was in courtly arts and devices, held him for a very paragon of gentle bachelors and men at arms, and as lacking but the occasion to become as far renowned and worthy a knight as the Lord Walter Manny, or Sir John Chandos himself.

Long and wearisome were it to all but lovers, to hear of the doings at the Manor Place for the space of another fortnight, during all which time the sickness of the Lady Eglantine, and Madam Pauncefort's watching and waiting in her chamber, continued. Therefore I pass over the amblings on easy palfreys, by woodland and upland, holt and heath, with the hawking and sporting, and the discourse, gay or tender, that there befel; the walkings on foot alone, or with none to follow but Gillian—in the gardens and meadows at early prime, to taste the cool freshness of the morning, or by moonlight to list the plaintive note of the nightingale, which the squire vowed he had there first learned to delight in—the lute playing, and fluting, and singing, roundel or bergeret, amorous ditty, or lay of wobegone love, to which he forgot not to bear a goodly burden of sighs and soft speeches. I will but shortly tell you, that this gear had not gone on for many days, ere the damosel Avis was so wholly won by the honied words of this handsome courtly bachelor, that she granted him both her ear and heart, in return for the love he vowed to her; joyfully plighting her troth also to take him for her wedded lord, so soon as she might compound with the noble prelate, her guardian, for leave to choose her own marriage—a choice, she freely declared, she would not grudge to buy with the half of her heritage. This last intent verily was but little to the liking of Messire Piers, who had resolved to have the whole, and whose necessities would brook no delay; but he dissembled his annoy as he could, nothing doubting to prevail with her in the end to set at naught the consent of the Lord Gilbert, whose long absence gave ample scope for all his devices.

Now haply may you marvel how so cunning and prudent a wight as Madam Pauncefort could be brought to wink at so perilous a design as the stealing away a ward from her lord's custody; but truly she had been from the first but an instrument in the hand of those who had yet more guile and subtlety than herself.

This worthy aunt—who held that lying and deceit should be to women in the place of coat armour and habergeon—maugre the tale she had told to the damosel of Malthorpe, had dwelt much in former time with the Lady Bradeston, (her spouse having been of the knight's household,) and had known from their infancy the young squire and his sister, whom she loved with so blind an affection, as to deem no wight living worthy of compare with them. And sooth to say, it was her desire to see and hear of them, that took her three years before on feigned business to Ware; though this she kept to herself, then trusting, in her foolish presumption, that both one and the other should speedily rise too high to set store by such kinswoman as the daughter of Daniel Forde.

But who may foresee the turns of fortune's wheel? In the very time that she was rejoicing for damosel Eglantine's sake, in the news

of Dame Swynford's fortune, came privily to her the tidings of that maiden's utter disgrace, with a prayer for harbourage there, until better hap might betide. What Madam Joyce thereupon devised, and how she sped, you have seen, as also how cunningly she practised to clear the house of John Ashtoft. Not that it was at this time her intent to bestow Avis Forde on the Squire de Bradeston, who she hoped to see far more nobly allied; but solely to keep the damosel for her own profit the longest she could in her present maidenly estate. But it so fell out, just at that season, that Messire Piers, who held not himself so precious as did his kinswoman, finding favour and money scarce, and friends but few, was advised by his needs and his yeoman Anselm, to repair to Malthorpe, and make acquaintance both with the place, and the damosel who was heir thereunto. Though, of a surety, neither empty pouch nor varlet would have wrought him to such hardy adventure, but for the sorry pass whereat matters then stood with my lord prior.

Now so much of what the squire had told to May Avis was true, as that this noble prelate, whose zeal for the honour of the prince and the realm would not suffer him to yield up point after point to the French, as did the Earl of Rutland and the others who preferred the king's favour to his profit, had fallen under suspicion on the accusation of the Lord Spenser, of disloyalty, and being of counsel with the king's enemies to overthrow the treaty. So that, although talk was there none of sending him to the Tower, or other place of ward, yet was he publicly fallen into so great disfavour with the court faction, that they commanded him back, and sent over another, more to their minds, in his room. This, in itself, had little troubled the Lord Gilbert, who loved the ease and quiet of his own fair priory of Charlewode before any king's court in Christendom, and had consented to go, only at the pressing instance of the Duke of Gloster and the Earl of Arundel, who desired to have some in the embassy that remembered the times and spirit of King Edward. But since in those days to lose countenance at court, was to be left without hope of help or justice, no sooner was his disgrace noised about, than all who had any the least plea for debate, fell to moving suits against him, well knowing that by bribes to the king's judges and officers, they should gain an easy victory.

The Lord Gilbert, being as well aware of those things as were his adversaries, strove to avoid, as far as in him lay, all open controversy, purchasing peace and friendship of some, and yielding to others a part of their demand, on condition that they abstained from troubling him in time to come; so that in the end, by his wisdom and quick despatch, he came out of this strait more easily than might have been looked for. Howbeit, make what speed he would, so many and weighty matters were not brought to an end presently; but he was enforced to tarry a season in London, which tarriance men failed not to say was by order of the king, until he should clear himself from the charges brought by the Lord de Spenser.

Such, then, being the present estate of the lord prior, it seemed to Piers Bradeston, and his counsellor Anselm, that never could there be a fairer time to steal away his ward; no more being needed towards

setting his displeasure at open defiance, than to proffer a rich gift out of her wealth to some lord of the king's household, for aid and protection. By such reasonings, and the promise of sundry gains, was Madam Joyce wrought with to be blind and deaf to all that was passing; and as for Madam Eglantine, she was so wholly under the rule of her brother, who never ceased in private to upbraid her with the folly that had lost her a place at court, that she had no remedy but to obey him in all points.

After this manner went days and weeks, with sovereign contentment to the damosel Avis, but far less to the bachelor, who had footed love's dance too often, and with too many sorts of partners, to take aught of pleasure therein; and verily found smiles and sweet words less to his liking than the gold and land of his lady, of which last he was bent to gain possession, the soonest he could, by bond of holy church. To this end he besought her continually and urgently with such semblance of earnest affection as he well knew how to feign, not to tarry the uncertain issue of her lord's return, but join hands with him in secret before the priest; that so, he said, if punishment befel, he might lose but her estate, whilst herself, who he swore to prize above an earldom, should be assured to him past all dread of change.

Poor simple May Avis, who, in the honesty of her own heart, no more doubted the truth of every word that fell from the lips of Messire Piers than if it had been spoken by an angel from heaven, knew not how to withstand so many importunate entreaties, and so gentle a pleader. Yet was she not all at once to be trained to open rebellion against the good prelate her lord, whose coming she declared herself bent to abide, though, in the end, her resolution sufficed not to combat both her own heart and the enemy without; and the crafty squire perceived, with secret joy, that her denials and scruples waxed fainter and fainter day by day.

"By Corpus Madrian, dame! but our young damosel and her new playfellow shall carve-out a rare spot o' work for my lord prior, if he tarry away much longer," said old Gauchet, as he and the old wife Muriel sat at their morning counsel in the pastry.

"Yea, by my crown," answered the dame, "and a harder still for herself, poor silly wench! Doth she deem, indeed, that this fair-speaking, gentle seeming young lordling, as she holds him for, desireth in his heart but to spend his life to come, in fluting, and dancing, and pulling daisies with her?—though truly she never had set her mind on such gear but for the old she fox that hath trained her to her own harm."

"Now, by cocksbones, Madame Muriel, great marvel is it to me, that a prudent, wary wife, like my lady Joyce, should thus lightly adventure to anger my lord prior, knowing, too, that when she hath striven her uttermost, one word from him shall overturn her whole device."

"By my troth, no marvel at all—verily, hog will to mast, and churl to churl's blood. What fear hath the old traitress of my lord prior?—he who never yet had heart to take vengeance on the dog that bayed at him—when the worst she hath to dread will be but a

rebuke, and free leave to depart, with a lapfull of gold florins from yonder taffeta gallant, whose court fosterage, as I deem, hath be-taught him little of honesty or knighthood."

"Now out of doubt, Madam Muriel," answered Gauchet, when he had well pulled and stroked his thick grizzled beard and chin, "ye have deemed aright, as ye have ever done in all other matters. Nevertheless, saving your grace, I cannot choose but hold this brisk young bachelor a worthier and fitter to have the mastery over manor and lands than our bookish Master John—though may I never thrive if mine own eyes were not wet with pity for the young clerk's case that day our damosel well nigh drove him into the ditch after his headgear. But now, methinks, this lusty squire, that should be a good man at arms by his looking and bearing, and loveth hawk and hound, and all such gentle craft, might make a right proper lord for the nonce, if it please not heaven and St. Julian to send us a better."

"Well, hast thou made an end?" quoth the dame, in high wrath. "Now do I hold thy wit not worth a straw, if it cannot advise thee that this same courtly wight, who, by my fatherkin, hath oftener stood at the board than he hath sat on the dais, is far liker to fling away both gear and land, in revel and riot, at tables and hazardry, and haunting taverns with singers and glee-maidens, and such array, than to live as befits him who should be lord in the house of the Mourtrays."

"By the rood of Broomsholme, madam, ye have spoken like a doctor, or a chanon at the least—mischance fall on him that would gain-say your judgment! But since it is well known that a thief of venison, will he but leave his craft, can keep the forest best of any man, so methinks this young squire, might he but come to a fair fortune, should be, by your leave, the thriftier husbandman for knowing the ways whereby a man's substance is soonest wasted."

"A fig for thy proverbs, and for thy fool's tongue therewith!" quoth the old dame again. "Yea, granting it were soothly as thou sayest, what good or profit, o' God's name, have thou or I to look for at the hands of this goodly bachelor thou wouldst fain bring in on us? Dost thou dream that he and his rascal rout will endure the sight of them that were my lord prior's people, and served with the noble knight Sir Thomas to boot?"

"Truly, dame, this last case ye have put is one that toucheth us both nearly; as what care I for the jollity in the hall, if I am sent first to the cold side of the threshold? But, holy Peter! this Messire Piers is so free-handed and large of his bounty, and his man Anselm is so fair and friendly of behaviour, and moreover hath kept such good order since his coming, in the retinue of that dainty wench Madam Eglantine, that, parde, I would liefer deem—"

"Parde, I tell thee thou art a fool!—and yet more, that my lord prior must know of all this brave work—aye, and that shall be, if Muriel of Malthorpe set forth to tell it herself, for lack of those that should do her errand."

"Now, by God's dignity, madam, whatever betide, ye shall not say thus, whilst the old pickard hath hand or foot to crawl on; and since such is your pleasure, I will to Charlewode in this very tide, so you

will vouchsafe to instruct me to whom I shall do my errand, neither my lord himself nor fair Master John being there at this tide."

This last question was not without its effect on the dame, though her perplexity availed not, as he had hoped, to put her from her purpose altogether.

"Of a truth," she said presently, "I know not of any there to whom I can affie me, save Sir Stephen the almoner, and he verily, what between his gout, and sleep, and eating, is so hard to come at, worthy lord, that, St. Poule to speed, the steed shall be clean stolen or ever we can make fast the stable door."

"Now in verity, madam," quoth the varlet, "to my poor thought ye would not do much amiss to let call to your counsel Madam Gillian, who, out of doubt, knoweth most of this matter, seeing she is always in presence of the damosel, and can better judge thereof. I pray you pardon me, for truly my wit is but thin."

"Let call Dan Burnel the ass!" she said. "Go get thee down to Bernard the reeve, at his dwelling, Sir Jack-fool, and pray him to come to me forthwith, on a special and secret business; and see thou tell not thine errand to the wench or any other, if thou wouldst not bring it to an ill ending."

Gauchet, seeing that aught he could say would be in vain, took his hood, and went forth as commanded. Now the reeve made abode in a small lone dwelling, that stood amidst a goodly tuft of trees on the far side of the common, and was wont in former days to be the lodge for the forester. Two ways led thereto—one by the Thorpe and road, the other along the meadows that lay eastward of the Manor Place. This last did Gauchet take—whether that he might gain occasion to speak or to hear, I cannot tell you, but certain it was that he went not straight forward on his errand, but gropingly, by the water-courses and hollow places, ever and anon louting down behind bush or hillock when there came to his ear a sound as of any approaching.

It chanced that, midway to the place whither he was going, there lay a small thicket, and on the further side thereof a pond or stew for fish, wherein were kept many a well-fed luce and bream, for the board of dais at Malthorpe. Now it had seemed to Gauchet for some short space to hear from the bank of the pond a murmur of voices; so drawing nigh warily—it might be to come suddenly on the caitiffs that were stealing the fish—he crept on hands and knees through the brambles to a place whence, unperceived, he might both hear and espy them.

"Now, by black St. Hubert, the lord of all jolly hunters," said the voice of Jankin, Madam Eglantine's yeoman, "none other place is there honourable now for my filling—forester and verderer, set me down in thy tables, good Anselm, with the charge of fish-ponds over and above, for the first month."

"St. Thomas to speed!—is there nought else thine humility would crave?" answered his fellow, Messire Bradeston's man. "But wherefore desirest thou so profitable a charge as the stews and ponds for so short space only?"

"Marry, for this reason—that the first seven days thereof shall be time enow, and to spare, to make proof which of the whole hath deep-

est water, and softest bed below—as, of a surety, to the lowest pit therein, when I have found it, do I purpose to conjure the old crone with the vulture's beak and Norman lineage, that is aye railing at us all, both eve and morrow; and, by the same token, with a goodly whinstone about her neck, by way of carcanet."

"Now, so may I be marshal of the hall as thou shalt have the fish-ponds for the time thou desirest, in very guerdon of thy virtuous intent, which, soothly, hath my benison; as also my counsel, that, in place of thy whinstone, thou hang on her, by way of jewel, the old pickard with his oily tongue, that uphokleth her in her cursedness—only, by the rood, thou must array thee speedily to the work, or another shall spare thee thy labour; for I warn thee our squire is fully bent to rid the place of the pair, with staff and stone, so soon as he cometh to the mastery here—though, by cinque and trey, I will first have again my fair silver janes* that I have been enforced to let the old thief win of me at the dice, to keep all fair and friendly, and amend thine and the knave-page's misdoings before our coming."

"By Corpus Domini, then may I spare my pains altogether, since truly he that is doomed to taste of thine and thy squire's tender mercies need not look for other ills in this life. So bestow the fish-ponds and stews elsewhere as it lists thee, and write me down for the other place I told thee of."

"Meaning that one of forester and verderer thou speakest of but now?" said Anselm.

"The selfsame, good my brother, which, verily, shall be more to my liking than riding the country with the mails of a cast chamber-wench."

"Now, pray thee, friend Jankin, choose thee out some other office in our household, as by Saint Nicholas, my patron, thou shalt have most o' them for the asking. Shall we appoint thee reeve for the nonce? Men say the worthy wight that shall yield thee his place hath grown fat and full therein; and truly thou wilt find Sir Piers a right easy lord to reckon with, so thou wilt but give or lend him wherewith to spend at taverns and tables, wine and hazardry. How sayest thou, brother Jankin?"

"Nay, nay, answered Jankin; "what the fiend know I of sheep or neat, crop or tillage? In God's name I will have the other—'tis a gentle craft, and one that fitteth both my liking and my breeding."

"Then soothly, Jankin," said the squire's yeoman, "I must cry thee mercy for deeming that neither of these places thou so longest after will fit thee at all."

"Yea, sayest thou—the proof, man!"

"Marry, by the token that there be others they shall fit better—as verify I already design them, the one for the son of my father, and the other for the son of my mother."

"Blood and nails!" cried Jankin, raising his voice in choler. "List, I pray, to this popinjay! Benedicite! Sir Jack-fool, is it thou or thy lord that shall wed the damosel Forde, I would know? as also the cause of this thine over much arrogance and presumption?"

* A small silver coin.

"Truly, brother Jankin," answered the other, nothing moved by his heat, "thou hast put thy question so fairly and courteously, that, out of my gentleness, I will give thee full and sufficient answer—yea, and moreover, in such terms as I learned of my former lord, a famous doctor of Oxford. The far cause, then, is our own poverty and necessity, which constrain us to piece the rents in our coats as we may; the near cause, the lands of the damosel Forde, which have moved us to come hither, in hope to amend our case by her help; the cause accidental is, the love this same gentle maiden bath unto my lord, whereof the effect shall be, their joining hands in blissful matrimony; the cause formal, is the form wherein this shall be wrought—that is to say, privily, by reason of the damosel being yet in wardship; and the end final shall be, that the fine being paid down for the ward's espousals without licence, we shall forthwith enter upon the land and goods, to dispend all as it listeth us. Now, as for the cause particular, that is to say, as touching mine own part and behaviour, I will tell thee, that he who standeth as deep in his lord's secrets as myself may certes deem his lord's gains his own, and use them as freely; and to thy present grudging at me, for preferring myself before thee, verily I shall make answer, that if thy lady had pleased to walk as wisely and warily as bath done my lord, and to have flown at some honest knight or squire, in place of sticking at such high game as my young lord of Beaufort, why, by Poule's bell, the profit and place had then fallen to thy share, and I had continued the poor varlet of a beggarly squire, living by his own devices, and the pillage of richer folk."

"Parde!" said Jankin, "if a perfect knowledge of all my lady's business might profit me, I were a made man out of hand."

"By my troth, and by that token, so were we all," answered his fellow; "as who knoweth not that our new duchess, bonny Kate Swynford, hath chased her forth of the household, in fear lest her young son was minded to wed as foolishly as had done his old father."

"Troth, sir, there lay our mishap, in that the boy, soothly, was less of a fool than she or we deemed him, and cared no more for us, when we had lost our gentle estate and service for his sake, than if it had been the kitchenwench that was chidden for burning the roast. And no marvel, by the mass. In my judgment, the merry black eye and ruddy cheek of the damosel Forde are better worth than a whole rout of court madams, with their ape's devices and dainty ways."

"By Saint Valentine, the damosel Forde, then, is more largely beholden to thee than to her bachelor, Dan Piers, who, methinks, should in no wise grudge to yield up the wench to any that would leave him the land. But shortly, Jankin—since thy lady is spilt, more need is there that my lord should be saved, or we shall be all utterly lorn. And now must I hasten back to array the palfreys for their riding; by my fay, love making never goeth so fair and fast as on the back of a smoothpaced ambler."

With that the pair went their way homeward, while Gauchet, tarrying but their departure, sped him in all haste to the lodge, where, lighting by good hap on the reeve himself, he straightway rehearsed, not the dame's message, but the discourse of the stranger varlets,

which he held over perilous stuff to bear about with him any further.

Certes, he could not have bestowed the burden more to his mind ; for the bold yeoman, who had ever hated the sauciness and unthriftiness of the court folk, no sooner heard of the fresh mischief they were compassing, than his anger broke out without bound or measure ; and so soon as he had made an end of crying shame and blessing himself from such wickedness, he went on to declare his fixed purpose to set out forthwith to London, and lay the whole before his lord. But since he had heard say the place was larger far than Kimbolton, and they knew not whereabout the Lord Gilbert was lodged, he concluded first to ride over to Charlewode, to inquire of that and other matters of the bailiff, as also to make known his intent to Sir Stephen the almoner.

But, out and alas ! when they came there, the first of these yet tarried away at St. Ives', whither he was gone to buy cattle for the convent ; and as for that noble monk, Dan Stephen, he who had been in youth the boldest outrider in the forest, and the freest in mirth and jollity in the hall, now lay most times helpless in his bed, groaning with gout and other maladies, that would scarce let him rest day or night ; so that when he had the good hap to fall asleep, ill fared it with those who awakened him, whatever the need ; and on this very morning it befel, that he had just forgotten all his ills in a deep slumber, by aid of medicines, and the two from Malthorpe, great as was their haste, had no remedy but to tarry his time.

Of a truth this was sorry hearing for both, especially Sir Gauchet, who, bent as he was on ridding the Manor Place of those ribalds, had yet no will to have his part in the matter known to them, a discovery that he judged might bring him but an unquiet life in time to come ; neither had he been prevailed with to journey thus far but in full trust to perform his errand and get back before any could note his absence. Moreover, he dreaded to be espied in that place of the confessor, Sir Matthew, who had at all times so much to say in private with Madam Joyce. Great, then, was his annoy, when hour after hour sped away, and still no tidings of the almoner's awakening, while, to increase his trouble, Bernard would in no wise hearken to his counsel, that they should pull down their hoods over their faces, and go sit them down in some out office or privacy, but vowed lustily to the swan, that a true Englishman, who had done no wrong, should never hide his head for fear. So that the best Gauchet could do in such a strait was, to keep himself close in the darkest nook of the spence where they were, whence he was not to be drawn forth, either by the goodly cheer on the board, or the entreaties of Dan Jocke, the cellarer, to come near and refresh himself with them—which sore denial of his stomach seemed verily needless, for there came neither monk nor layman to trouble them while they tarried there, save one friar, whose gown they but discerned for a moment through the door-chink. At last, when the even was nigh, Sir Stephen, having first made an end of sleeping, and afterward of supping, bade call them into his chamber.

When they were come thither, soothly they somewhat doubted if

it were indeed a waking man that nodded and anorted on them from out the heap of cushions that upheld him ; and so heavy was he, both of eye and understanding, that after the reeve had twice told his tale, and made Gauchet relate to him beside the talk he had listened by the way that morning, he could draw no more therefrom than that they desired, for some cause, to get to the presence of my lord prior.

"Yea, of a surety," he said, gaping as he would swallow them, "ye seek my lord prior, said ye?—Parde—ye need but inquire for him—where he is tarrying—in the great Benedictine abbey—at Westminster—hard by the water.—Eh, sirs, would ye aught else?"

"Truly, my lord Dan Stephen," answered the reeve, "we would humbly pray your high lordship—seeing we be but plain men, and rude of speech—as also strangers in that place—to vouchsafe us a word in writing to my lord, that shall both make faith to him of that we have to tell, and serve for a token to help us to audience of him."

"Eh, Corpus Domini !" cried the monk in wrath, "how—deem ye that I, who have been a cripple of my right hand, with this pain and torment, these twenty weeks and more, am to play the scrivener for every idle knave that asks? (as verily my skill in penmanship was but small in my better days). If the boy John were at hand now, which, by my fay, I would he were, for more and weightier reasons—Eh, peradventure brother Matthew knoweth how to handle such gear ; let alone that he, as confessor there, should be the very man to see to this. Now listen, good men ; go home, make you ready for the journey, and come again at prime to-morrow, when, out of doubt, ye shall have the letters ye ask, and a God speed to ye."

Whilst Sir Stephen was thus discovering his mind aloud, the reeve and Gauchet stood looking at one another, both perceiving that all was like to come to naught if the confessor meddled therein, yet neither liking openly to gainsay the almoner, until at last, seeing there was no other remedy, Bernard adventured to say,

"Truly, my lord Dan Stephen, we are in all things bound to your gracious lordship, but since this our business, if not performed in all haste, must utterly fail, we would crave, as touching the letter—"

"Eh, ben'cité !" cried Sir Stephen, "what would the man? Have ye not all ye desired? Go, get ye gone, and come again to-morrow, as I said. I am aweary!—St. Mary!—and I have caught a cruel pain at my heart!—so help me, very God!—and—begone, I say, with mischance to ye!"

"Cocksbones ! how deemest thou of our speed?" quoth the reeve, as soon as they were clear of court and cloister, and on the fresh greensward of the park, without the porter's lodge.

"Marry, by St. Antholin, that he who tarrieth until to-morrow, when he may go to-day, shall have an ill ending to his journey," answered Gauchet, who now perceiving that his safety lay in keeping away from the Manor Place, was in foot-hot haste to be gone. "Wherefore my deem is, to leave the noble monk and his letter together, and make straight for London, where we need but inquire of the first we light on there for the Benedictines' house at Westminster, which, methinks, shall be no harder to find in those parts than a reverend swine's head in Charlewode cloister. Neither lack

we token to bring unto my lord's presence, despite the snorting old cumberworld. Lo, here his hunting horn, which I took privily into my company the whilst he was nodding and bemoaning him—by Saint Hubert, it speaketh the good man as truly as if his own fat jowl and forehead were embossed on the end thereof."

"Peace with thy foolish gibes, they ill beseem the place!" answered Bernard. "For thy counsel, verily I see not how that can be amended; wherefore, let us to my lodge to purvey matters as quickly as may be, since, please God and Saint Julian, we will lie to night no nearer this than the abbey of Saint Albans."

And accordingly, both one and the other shortly addressed them to the journey with so hearty a will, that by sunset they were already a good score of miles on the road toward Westminster.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I THINK of thee when winter binds
The stream with frost;
I think of thee when stormy winds
Are raging most;
And when the summer sun looks bright
O'er land and sea,
And by the pale moon's tender light
I think of thee.

There is no place, sweet lady, where
Thou art forgot:
I mingle in my daily prayer
Thy dearer lot;
And when the voice of beauty blends
With melody,
I turn away from present friends
To think of thee.

Then, lady, sometimes let thine eye
With tears be wet,
For happy days, alas gone by,
In which we met;
And though the fount of sorrow flow
No more in me,
This heart at least where'er I go,
Shall think of thee!

A. G.

American Notes for General Circulation. By CHARLES DICKENS.

OUR Boz is back again, and behold his book: "American Notes with the Publishers' Compliments"—two prettily got up volumes, with a waving of the fashion of plates—but the public's old and petted favourite needs no bush for his book. There is a fore-running of approbation all ready prepared, and Boz has but to present his note of hand for it to be duly and truly honoured—payable at sight.

Yet here we have the chronicler of the Pickwick Club, and the historian of the Nickleby's, in a new character and on new ground. Stepping out of that magic circle which the wand of his enchantment had drawn around him to pay this transatlantic visit, he has donned a fresh visage, and enlisting into another corp of authorship has relinquished his innumerable and unmeasurable advantages, and tried his powers in an arena untrodden by himself before. In short, laying down his marshal's baton, he has here volunteered into an altogether different service.

"Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady," with "Charles Dickens, Esquire's Lady's" lady, the appendage usually denominated a lady's maid, seem to have been surrounded with the hot-house atmosphere of partiality from their first half dozen impressions of foot-prints on board the packet at Liverpool, to the last edition of sixes at the same place back again. Brother Jonathan seems to have been in a mighty fondling humour, and to have been thoroughly amiable to our own home favourite from first to last. Now we hold it to be the weakness of generous natures, that they are too easily bribed by kindness. Show them a little generosity and they are bought at once, fully proving that horrid, but we fear true axiom, that every man has his price. Men who sit in the seats of judgment, be they in courts of law or courts of literature, ought to wash their hands, that is, their public pair, of all gratitude, since the word is only another for partiality. If kind reception is to produce blindness, deafness, and dumbness, we for our own part think it would be infinitely better to be as ill used as possible.

We hope that Boz himself will forgive us when we say that for the good of the country, and patriotically, we wish that Brother Jonathan had growled upon him, frowned upon him, looked as unamiable and as much out of humour as possible, been frightened of him, terrified, amazed, agitated, disconsolate, rude, repulsive, and everything else that is disagreeable. What business had the Yankees to be otherwise when they knew there was "a chiel among them taking notes?" and what business had Charles Dickens, Esquire, to surrender his right to be quizzical when he pleased, and to be smoothing, and soothing, and calming and conciliating, and wasting his attar of roses in oiling the rough sea of Yankee manners, when he knew that all England, to say nothing of Ireland and Scotland and the colonies, and less than nothing of foreigners as out of the question, and not to be considered, when he knew we say that they were famishing for some of his exquisite drolleries, and longing for sketches of society in which ori-

ginality might have given life, animation, and zest to truth; and truth vigour, value, and consistency to originality.

But, alas, as we said before, Boz has been bribed just at the same price that love may be bought, by courtesies and kindness, and has cheated us out of all that piquant, spicy, mirthmoving mimicry of Brother Jonathan's *doings*, and *fixings*, and *guessings*, and *reckonings*, on which we had counted. Why could he not be insensible to kindness, as other people are, and think of the duty which he owed society; and why could he not be spiteful, as we are, and then our dear public would have had a more amusing book.

Well we have done our best to open the safety-valve of our ill-nature, so perhaps we may now come to the serious consideration of these American Notes; but as many true words are proverbially spoken in jest, so there is reality in our ravings. Dickens has been serious when we wished him to be gay, has worked like a stonemason on solid materials, when we would have had him "circle round the earth in forty minutes," catching in his way every fantastic gleam of light that shines through the transparencies of our humanity, displaying of what material the odd commodity is made. Anybody can be sensible and serious—these are the common places of life—why should Boz trouble himself with such drudgery?

These "American Notes with the Publishers' Compliments," are not then portraiture of society or comic sketches: they are rather clever and spirited travelling memoranda and descriptions of public institutions. Even incidental glimpses of domestic details have been studiously kept out of sight, as though the author had determined not to ruffle the temper of our Brother Jonathan, in this his first work upon them, if it were possible to help such a misfortune. The utmost that we can find that can at all bring manners to our mind is a slight outbreak here and there, taking in no scope of greater amplitude than the audience packed into a stagecoach, or the congregation on a steamer.

Boz seems to have been in the most cheery temper imaginable during his voyage out, losing his gaiety as the distance between himself and home grew greatest, till its light seems finally to have been quenched in the grim gravity of business-doing America. The voyage out leaves just such a track of light to mark its way as might have been expected from the passage of so luminous a body, and the bright ripple upon the water was just the due reflection of the travelling star; but debarking, the merriment dims, and Dickens seems to consider himself under a bond not to jest. Could he have paid a poorer compliment to a country which was his host?

But the work has a grave, a serious, and even a sad value. The mind of Dickens possesses an extraordinary aptitude for opposites. The extremes of mirth and misery seem equally his element. Never on the middle ground between, but like a ball rebounding from one of these points to the other: misery seeming to impel him back again to mirth as its antidote, and mirth as often as though it were a necessity of nature, sinking into the arms of misery. It may have been thought that a certain amount of metaphysical mystery is a component part of the sublime, but Dickens proves that positive suf-

fering may contain its essential part. He paints the woe of our mortality with so intense a vigour of realising power, that as we follow him we shudder to find ourselves standing on the brink of the same chasm, and liable to the same precipitation into its depths. In describing the Boston institution for the blind, he has painted the history and condition of a child, whose very soul seems prisoned in her body, inaccessible to all communication through the medium of sight or sound. Touch is the only road of access to her mind, and through this wonders have been accomplished. He has made us thrill with the painful agony of this pent-up spirit, and from the depth of our own souls to exclaim, "God grant that she may never feel as Dickens has here painted the overwhelming isolation of her sentient spirit!"

Again, had Mr. Dickens never written another line he would have deserved national thanks, nay, rather the thanks of our species, for his account of that sad solitary prison at Philadelphia. Humanity shudders at the thought of those wretched beings shut up within its narrow cells, languishing out an existence too precious for computation in a condition wherein the faculties which should make happiness in their exercise, are all either preying on their possessor, or passing into obliteration. Have lawgivers to learn that it is the cultivation of the faculties which can alone elevate the character? Have they to be told that in thus over punishing crime they are committing that of far deeper dye—that they are erasing the stamp which Deity has set upon his created ones—that they are preserving a corporeal, and murdering a spiritual existence—that the sand sparks which are passing through the glass so glitteringly with themselves, are woe drops petrifying the souls of these inhumed, yet living beings, and that the result can only be *insanity, idiocy, or suicide*!

We are the warmer on this subject, because we mourn to see that our legislators are preparing this purgatory—we had almost said this *hell*; nay, surely it is even worse than Satan's dwelling-place, for he has companionship in *his* place of torment—in our own England. Alas for the word "*solitary*" when carried to its horrible extent! Alas for the fearful blank—the desolate void—the narrow solitude! Can it be anything but a device of the Evil One under his sanctified hypocrisy thus to doom those, the constitution of whose beings God had made to depend on a myriad of sustaining sympathies to a condition wherein each must become a serpent to devour the heart in which they have their existence. We thank Mr. Dickens with all sincerity that he has brought strongly and freshly before us the working of a system which has gained favour, and is being carried into operation in our own metropolis. The very air we breathe will soon come to us saddened by the sighs, and tainted by the curses of those who are thus doomed to a living death—who are thus sepulchred while yet breathing the breath of life.

But that still deeper and fouler plague spot, slavery, has roused even Dickens from his neutrality of complaisance. He has nobly borne his protest against this crying national sin. We rejoice to see these testimonies recorded, since sooner or late, they will trace a line of demarcation before the whole assembled world, which even the basest selfishness will blush to pass—all that we can say is, may that time soon come.

But has Boz no glimpses of his wonted mirth? Are there no flashings of the lightning of wit, and no thunderings of merry laughter after! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! We have in the voyage out Dickens making a jest of himself. Who could do it so well? and we laugh with him even while we laugh at him. Here is exquisite drollery.

"It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

"Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say, 'Thank Heaven!' she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking: and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes all together: until one feels disposed to roar for mercy.

"A steward passes. 'Steward!' 'Sir!' 'What is the matter? what do you call this?' 'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head-wind.'

"A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Samsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this mal-treatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating: all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this, the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault;—and there is the head-wind of that January morning.

"I say nothing of what may be called the domestic noises of the ship: such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols, overhead, of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various state-rooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast. I say nothing of them: for although I lay listening to this concert for three or four days, I don't think I heard it for more than a quarter of a minute, at the expiration of which term, I lay down again, excessively sea-sick.

"Not sea-sick, be it understood, in the ordinary acceptance of the term: I wish I had been: but in a form which I have never seen or heard

described, though I have no doubt it is very common. I lay there, all the day long, quite coolly and contentedly; with no sense of weariness, with no desire to get up, or get better, or take the air; with no curiosity, or care, or regret, of any sort or degree, saving that I think I can remember, in this universal indifference, having a kind of lazy joy—of fiendish delight, if anything so lethargic can be dignified with the title—in the fact of my wife being too ill to talk to me. If I may be allowed to illustrate my state of mind by such an example, I should say that I was exactly in the condition of the elder Mr. Willet, after the incursion of the rioters into his bar at Chigwell. Nothing would have surprised me. If, in the momentary illumination of any ray of intelligence that may have come upon me in the way of thoughts of Home, a goblin postman, with a scarlet coat and bell, had come into that little kennel before me, broad awake in broad day, and, apologising for being damp through walking in the sea, had handed me a letter, directed to myself in familiar characters, I am certain I should not have felt one atom of astonishment: I should have been perfectly satisfied. If Neptune himself had walked in, with a toasted shark on his trident, I should have looked upon [the event as one of the very commonest everyday occurrences.

"Once—once—I found myself on deck. I don't know how I got there, or what possessed me to go there, but there I was; and completely dressed too, with a huge pea-coat on, and a pair of boots such as no weak man in his senses could ever have got into. I found myself standing, when a gleam of consciousness came upon me, holding on to something. I don't know what. I think it was the boatswain: or it may have been the pump: or possibly the cow. I can't say how long I had been there; whether a day or a minute. I recollect trying to think about something (about anything in the whole wide world, I was not particular) without the smallest effect. I could not even make out which was the sea, and which the sky; for the horizon seemed drunk, and was flying wildly about, in all directions. Even in that incapable state, however, I recognised the lazy gentleman standing before me: nautically clad in a suit of shaggy blue, with an oilskin hat. But I was too imbecile, although I knew it to be he, to separate him from his dress; and tried to call him, I remember, *Pilot*. After another interval of total unconsciousness, I found he had gone, and recognised another figure in its place. It seemed to wave and fluctuate before me as though I saw it reflected in an unsteady looking-glass; but I knew it for the captain; and such was the cheerful influence of his face, that I tried to smile: yes, even then I tried to smile. I saw by his gestures that he addressed me; but it was a long time before I could make out that he remonstrated against my standing up to my knees in water—as I was; of course I don't know why. I tried to thank him, but couldn't. I could only point to my boots—or wherever I supposed my boots to be—and say in a plaintive voice, 'Cork soles:' at the same time endeavouring, I am told, to sit down in the pool. Finding that I was quite insensible, and for the time a maniac, he humanely conducted me below."

"And yet, in the very midst of these terrors, I was placed in a situation so exquisitely ridiculous, that even then I had as strong a sense of its absurdity as I have now: and could no more help laughing than I can at any other comical incident, happening under circumstances the most favourable to its enjoyment. About midnight we shipped a sea, which forced its way through the skylights, burst open the doors above, and came raging and roaring down into the ladies' cabin, to the unspeakable consternation of my wife and a little Scotch lady—who, by the way, had previously sent a message to the captain by the stewardess, requesting him, with her compliments, to have a steel conductor immediately attached to the top of every mast, and to the chimney, in order that the ship might not be

struck by lightning. They, and the handmaid before mentioned, being in such ecstasies of fear that I scarcely knew not what to do with them, I naturally bethought myself of some restorative or comfortable cordial; and nothing better occurring to me, at the moment, than hot brandy-and-water, I procured a tumbler-full without delay. It being impossible to stand or sit without holding on, they were all heaped together in one corner of a long sofa—a fixture extending entirely across the cabin—where they clung to each other in momentary expectation of being drowned. When I approached this place with my specific, and was about to administer it, with many consolatory expressions, to the nearest sufferer, what was my dismay to see them all roll slowly down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again! I suppose I dodged them up and down this sofa, for at least a quarter of an hour, without reaching them once; and by the time I did catch them, the brandy-and-water was diminished, by constant spilling, to a tea-spoonful. To complete the group, it is necessary to recognise in this disconcerted dodger, a very pale individual, who had shaved his beard and brushed his hair, last, at Liverpool, and whose only articles of dress (linen not included) were a pair of dread-nought trousers; a blue jacket, formerly admired upon the Thames at Richmond; no stockings; and one slipper.”

We still look forward to many a mirthful history from the pen of Mr. Dickens, for which America shall furnish both scenes and heroes.

A CYPRESS LEAF, FOR THE GRAVE OF A DEAR ONE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE feelings I have felt have died away,
The love that was my lamp death's dews have quenched;
The faith which, through life's ill, ne'er knew decay,
Hath in the chill showers of the grave been drenched;
The hopes that buoyed my spirit 'mid the spray
Of life's wild ocean, one by one are wrenched—
Cruelly wrenched away;—and I am now
A solitary leaf on a rent bough!

The link that knit me to mankind is snapped—
Briefly it bound me to a callous world;
The fortress of my comfort hath been sapped—
Where are Joy's banners, lightsofely unfurled,
That graced the battlements? In vapour wrapped,
In the dense smoke of stifled breath upcurled,
They drop in tatters—forming now a pall
For the sad mummy-heart that drips with gall.

I have not now of broken truth to wail,
I have not now to speak of friendship broken;
Of Death and Death's wild triumphs is my tale—
Of friendship faithful, and of love's last token,
A ring!—whose holy motto ne'er shall fail
To rouse such sorrow as may ne'er be spoken;
That pictured Dove and Branch—those words, “*La Pair*!”
(O direful mockery!) wear my heart away!*

* A melancholy anecdote is attached to these lines: the motto “*La Pair*” was engraven on the bequeathed gift of a beloved friend, who, in the bloom of youth, fell a victim to a sudden and violent death in India.

A Cypress Leaf, for the Grave of a Dear One.

"Peace?"—Peace! alas, there is no peace for me!
 It rests with thee, beloved one! in the grave!
 Yet, when I search the cells of Memory,
 Where silently the subterranean wave
 Of buried Hope glides on, a thought of thee—
 Like sunshine on the hermit's darkened cave—
 Steals gently o'er my spirit, whispering sweet
 Of realms beyond the tomb, where *we shall* meet!

Our love—how did it spring? In sooth it grew
 Even as some rare exotic in a clime
 Unfriendly to its growth; yet rich in hue,
 Voluptuous in fragrance, as if Time
 Had been to it all sunlight and soft dew,—
 As if upon its freshness the cold rime
 Of death should never fall! How came it then?
 Even as the manna fell 'midst famished men,

To be snatched up in transport! And we fed
 Upon affection's banquet, that ne'er palled
 Upon the spirit's palate! Friendship shed
 A light around our bosoms, which recalled
 The memory of that bard, whose soul was wed—
 With love surpassing woman's love, ungalled
 By selfish doubts—to him, the monarch's son,
 Brave Jonathan! Like their's, our souls were one!

Oh! long we loved in silence! Neither spake
 Of that which worked the thoughtful mind within;—
 Thou didst not guess that, sleeping or awake,
 My thoughts were full of thee till thought grew sin:
 For it *is* sin of earthly things to make
 Our idols! and I never hoped to win
 Thy coveted affection; but for me
 Thy heart was also yearning silently!

I was the first to speak—and words there were,
 Wild words, that painted fond affection's course;—
 O! what indeed will erring tongues not dare,
 When conquering Feeling prompts! Like winds that force
 From wind-harps mystic sounds, the lips declare
 Thoughts that are often followed by remorse;
 For passion hath a potency that breaks
 Each puny bulwark callous Reason makes!

But our's was Friendship's purest worship—pure,
 Altho' that worship bowed at earthly shrines.
 Alas! that hearts on altars insecure
 Should sacrifice their *all* of bliss! There twines
 O'er mankind's sweetest hopes corruption sure,
 To blast their beauty e'en while most it shines!—
 'Tis but to teach us there are worlds above,
 Where Hope fruition finds in endless Love!

SAVINDROOG.¹

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TIGER HUNT.

THE venerable Oodiaver, scared out of his wits by the sudden and unexpected apparition of that terrible jungle chief, from whom he had already suffered so much both in body and mind, still kept his nose to the ground, in momentary expectation of some awful catastrophe. Aroused at length by the scream of the Cashmerian, and the shutting of the dungeon door, the noise of which echoed loudly through the vaulted passages, he ventured to raise his head; but finding all dark and silent, he got upon his legs and groped about until he laid his hand upon the apparently insensible body of his companion, who, he made no doubt, had been murdered by Kempé. With a groan of horror he next endeavoured to find the door of the dungeon; and after repeatedly knocking his venerable head against sundry projections in the low vaulted roof, he at length succeeded; but, to his indescribable alarm, it was fastened beyond the possibility of being opened, at least, by him. Convinced now that he was doomed to perish by the most horrible death, many hundred yards, as he verily thought, beneath the surface of the earth, the unhappy Brahmin gave himself up to the most bitter lamentations; cursing the hour he was born, the parents who had begotten him, but, above all, the folly which, at his mature years, had led him, to gratify the whim of a love-sick girl, into so horrible a trap; to perish, in company with a rambling female whom nobody knew, and who, no doubt, was no better than she ought to be. These wailings of despair were for a long time uninterrupted by the subtle Cashmerian, who still continued her pretended insensibility, and took a malicious pleasure in listening to the involuntary confessions, and bitter self-upbraidings of her sage fellow captive.

Meanwhile the impatience of the Begum at the non-arrival of her messengers was at the utmost; and when the sun had appeared above the horizon, being unable to remain any longer in suspense, she despatched a confidential person to the prison, to ascertain what had become of them. The messenger of the princess found the palankeen bearers all asleep under the gateway, where they had been left the night before; and having summoned the Warden demanded of him what had become of the Brahmin and Coornavati. The Warden, who had just got out of bed, summoned the Turnkey; and the latter, rubbing his eyes half asleep, on being questioned, said, for aught he knew, the Brahmin and the Beebee were still in the cell of the unknown knight, who had quitted the prison several hours before.

"How!" screamed the Warden in affright, "my prisoner escaped! villain that you are, how dare you let him go?"

"I let him out," said the Turnkey very composedly, "by your own directions."

¹ Continued from p. 245.

"Horrible wretch!" cried the Warden, stamping with rage, "you shall be flayed alive for this villany. Base as you are, how can you have the impudence to plead my authority as an excuse for your conduct?"

"Most certainly," rejoined the Turnkey with a grin, "you gave me express directions to obey in all things the bearer of the Begum's signet; and as the unknown knight became possessed of it, in what way Vishnu only knows, I obeyed his orders, of course, and opened the prison door both to him and his gallows-looking squire."

"What! both my prisoners escaped!" shouted the Warden, frantic with rage, and bestowing a hearty buffet on his deputy, "follow me instantly to the dungeons; this is a matter that concerns my own head, and must be narrowly looked into."

The Warden, the Turnkey, the Begum's messenger, and half a dozen other persons, curious to witness the developement of the mystery, accordingly proceeded to the cell of the unknown knight; the door of which having been unlocked, they entered, with lamps and torches, and found all as silent as the grave. The bodies of the fair Cashmirean and the venerable Pundit were lying close to each other, the former, indeed, serving as a pillow to the learned head of the latter; and it was immediately concluded that both were dead, though an occasional snore from the Brahmin seemed to indicate that he, at least, was still in the land of the living. To the great joy of all present this proved to be the case with both the occupants of the cell; who, roused by the glare of light and noise of many voices, at length awoke, in utter amazement at the singular novelty of their situation. The Brahmin, when he had somewhat recovered from his confusion, was delighted to find that both himself and his fair companion had escaped unharmed from so perilous an adventure; and, with all possible speed, they hurried from the gloomy precinct in which they had passed the night, assuring the Warden that they would give so true a narration of the whole occurrence to the Begum as would fully exonerate him from any blame in the transaction.

Great was the astonishment at the palace when Coornavati and her sage gentleman Usher gave an account of the singular result of their mission; and excessive was the merriment occasioned by the droll occurrence. Songs and epigrams were written by the wits of the Court, and caricatures were scrawled by the maids of honor, all having reference to the night adventure of the mystified messengers; who for nine days bore the "pelting of the pitiless storm" of raillery, until some other novelty at length relieved them from the intellectual purgatory. Lachema and the Ranee very soon made their peace with the Rajah, for the share they had borne in the transaction; and the benevolent monarch, though at first exceedingly mortified to find that his bitter enemy had been so completely at his mercy, without even his knowledge of the fact, speedily forgot the circumstance in the happiness of his child, and the rapid recovery of her bracelet-bound brother. Amongst the populace, however, the transaction made a more lasting impression: the singular daring of Kempé Goud, his wonderful escape from prison, and the address with which he contrived to shut up two of the prime confidants of the palace in his place (though

how they came there was all a mystery to the uninitiated) afforded many a theme for popular wonder and applause; and very much enhanced, amongst the lovers of the marvellous, the singular and mysterious reputation already attached to the exploits of the Jungle Chief.

Returning health at length began to smile round the couch of the noble Kistna; and Time, with healing touch, restored the chief to those martial avocations, which, next to his adoration of the Fawn-eyed Maid, absorbed and fully occupied his thoughts. Hope also restored the Begum's bloom, and joy once more lit up her lovely brow, chasing the sorrow which had too long thrown an unwonted shade over her peerless features. The happiness which reigned in the palace insensibly diffused itself throughout all classes of the community, and festive pleasure resumed its genial sway: while the general mourning occasioned by the late dreadful adventure subsided into a more settled abhorrence of the Bheel; whose vindictive hatred of the champion, by whom he had been so often conquered, had so unexpectedly interrupted the enjoyments of the season.

To recover, as it were, the precious time lost during the illness of Kistna, a variety of fetes and festivities now followed each other in quick succession: art and ingenuity were taxed to the utmost to invent new pleasures for the entertainment of the Royal suitors, and to fill up agreeably the time that was yet to elapse, before the Begum's choice of a successor to the musnud should be declared. Amongst other sports the Rajah gave orders for a grand tiger hunt: not in the jungle, however, as is generally practised, but on the plain where the tournament took place; in order that not only the ladies of the Palace, but the people at large might enjoy the sport, and witness the prowess of the hunters, in a species of amusement by no means unattended with peril.

Extraordinary preparations were accordingly made for the occasion; and some fine tigers having been taken in the jungle, they were brought in their cages to Srirungaputtun. Several temporary galleries were erected on the plain, for the accommodation of distinguished spectators; and a large space was railed off for the multitude, that they might not incur any risk, or cause any interruption by intruding on the hunting ground. Ten gallant youths, amongst whom were two or three of the Royal suitors, mounted on Arabian hunters, and dressed in showy costumes, entered the lists against the sylvan foe: careering in gallant style, tossing their tiger spears on high, and catching them at full speed, as they descended; anxious to show off their equestrian skill and dexterity, before the eyes of their respective mistresses, who occupied the galleries. Several wooden cages were drawn upon the ground, each occupied by one of the grim monsters of the desert, entrapped for the occasion: and, all the necessary preparations being completed, every eye was directed to the Royal gallery, anxiously looking for the signal to commence.

The Royal party was composed, as usual, of the Rajah, the Raneé and the Begum, with her ever assiduous train of suitors; together with a bevy of fair Rajpootnis, and some venerable officers of state, and other persons of rank and eminence. Standing by the musnud of

the Begum was a youthful chief of noble mien, whose eagle eye and manly form bespoke him better calculated for a hunter in the sylvan war about to be waged below, than for an idle dangler in a lady's train. But a recent scar on the brow of the chief seemed to indicate a state of health not yet sufficiently vigorous for the field, at least in the opinion of his medical advisers and others interested in his welfare; though the impatient Kistna himself was loth to yield to any that struggle with the shaggy foe in which he was at all times pre-eminent, even to enjoy the happiness of so close a communion with the idol of his soul.

At a given signal the door of one of the cages was now raised, and the hunters, tightening their reins, and grasping their spears by the middle, prepared for the encounter. Pealing shouts from the multitude, eager for the sport, at length roused the grim denizen of the forest from the corner of his cage, where he had hitherto lain crouching, and sternly regarding the preparations outside, of which he seemed to have some instinctive comprehension. Lashing his tail with anger, and rolling his flaming eyes, out sprang the monster with a bound, that bespoke activity and strength of no ordinary description; while the spectators, scared at the proximity of so terrible a foe, recoiled with involuntary apprehension.

As if influenced by a similar feeling, the savage, instead of facing the crowded and defenceless multitude, sprang off with rapidity across the plain, in the opposite direction, which had been left vacant for his flight. Then the sport commenced; the hunters darting after him with all the speed of their coursers, and flinging their spears at the retreating tiger, whose fleetness and vigour seemed to promise an excellent run. But not unavenged did the shaggy monster fly before his shouting antagonists: slightly wounded in two or three places, he still kept on his course, until a youthful hunter, eager to win honor in the eyes of his mistress, rode closely past him as he threw his erring spear, when the tiger, with a single bound, sprang on the crupper of his steed, and bore both horse and rider to the earth, sore mangled and rolling in the dust. Screams of terror rose from the galleries, which soon, however, gave way to shouts of triumph, when the gallant Zamorin, who had joined the hunters, rode up and pinned the monster to the ground with his javelin, where he was speedily despatched by the spears of the other hunters.

The wounded cavalier having retired from the field, the others, nothing daunted at the accident, resumed their spears, and prepared for a second onset; encouraged by the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" of the fair spectators, as they rode by the crowded galleries, and gallantly saluted their respective mistresses and friends.

A second cage was now drawn forward to the centre of the open space, and surrounded by the hunters, ready to intercept or follow the flight of the foe. The door of the cage was raised at the signal; but its inmate seemed not at all inclined to tempt his fate on the field, and was with difficulty roused from his recumbent attitude. Out at length he came, tame and spiritless; and, partly overpowered by his own fears, he was easily despatched. Another, and another shared a similar fate, evincing, however, different degrees of energy and cou-

rage, and affording considerable sport to the hunters; who, on every fresh triumph over the grim tyrants of the forest, were greeted by the multitude with renewed and prolonged applause.

The last cage was now drawn forth, and the populace, emboldened by the triumphant results of the preceding trials between the gallantry and skill of the hunters and the savage ferocity of the foe, no longer kept within the bounds prescribed for them; but somewhat too eagerly approaching the scene of action, contracted by insensible degrees the space allotted for the hunters, and thus diminished their power of action. It was in vain for the keepers of the field to order, threaten, or expostulate; the impatient mass, ever presuming on their untried valour, but always blind to their real weakness, still kept pressing onwards to obtain a closer view of the conflict; and when, at length, the door of the cage was raised, many of them, in the exuberance of their temerity, had actually mingled with the horsemen.

The inmate of this cage was a young and vigorous tiger, whose glossy hide, of a brilliant orange colour, was variegated with stripes intensely black, and whose eyes resembled living coals of fire. With a rapid bound he sprang from the cage, lashing his sides with his long flexible tail, and roaring with ungovernable fury; while the crowd, trembling with sudden fright, drew back from the dangerous vicinity, till utterly unable to control the panic that seized them, they fell in heaps over one another, yelling and screaming as if a whole legion of fiends had been let loose amongst them.

Unlike his predecessors, the grisly monster never dreamt of flight; but, stung to madness by hunger and insult, he dashed amongst the panic-struck multitude, while the hunters, unable to make use of either horse or lance in so confined a space, were totally powerless in the *mêlée*. Horror and confusion now reigned throughout the field: the air resounded with screams and groans of terror and of anguish, as the raging animal struck down one unhappy wretch after another, and still pursued his fearful course through the flying multitude, whose fright and numbers altogether impeded their efforts to escape.

The festivities of the day were thus suddenly changed to slaughtering and tumult: but the horror of the scene was very much increased, when the savage monster directed his course towards the Royal gallery; and redoubled screams rent the air when he actually began to ascend the broad flight of steps that led to its lofty summit. In vain did the hunters strain every nerve, and display the most reckless gallantry, with the hope of intercepting the fatal progress of the savage; the crowding fugitives, flying panic-struck in every direction, impeded and baffled their exertions, and rendered all attempts at rescue worse than hopeless.

The confusion that reigned in the Royal gallery itself it is impossible to describe: helpless females and aged Councillors were hurrying to and fro, screaming and groaning, and in their panic anxiety to escape the coming evil, multiplying their chances of meeting it. Royal suitors, in their selfishness, forgetting altogether the object of their adoration, calling out to their equally frightened retainers for assistance, or dropping from the gallery at the hazard of their necks. Some, in the impulse of the moment, rushing forward to stand be-

tween their king and danger, but flying at its near approach; others clinging to him for protection, as if the dignity of the throne was acknowledged by the savage of the forest.

Amidst the tumult of the scene, the Rajah maintained all that dignified self-possession which should distinguish a King even in the midst of ruin; and retained on their musnuds, by a powerful effort, the Ranee and the Begum, whose presence of mind had in a great measure forsaken them, though their immobility was decidedly the best means of ensuring their escape. This was the posture of affairs, and nothing could be more utterly hopeless, when the tiger reached the summit of the steps, and glared with savage ferocity on his defenceless prey; for amongst the gay and royal crowd of suitors who fluttered round the dazzling charms, and who longed for the splendid possessions of the Begum, there was none to be found to save her in this hour of need: nay, amidst the warriors of the land, as brave as they were numerous, there was only one, and he unarmed and an invalid, to stand between her and the deadly foe that threatened her with instant destruction.

For a moment the savage monster looked around with sparkling eyes as if to choose his prey, then full upon the Begum he made his fatal spring. Like an arrow from the bow, forth rushed the noble Kistna* from her side, and catching him in mid-career, flung his brawny arms round the monster's waist, man and tiger coming to the ground and rolling over and over in the deadly struggle; the hero, with more than

* Colonel Duff, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Service, is said to have killed a tiger in a similar manner.

Least our readers should accuse us of drawing too largely on the marvellous in the relation of this adventure, we beg their attention to the following extract from the History of Nourmahal, or the Light of the Harem.

Soon after Jehangire ascended the imperial throne of the Moguls, Shere Afkun was invited to court, whither, after repeated solicitations, he repaired, trusting to his high reputation for security against any tyrannical exercise of the sovereign power. Upon his arrival, he was much caressed by the emperor in order to lull suspicion: open and generous himself, he suspected no treachery in others. A day was at length appointed for the chase: the omrahs and inferior nobles assembled, and the forest-haunts of the lion and tiger were explored. The hunters soon inclosed a mighty beast of the latter species, of which the emperor being apprised, immediately proceeded to the spot. He demanded of those around him who would venture to attack it: all stood silent and confounded. Shere Afkun began to hope that the enterprise would devolve upon him, when three omrahs stepped forward and offered to encounter the forest tyrant. The pride of the bold Turkoman was roused; they had challenged the encounter, and he therefore could not set aside their prior claim to the distinction which they insisted upon striving for. Shere Afkun, fearing that he was likely to be rivalled, and that his fame would thus be tarnished, advanced, and presenting himself before the emperor, said firmly, "To attack an unarmed creature with weapons is neither fair nor manly. The Deity has given limbs and sinews to man as well as to tigers, and has imparted reason to the former in order to counter-vail the deficiency of strength."

The Omrahs declined such a perilous contest, when the bold warrior, to the emperor's surprise and delight, instantly cast aside his weapon and his shield, and prepared to engage the tiger unarmed. The encounter is described with the most appalling minuteness by the Mogul historians. After a desperate conflict, and man-gled by terrific wounds, the heroic Afkun forced his arm down the throat of his adversary, grasped him firmly by the root of the tongue, and finally strangled him. Thus were the secret expectations of Jehangire defeated, and the fame of this extraordinary exploit resounded through the empire.

mortal energy, crushing in the ribs of the savage, and the latter vainly endeavouring to rend his too powerful opponent. The singular combat did not, however, long continue: the tiger, panting for breath beneath the wondrous pressure, and his fiery eyes rolling in agony, made one last ineffectual struggle; after which his limbs relaxed, his head sank, and with a feeble howl, his shaggy frame fell nerveless and lifeless by the side of his conqueror, who happily escaped with a few scratches only from the terrible conflict.

It were a vain attempt to describe the astonishment and delight of all who had witnessed the wondrous combat, which had passed, as it were, like magic before their eyes. As they gazed on the grisly monster, whose once powerful limbs were now relaxed in death, and of whose savage ferocity they had seen so many direful examples, they could not sufficiently admire the courage, the presence of mind, and the physical power of his victorious antagonist. The Rajah who had never, during the trying scene, lost his self-possession, and who had distinctly witnessed the whole occurrence, embraced the noble Kistna and called him the saviour of himself and family. Equal gratitude was evinced by the Ranee; but though the Begum did not utter a word, there was an eloquence in her silence, and a meaning in her eyes, that spoke at once to the heart of the hero, and filled his cup of happiness to the brim. Unheeded were the shouts of triumph that arose from the multitude on learning the result of the short but glorious struggle; unregarded were the felicitations of his friends, and the constrained compliments of his royal rivals: on the fawn-eyed maid alone he bent his gaze and centered his thoughts, while her radiant smiles evinced the delight that filled her bosom at this new proof of the love and fidelity of her Rakhibund Bauee.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SWAYAMVARA.

The day so long and so ardently wished for by the Royal suitors of the Fawn-eyed maid was at length arrived: the day of the Swayamvara, or Choice of a husband, which the Begum was called upon to make, in accordance with that venerated custom amongst Rajpoot maidens of high rank; when, after previous festivities, the candidates for the fair hand of the damsel assemble in her father's hall, round which she passes, and selects her future lord by throwing a garland over his neck. Many were the surmises, the opinions and the wagers hazarded on so interesting and important an occasion. Some were of opinion that the Begum would naturally choose the rich and handsome Rajah of Berar: others said she appeared to admire most the manly form and gallant bearing of the Zamorin: a few were disposed to think that so accomplished a princess must have some fellow feeling for the learned Rajah of Tanjore. In short, the lovely hand of the Begum was freely disposed of, to one or other of the royal suitors, according to the judgment or inclination of every individual who ventured an opinion on the subject, which comprised nine tenths of the inhabitants of Srirungaputtun.

The royal candidates themselves were by no means so uncertain on this interesting subject; for the conduct of the Begum had been so judicious, and her manners so amiable towards all, that little or no jealousy had been excited amongst them, and each fancied himself the favourite; or, if he entertained the slightest apprehension of a rival in the affections of the royal maid, Kistna was universally the object of that apprehension. But then all came to the undoubting conclusion that a princess of such rare discretion and excellent understanding, would never for a moment hesitate in her choice of a monarch before a noble; no female in her right senses having ever yet refused a jewelled crown for a golden coronet.

The joyous day was ushered in with more than usual splendour: the sun, as if in compliment to the occasion, shining forth with unclouded brilliancy; while his fervour was tempered by a gentle breeze that raised a murmuring ripple on the stream, and rustled amongst the leaves and flowers of the Lail Baug, whose delicious shades exhibited a display of more than ordinary beauty and magnificence. The power and riches of Mysore were taxed to the utmost to give a suitable eclat to this interesting exhibition of its future queen; and the most decided rivalry existed amongst the royal suitors to outshine each other, with all the pride of oriental pageantry, in the number of their followers, the brilliancy of their equipments and the splendour of their equipages. The broad avenues leading to the palace were accordingly thronged with mighty elephants, in gorgeous housings; with gold and silver howdahs, filled with royal and noble company, in all the rich and varied costumes of the foreign courts to which they respectively belonged. These were accompanied by troops of gallant knights in dazzling panoply, with gleaming lances, burnished shields and golden banners; their majestic war steeds covered with chain armour, and proudly curvetting beneath the enormous weight they had to carry. Troops of heralds in quaint attire, displaying the armorial bearings, and announcing the high sounding titles of their respective lords, preceded each party; every announcement being accompanied by the brazen blasts of many trumpets, which formed a rude and martial contrast to the delightful strains of several bands of vocal and instrumental performers, stationed amongst the embowering shades, whose rich and varied foliage stretched in many a lengthened vista throughout this regal paradise.

On a broad and verdant lawn, surrounded by groves of lofty and majestic trees, rose the palace of the Rajah; a beautiful structure of dazzling white marble, that stood out in bold relief against the dark rich foliage in which it was embowered. It was of the lightest order of architecture, the proportions elegant and harmonious, and the sculpture, with which it was richly adorned, of the most exquisite description; the whole forming a happy combination of magnificence and good taste. Beyond the lofty colonnades of the palace, amidst shady groves and winding vistas, the eye was delighted with a succession of marble baths, artificial lakes, and gushing fountains; whose crystal streams played incessantly to cool the fervors of the day, or feed the bright and variegated flowers that bloomed on every side.

In a lofty and extensive court, adjacent to the palace, stood the

royal menagerie; an indispensable adjunct of oriental magnificence, where animals of all descriptions are kept, for sylvan chase or public exhibition. There, in lofty stalls, stood the fighting elephants, large, sleek and corpulent; trained to wage battle on each other, and fed on stimulating substances to make them furious. There, in silver chains, the hunting leopards displayed their beautiful forms; ready at the command of their keeper to scour the forest, and strike the flying antelope or timid fawn. The great savage of the African deserts, the Rhinoceros, occupied another stall: but so changed in his nature as to be ridden by a Mohout, who had acquired the novel power of taming his native ferocity. The rest comprized a singular variety of fighting rams, bears, monkeys, and other animals of every form and quality.

Adjoining to this stood the Aviary, well stocked with birds peculiar to many lands; amongst which the peacock moved with stately port and gem-embazoned tail; the swan glided majestically on the crystal bosom of the lake; the Tonquin bird of variegated colours poured forth its "wood-notes wild," the melody of which has acquired for it the name of "Celestial;" while the Grakle of Sumatra, trained for fighting on the wing; the scarlet crested Syrus; the bright Flamingo, with rose-coloured wings and snowy breast; together with innumerable other birds, delighted the ear or charmed the eye with their mingled melody and brilliant plumage.

Far in the winding mazes of the garden stood the bower of the Maha Ranee, embosomed in a grove of majestic trees of every variety of tint and form. This was intersected with delightful walks, fringed with odoriferous shrubs and flowers, and presenting at every turn some object of elegance and taste; while the gilded boats were seen through several vistas floating on the glassy bosom of the Cauvery. The Ranee's bower was a circular lofty dome, in the centre of which a marble fountain threw up a stream of limpid rose water, that sparkled like the bow of Indra in the sunbeams: it descended with a pleasing murmur into marble shells, from which it fell into a circular basin occupied by gold, silver and other fish, of the most beautiful forms and colours. The walls of the saloon were wrought in rich mosaic, with cornelians, agates, opals, bloodstones and other gems from distant regions; displaying a variety of bouquets, wreaths and garlands, so admirably formed that not a leaf, a flower, or a petal was wanting; the *tout ensemble* producing an effect at once rich, chaste and perfectly natural. The gilded ceiling bore many a trace of the most finished art, and was painted with lovely nymphs, pouring the most beautiful fruits and flowers from golden baskets. Numerous casements admitted the air, and afforded beautiful views of the garden: the lofty trees planted round the bower cast an agreeable shade, and prevented the sun from being troublesome; while the jasmine, woodbine, honeysuckle, Madhavi and other creeping flowers that decorated their trunks, with a rich and graceful tapestry, shed a soft perfume, and threw a delightful obscurity cool and fragrant within. A carpet of the richest Cashmerian shawl covered the floor of this fairy bower: the doorways were hung with curtains of cloth of gold, and musnuds covered with richly embroidered velvet were

ranged around ; while burning rods, of the most delicious perfumes, stood in many places, from which curling wreaths of incense ascended to the roof ; and many a captive warbler, in golden bondage, repaid with his untaught melody the cares and caresses of his royal mistress.

Such was the delightful bower where often, in the sultry day, the Ranee and her peerless daughter displayed their taste and skill in drawing or embroidery ; or awoke the melting strains of the Veena : while wandering minstrels, or learned Pundits, made vocal the classic page, enriched by the hand of genius with feats of love or deeds of arms. Thither also the Rajah frequently repaired, to dissipate the cares of state, and seek the smiling looks of those he loved ; and there, blessed in the affectionate confidence of his wife and daughter, the peculiar enjoyment of the high born Rajpoot, he felt those angry passions, which are too often excited by a commerce with the world, subside beneath their "godlike" influence.*

This sweet retreat, which had often been the scene of many a delicious hour of pure unsophisticated enjoyment to the Fawn-eyed maid, was now to witness that choice on which her future happiness depended. The golden musnuds were occupied by the royal candidates for the hand of the Begum, attired in regal splendor, and wearing their jewelled crowns, and other insignia of royalty : with them was the noble Kistna, inferior, it is true, in artificial rank, but surpassing them all in the richest gifts of nature. The Rajah occupied a throne more elevated than the rest, resplendant with all the elaborate ornament of oriental magnificence. Behind them stood a band of noble youths, fanning them with Chowries made of the snow-white tail of the Boutaun Cow ; while a troop of smiling girls, lovely as the maidens of Swerga, presented them with bouquets of the Maugree and the Lotus, and sprinkled them out of golden vases with attar gul and rose water.

The expectations of the suitors were wound up to the utmost pitch, and symptoms of impatience appeared in many of their features, when at length a soft melodious swell of music announced the coming of the royal maid. Then, touched as if by magic, each beating heart and anxious eye turned towards the entrance of the saloon, as all rose by a single impulse in homage to the object of their fervent adoration. The princess entered, leaning on her mother's arm, and surrounded by a blooming band of Rajpoot maidens, of the noblest families in the Kingdom, splendidly attired ; whose laughing eyes, in the language of Jayadeva, "resembled blue water lilies agitated by the breeze." But though their various beauties shone like stars in the early eve, they fell at once into the shade when, like the bright ambrosial moon,† the peerless Begum of Mysore shone forth in all the splendor of her unrivalled charms. On her alone every eye was

* Like the ancient German or Scandinavian, the Rajpoot consults the fair in every transaction ; from her ordinary actions he draws the omen of success, and he appends to her name the epithet *devi*, or god-like ;" the women are nearly everything with the Rajpoot. They are secluded, it is true, but not from knowledge, they are well-educated, and their accomplishments added to their exemplary characters as wives and mothers, give them a deserved estimation and influence in Rajpoot society.—*Tod's Annals of Rajpootana*.

† The moon is supposed to be the reservoir of Amrita or Ambrosia, and to furnish the gods and manes with the supply."—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre*.

fixed; to her alone every knee was bent, as if the fairest nymph of Swerga had descended amongst the royal circle of admirers, to show the heaven of love reserved for the happy dwellers in that blest abode.

Through many a distant land had spread the fame of the Begum's fawn-like eyes, which now shone forth in native beauty, free from the Kohol's artful aid; shining with a lustre pure and affectionate, the unadulterated windows of her spotless mind. Her teeth resembled jasmin buds set in coral, and her balmy breath was like the fragrant rose after a spring shower. Her glossy hair hung at its full length down her back, nearly reaching the ground, and divided into numerous tresses, intermingled with golden campac flowers and strings of costly pearl. A rich bouquet of dazzling gems adorned her high smooth forehead; the buds were of pearl, the roses of variegated rubies, the Jessamines of diamonds, the Jonquils of topazes, and the whole so beautifully set, as to present an admirable imitation of nature. From this resplendant coronet wreaths of pearl hung in rich festoons over her open and ingenuous brows, and her ears were adorned with pendants of inestimable price. But though her wrists and arms were laden with many a costly bracelet, yet her polished neck bore only one solitary ornament; as if no other jewel save this alone were worthy of that sphere of bliss. It was the sparkling chain of diamonds given by her adopted brother, in pledge of his fidelity; while her lovely bosom was confined by that Katchli of gold brocade, a present, also, from her noble champion, which showed to admiration the unrivalled beauty of her bust. A golden zone of bells was clasped in front by a cluster of large carbuncles round the fairy waist of the Begum; and by its gentle pressure displayed such matchless symmetry of form as might inflame the fancy of an anchoret with visions of ethereal bliss. The light and graceful Sarie partly displayed one leg of faultless mould; and both ankles were laden with golden bells and strings of intermingled pearls and diamonds, as if their naked beauties were too much for mortal eye to look upon.

On her lovely arm the Begum carried the garland so anxiously coveted by the Royal suitors, as a symbol of the rich affections of her virgin heart. On this the longing eyes of all were bent; for within its magic circle lay the possession of a creature of unequalled loveliness, and of a wealthy and powerful kingdom. This inestimable prize was formed with a degree of elegance and art which showed at once the refined taste and cultivated mind of the Begum. The Lotus flower, emblem of love and friendship, in the floral language of the East, entered largely into the composition. The musk rose expressed her admiration, and spotless buds of jasmin declared her undying constancy. The purple Lilac bloomed there as the type of female tenderness, and the Eglantine held forth a promise of bliss. Bunches of cowslip denoted the warmth of pure affection, the Orange flower undeviating happiness, and the modest and sweet scented violet eternal love.

It was a splendid sight to witness, in all their gorgeous pageantry, the noblest princes of the "Golden Chersonese," whose respective dominions extended from Cingala to the Punjaub, assembled together

in that fairy bower ; gazing with looks of intense affection upon the incomparable being on whose fiat their future happiness or misery appeared to depend. Like breathing statues they stood in a majestic circle, in silent hope and eager expectation, every eye bent on one common centre ; while, timidly approaching them, the Fawn-eyed maid looked like a lovely floweret, seeking some tall and noble stem on which to hang its gentle tendrils. With a smile of paternal tenderness the Rajah took the hand of his fair daughter, to reassure her shrinking frame, for a moment abashed beneath the general gaze ; but she soon became calm and collected. Emboldened by the presence of her doting parents ; calling to mind the high and important duty she had to perform ; and, above all, conscious of the conquering blaze of her charms, she walked as if she trod on air, like some bright being of the skies, and approached the royal circle of admirers with grace and dignity and love ; while each in turn, as she drew nigh, felt his heart expand with rapture, as if the magic garland was already within his ambitious grasp.

But round the anxious throng she passed with graceful ease and radiant smiles, "in maiden meditation fancy free," giving to each of her royal lovers, with a fascination of manner that made even disappointment sweet, a jewel of princely value, formed with exquisite taste into some appropriate device, indicative of the feeling she experienced towards them individually. Among the fanciful nations of the East there is a language peculiar to gems as well as to flowers, in which all who pretend to a courtly education are thoroughly conversant. The delicacy of the Begum's rejection of each unlucky suitor was therefore understood without the slightest difficulty, though not a syllable passed her lips. To one she presented a gem expressive of Regard, to another Friendship, to a third Esteem : and so on, through the vocabulary of all those sentiments, which one sex may entertain for the other, without any reference to the tender passion ; but still the garland remained immoveably fixed upon her arm.

Of all her royal and noble suitors one only, the last and best, now remained ; and before him she stopped, but her gems were all exhausted. With intuitive rapidity the Bracelet-bound brother bent his knee to the ground, and the garland instantly adorned his neck, while the shrinking maid hid her blushing features with her trembling fingers. On the lovely hand which had thus crowned his happiness, the noble youth imprinted one ardent, pure and holy kiss, amidst a general exclamation of applause ; which, echoing through the lofty dome, was caught up by the multitudes outside, and pealed in one universal shout of gladness to the sky.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE YUVA RAJAH.

The choice which had thus happily been made of their future monarch, was too important an event to the Mysoreans to be passed over unmarked by those popular demonstrations of satisfaction which custom, in such cases, renders necessary ; and which, on the present

occasion, sprang less from duty than from love. The idea of their adored princess bestowing her hand on a stranger, and thus placing them, as it were, under a foreign yoke, had long been distasteful to the people of Mysore : but the selection which had been made of one of their own gallant countrymen, and a scion of the heaven-descended dynasty which had reigned over them for centuries, was so pleasing to all, that a general joy pervaded the empire from one extremity to the other ; and the most elaborate and enthusiastic festivities were got up every where to mark the public approbation.

Nor was the Rajah, on his part, backward in evincing his happiness at the judicious choice of his beloved daughter, and his confidence in the honour and probity of his future son in law and successor. He ordered proclamation to be made, declaring the noble Kistna Yuva Rajah (Young King, or Cæsar) a delegation of authority common under the old political system of the Hindoos. He was publicly invested with the Kirnia (parasol) the Chehtra (umbrella) and the Chamra, or flowing tail of the wild ox, set in a gold handle ; all of which were the well known emblems of royalty, and fully indicated to the people his future sovereignty. In a grand procession to the temple of Sri Runga the Rajah and his declared successor sat together in the same howdah, and received in conjunction the acclamations of the people ; while the respective emblems of the present and future monarch, intermingled, were borne before the Royal elephants. They offered sacrifice together at the altar of the god ; and the presiding Brahmin consecrated the appointment with the usual ceremonies of religion, declaring, from unquestionable indications, that it was peculiarly gratifying to the deity.

Preparations were now made for the Royal nuptials, which were to be celebrated with unprecedented splendor and festivity. The Rajah distributed ten thousand khelauts, or dresses of honor, amongst the nobles and chiefs who were invited in particular to witness the gorgeous pageantry ; and the people at large were bidden to the feasts and rejoicings which, for one month, were to reign with unlimited munificence both day and night, at the Rajah's expense, in the city and isle of Srirungaputtun. During this happy period games, entertainments and processions succeeded one another with delightful rapidity ; all business and labour being suspended, that none of the cares of this "working-day world," should mar the general joy. The long Bazaars and streets were hung with gold and crimson drapery ; and canopies were spread over all, to shade the merry-makers from the fervor of the sun, and to enable them to enjoy the festivities without interruption amidst the chastened splendors of the day. With keen and social enjoyment myriads of all Castes and creeds, not only the subjects of Mysore but strangers from all parts of the Deccan, mingled together at the Royal tables ; partaking of the hospitality of their prince, and witnessing the "never ending still beginning" efforts of the Drolls, the Tumblers and the Jugglers hired for their amusement. Nor were the entertainments limited to the "garish eye of day ;" for the gloom of night was dissipated by the splendor of ten thousand torches, in order to prolong the munificent spectacle ; and dazzled Time, amidst the mirth and frolic of the festival, seemed to forget his artificial hours in one eternal holiday.

Amidst the leafy groves and winding alleys of the Laul Bag, which was thrown open to the public on this joyous occasion, booths were erected for players, jugglers and fortune tellers ; and tables were spread in shady recesses, laden with refreshments for all comers : while bands of vocal and instrumental performers, stationed in different parts of the garden, awoke its echoes with their melody. Amongst other parties of delighted spectators, Coornavati was enjoying the pleasures of the scene, with a bevy of the fair attendants of the palace ; and increasing by her lively remarks the enjoyment they derived from the various exhibitions around them. In the midst of their hilarity they were approached by one of those itinerant venders of perfumery peculiar to the East, who purvey to the fair part of the creation those amulets and essences they consider indispensable for the improvement of their natural attractions. He was to appearance a Mussulmaun, as those itinerants generally are : his dress consisted of a long white robe, bound round the waist with a yellow silk sash ; his head was covered with a high conical turban, and the lower part of his face was enveloped in a glossy black beard, which descended in a flowing volume on his breast. Before him he carried his box of perfumery, suspended by a leathern band round his neck ; and as he approached the party of laughing girls he besought them, in an insinuating tone, to accept of some of his wares :

"Will the fair damsels," he began, "whose eyes outshine the Hoor-ul-uyun of the prophet's paradise, honor the humble Mahmood Ben Assur with their benign commands?"

"What have you got? what have you got?" cried the youngest of the band, eager to inspect the contents of his box. "Your wares, I doubt, are only calculated for the Bazaar or the Durrumsalla."

"On the contrary, fair maid," said the essence merchant, "my box contains that which Royalty itself has not disdained to make use of. Here is attar-gul from the gardens of Shirauz, where the night-ingle dies enraptured with the odour of the rose. Here are bags of pure musk from the goat of Thibet, whose powerful aroma evaporates not with the lapse of years. Here is the powder of yellow sandal combining the fragrance of musk and roses—the crimson Henna for the nails—the jetty kohol for the eyes. But, what is altogether a rarity in our Eastern climes, here is the powdered Carthamus of Misr* with which the Beebees of Feringisthaun adorn their cheeks, when they wish to captivate the hearts of lukewarm lovers."

All ears were caught by the last mentioned novelty ; and all eyes were eagerly directed towards the unknown powder, that was supposed to give additional splendor to female charms in Feringisthaun, a *Terra incognita* to the lovely Hindoos, of which they had only some vague and wonderful conception. They now vied with each other in the zeal with which they tumbled over every article in the box of the itinerant ; lamenting, when any thing struck their fancy, that they had neglected on such a day of festivity to furnish themselves with pecuniary resources.

Mahmood, however, set them at their ease on this head, by declaring that every thing in his box was to be given for nothing, having been previously paid for by order of the Rajah.

* Egypt.

This removed all hesitation on the part of the fair purchasers, who discovered new wants as they proceeded in their search, and finally concluded by emptying the essence merchant's box altogether: every now and then prettily expressing their apprehension that they were robbing him; but declaring it altogether impossible to resist so charming a merchant and such delightful merchandize. As each helped herself, according to her fancy, she moved off to join her delighted companions; and Coornavati, who happened to be last, was about to do the same, when she was fixed to the spot by hearing the stranger pronounce, in a deep, though suppressed voice, which she immediately recognized, the word "Lillah."

"Ah!" said the Cashmerian, "it is you then, Vega, once more in this dangerous place, where discovery may be fatal to you. In the name of Doorga what has brought you hither?"

"In the first place," said the Bheel, "I am come to thank you for the admirable manner in which you restored my chief and myself to liberty. But, as time will not admit of compliments, I must acquit myself abruptly of the remainder of my task."

"And what may that be, good youth?" demanded Coornavati, with her usual self possession.

"Briefly this," said Vega, "that my lord has again become impatient at your tardy proceedings, and has sent me hither to spur your flagging spirit."

"All in good time," cried the Cashmerian; "let him but keep close in his jungle——"

With a subdued laugh Vega interrupted the lovely dancer. "Think you, fair Lillah," he said, "that Kempé's spirit is of that sluggish nature that he can bide in the desert when his destiny hangs by a thread in the city? By Doorga no! and at this moment he and five hundred of his chosen followers are mingled, in various disguises, amongst the countless multitude; prepared to secure his own fate, at least, even by the sacrifice of those on whom it hangs."

"Forbid it Mahadeo!" cried the startled Cashmerian, "you mean not Vega that he would imbrue his hands in the blood of my royal mistress!"

"By all the powers of darkness!" replied the Bheel, "that is what he means to do, if you can find no other mode of preventing this fatal marriage; and you may judge of his reckless determination by what passed at the Tournament. Yonder is the chief himself, disguised as an Arab horse dealer: and not far from him is our one eyed Lieutenant, in the becoming habiliments of a Fakir; with a brazen gong in his hand, and a most villanous leer on his countenance. They are watching us narrowly, and look to me for some signal of encouragement."

"Then by all means give it them," said Coornavati; "say any thing, do any thing to prevent them from shedding the blood of my royal mistress, for whom even I begin to feel unwonted pity."

"Nay," said the Bheel, "if you begin to falter in the execution of a task you have so willingly undertaken, we must have recourse to other means of securing the safety of the Chief. Your ill-timed pity, as you call it, cannot frustrate the views of Kempé, but may effectually injure, if not destroy yourself."

"Mistake me not," replied Coornavati: "my mind is as firmly bent on the accomplishment of our plan as ever, but there must be no bloodshed; for I cannot, even in fancy, contemplate the slightest personal harm to one so beautiful, so gentle and so good as the Begum, my kind and confiding mistress."

"Set your mind at ease on that subject," rejoined the Bheel, "for no personal harm is intended towards the Begum, who must, however, content herself with any other husband than Kistna, or else good bye to the sovereignty of Savindroog, and the dynasty of the gallant Kempé."

"And what is to become of the noble Kistna?" demanded the Cashmerian with an anxious look.

"No harm shall come to him either," replied the Bheel, "if I can prevent it; for I owe him a good turn for his generous conduct towards myself. In short, our only object is to prevent the marriage, and not injure the persons of these amorous turtle doves."

"With this assurance," said the Cashmerian, "I am ready and willing to act, and have no doubt of success; for I have so ingratiated myself with the royal maid, that I possess her unbounded confidence, and may induce her to do that in a moment which may cost her years of repentance.—Inform your Chief, therefore, that in three days hence my plans will be ripe for execution; and let him and his followers hold themselves in readiness to act at a moment's notice, but be careful to avoid discovery, by any further act of ill-judged violence. Meanwhile do you take up your abode at the little choultry outside the north-western gate of the city, where I shall communicate with you from time to time. Now part without further parley."

The essence merchant having made a profound Salaam immediately retired, and the fair Cashmerian also turned to rejoin her companions; who, at a little distance, were inspecting and comparing their presents, and disputing on their respective value. With eyes bent upon the ground, and ruminating deeply on the critical state of her affairs, Coornavati proceeded towards her party, without observing a person who stood right in her path, and against whom she stumbled so violently as to elicit from him a grunt of disapprobation, while her gay companions laughed heartily at her extraordinary absence of mind.

"Mercy on my poor corns!" exclaimed the sage Pundit Oodiaver, who proved to be the person stumbled against, "mercy on my poor corns! you have crushed them, fair Coornavati, to a perfect jelly, with those delicate small feet that look as if they could not hurt a butterfly."

"Gracious goodness!" said one of her companions, "what on earth could you have been thinking of, Coornavati, to run up against the venerable Pundit, as if you were determined to lay him prostrate in homage to your beauty."

"I most humbly ask pardon of the thrice learned Pundit," said the Cashmerian, blushing at her awkwardness, "but in fact my mind was much engaged at the moment on a commission of importance entrusted to me by her highness; and I did not perceive the unintentional outrage I was about to commit."

"If the truth were known, fair Coornavati," said the Brahmin, still wincing under the infliction, "I would wager my next new khelaut against that flask of attar in your hand, that your thoughts were just then wandering after one or other of those Royal and right noble princes, who are now on their return to their respective dominions."

"How!" exclaimed all the ladies in a breath, "are the Royal suitors of the Begum departed before the nuptials have taken place?"

"Alas! yes," replied the Pundit, "they have been guilty of that rudeness; and this morning took leave of the Rajah in a grand visit of ceremony, which I had the honour to witness."

Here a multiplicity of questions were put to the Brahmin by his fair auditors, who were all, naturally enough, dying with curiosity to know the why and the wherefore of a proceeding that was not held to be orthodox according to the rubric of Court etiquette. The sage Oodiaver, who was always delighted with an opportunity of displaying his graphic powers of description, said, if they would be good girls and listen attentively, he would give them a circumstantial detail of the whole audience: they accordingly formed a circle round him, anxious to hear how the matter really stood; and, pleased at the prospect of a little harmless badinage at his expense.

"The Royal suitors," said the Brahmin, "having, one and all, demanded an audience of leave, the Rajah received them this morning in full Durbar, surrounded by all the nobles of his Court, the gallant chiefs—the venerable Brahmins—the sage and learned Pundits——"

"Yourself included," said Coornavati.

"I had the honour to be present, as I before told you," said the Brahmin, "but I see nothing in that, fair damsels, to excite your risible faculties. Well, his highness the Yuva Rajah occupied his beautiful new musnud, the design of which was sketched by her highness the Begum; with his golden sceptre in his right hand, and all the princely suitors ——"

"In the other," interrupted one of the laughing girls.

"No, fair maid," hastily rejoined the Brahmin, somewhat piqued at the laugh that ran round his merry circle, "not in the Yuva Rajah's hand, but, seated on their musnuds, in a semi-circle round his throne, as you surround me at this moment."

"Happy camparison," said one.

"Save his highness!" cried another.

"All hail to our Yuva Rajah!" echoed a third,

"You may laugh," said the Brahmin, "like a bevy of giddy girls as you are; but I assure you that the matter in hand between the high potentates, the courtly nobles—gallant chiefs—venerable Brahmins—sage Pundits ——"

"Yourself, as aforesaid, included," said the Cashmerian.

"Was conducted," continued the Brahmin, "with all the gravity and solemnity befitting so great an occasion. The Rajah, in the kindest manner, expressed his sorrow at the determination of his Royal guests; whose absence at the nuptials of his daughter would throw, he said, a shadow of regret over the sun of his enjoyment."

"And what answer did their cloudy highnesses make to the compliment?" asked Coornavati.

"The Rajah of Cochin," said the Brahmin, "very politely replied that, for his part, he had so long reposed in the mild radiance of the moon —."

"That he was now become lunatic," interrupted one of the laughing auditors.

"No, fair jester," replied the sage, "his highness of Cochin is too wise and politic a prince to make so foolish an answer; but he did say, that he had so long reposed in the mild radiance of the moon he feared his vision could no longer bear the untempered splendors of Royalty."

"Then by all means," said Coornavati, "let his highness of Cochin wear green spectacles."

"The Rajah of Tanjore," resumed the Brahmin, "said that love had so long chased science from his thoughts, that he very much feared that heaven-descended maid would never recover her wonted dominion in his breast."

"And the world," said Coornavati, "may thus be spared the infiction of another book."

"The Rajah of Berar"—said the Pundit,

"Smiled," said Coornavati, "and simpered, and sighed—rolled his beautiful eyes—twirled his glossy moustache, and said nothing."

"Exactly so," said the Brahmin. "By the hundred eyes of Indra, fair maid, you must have been present to describe his silly highness to such a nicety. Well, to conclude my description, for I see you are all impatient to fly to some frivolous amusement or other, different excuses were alleged by the other rejected princes for not remaining to witness the nuptials, which, in strict propriety, they were bound to do. One said he had just received private letters of the most urgent and pressing importance—another that his dominions were threatened with foreign invasion—a third that domestic affairs required his immediate presence at home; and so on, till it came to the Rajah of Serindib —."

"Ay, what of him?" demanded Coornavati with an evidently excited curiosity.

"And pray, fair maid," asked the Brahmin, "why do you seem so anxious about his pearly highness?"

"For this simple cause," replied the Cashmerian, "that I have reason to believe, of all the royal suitors, the Prince of Serindib loved her highness the Begum with the greatest sincerity, and regrets his disappointment with the greatest bitterness."

"Your reply," said the Brahmin, "proves the correctness of your observation; for all the other princes shook hands with the Rajah, and with the noble Kistna, and took leave with the utmost calmness and sangfroid. But the prince of Serindib, far from displaying the self possession of the rest, blushed, stammered, and hesitated, without uttering a word; and while the tears started to his eyes, he wrung the Rajah's hand in the most violent agitation, and rushed from the presence, without looking at, or taking the slightest notice of his too fortunate rival."

"I expected nothing less," said the Cashmerian, with a look of mystery, "and I pray heaven that his boundless passion may not produce worse consequences."

"What mean you, Coornavati?" exclaimed the Brahmin and his fair auditors in a breath.

"Nothing more than this," she replied, still maintaining her mysterious air, "that the powerful and the wealthy like not to be crossed in matters of love, and you all know the legend of the beauteous Sita and the ten-headed giant of Lankadwipa. But let us now to the palace, for the people are crowding around us, as if they took us for the Dramatis personæ of some popular exhibition. Perhaps," she added laughing, "when they see this venerable Pundit surrounded by so numerous a bevy of beautiful damsels, they may think we are going to enact a play I have somewhere read in a foreign manuscript, called 'Solomon in all his glory,' or, at least, that well known Arabian romance of 'Ali Baba and the forty thieves.'"

NOREEN; OR, O'DONOGHUE'S BRIDE.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.†

Pretty mocking spirit! say,
Hast thou heard the syren's lay?
Canst thou tell me, sportive sprite,
In thy wild and vagrant flight
Over mountain, over lake,
Bosky dell, and flow'ry brake,
Hast thou heard Killarney's queen,
My young, my fair, my fond Noreen?

Echo! Echo!

Pretty mocking spirit! say,
Hast thou heard the syren's lay?
Echo! Echo!

Softer than the lover's lute,
When the charmed winds are mute;
Sweeter than love's whisper'd sighs,
Or the thousand melodies
Floating through the hall of shells,
Where "the soul of music" dwells;—
Sweeter sings Killarney's queen,
My young, my fair, my fond Noreen.

Echo! Echo!

Pretty mocking spirit! say,
Hast thou heard the syren's lay?
Echo! Echo!

* The O'Donoghues were the lineal descendants of Irish princes, and lords of the Lakes. Their ancestor it is who, in the popular legends of that terrestrial paradise Killarney, is said to ride over the surface of the lower lake on a white horse every May morning.

† Author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Dermot Astore," and other popular songs in the Irish "Lake Echoes."

TALES OF A TOURIST.

BY W. N.

THE TWO PEARLS.

" For ought that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth "

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Juliet — " How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?
 The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

EVERY bell in every steeple of Madrid poured forth its most joyous notes in honour of the feast of Rogations, the crowd hurried, merry-hearted and joyous, to the line of streets, through which the processions of each morning were to pass ; the air was mild and balmy with the sweet odours of springtide ; light, fleecy, clouds floated like veils of transparent gauze over the azure face of heaven, and tempered the ardent rays of a Spanish sun.

Only a few stragglers were to be found in the Prado ; that promenade, so rapturously celebrated by the poets of Spain, was then a vast park, whose winding bosquets stretched as far as to the Palace of Buen Retiro ; the noble elm, the graceful palm, threw a delicious shade in that land of sun over its grassy slopes, its parterres, gay and blooming as baskets of flowers, and the breeze blew ever fresh and perfumed along its trellised alleys, beneath its verdant bowers, silent and discreet witnesses of so many loving rendezvous. The long walk, which ran directly up its centre, served as an avenue to the Buen Retiro ; that royal residence presented no very magnificent exterior to the attracted eye ; the irregular façade commanded the Prado, and lofty walls, above which waved the tufted heads of enormous mulberry trees, jealously surrounded its enchanting gardens.

The wearisome magnificence of Charles V., the austere regulations of Philip II., still prevailed in that edifice, which they had raised. An etiquette at once gloomy and minute, presided over the lives of those who inhabited it, dictated every act of their will, regulated their occupations, their pleasures, selected their attendants, prescribed their very preferences and friendships. When they were ill, etiquette chose the physician and confessor, whose duty it was to attend their couch ; after having assisted at their baptism, and ruled with iron hand their whole existence, it commanded their funeral rites, and accompanied them even to the tomb, which it had assigned them whilst yet alive. The chief subjects of their despotic power were the King and Queen of Spain. Without doubt, the life of a convent was not sadder or more monotonous than that royal existence so full of splendour and fatiguing ceremonial ; without doubt, the robe of coarse flannel

nel, the black veil of the Carmelite, imposed not more constraint or painfully minute duties than that imperial crown, enriched with the pearls and diamonds of the Indies.

A few women, shrouded in black mantillas and accompanied by a domestic out of livery, a sprinkling of cavalleros, with their large cloaks draped gracefully around their persons, slowly paced along the alley through which the procession was to pass. According to ancient usage, the Bishop of Madrid and the royal chapter of San Isidro came the day of Rogations to bless the fruits of the earth in the gardens of Buen Retiro. The favour of being allowed to follow the clergy there, with bare head and a wax light in hand, was earnestly solicited and seldom obtained; generally speaking, the doors of that royal abode were never opened save to admit those *grandees* of Spain whose official duties required their presence within its walls.

Just as the great clock of the palace tolled nine, the procession appeared at the entrance of the avenue; instantly the gates fell back, the Walloon guards presented arms, and the bells of the chapel rang forth a merry peal. Catholicism, which celebrates its festivals so pompously in Spain, displays a magnificent simplicity in that of Rogations; no tapers, no palms sprinkled with silver stars; no gorgeous altars borne by robust Levites; no rich banners or embroidered coats of arms; incense and flowers are the sole offerings. First of all marched in wide flowing surplices of spotless white, the priests and choristers, then the canons of San Isidro clad in their ample robes of crimson taffeta, their green velvet barret caps on head; next came the Bishop of Madrid; he wore his white ornaments; a chasuble of India satin fell over his alb of richest lace; his mitre was of cloth of silver; five oriental pearls composed his pastoral cross, his crozier was of white and silver enamel, and his pastoral ring displayed but one single diamond, brilliant as a flash of light, and mounted in dead gold. A few cavalleros, dressed in black, sword by side and taper in hand, followed the prelate's train. The voices of the choristers, the solemn sounds of the deep bassoon, had something in them peculiarly majestic as heard beneath those vast masses of overhanging trees; 'twas as one of those festivals, which the primitive church celebrated in the fields, what time the temples of the heathen deities yet stood.

Knots of spectators were grouped together before the palace, whose principal entrance had just been thrown open. At the end of the first vestibule might be distinguished the great court—then beyond another vestibule, whose doors admitted to the private gardens.

A cavalier, who had preceded the procession by a few steps since its entrance into the Prado, at that moment took his place in advance of all the curious crowd, whose longing eyes were turned towards the interior of the Buen Retiro. He was a man of about thirty, of lofty stature, and noble mien; his mantle, edged with a narrow binding of gold lace, half concealed a doublet of black silk, on whose left side was embroidered the red cross of Calatrava; a broad-brimmed hat, adorned with an agraffe of emeralds, threw a deep shadow over his regular and somewhat stern cast of features. Although he wore on his breast the ensigns of one of the four military and religious orders of the kingdom of Spain, 'twas easy to be seen by his fair complexion,

his light hair, that he was no Spaniard, but descended from one of those northern races whose blood was never mixed with that of Moor or Arab.

He raised his eyes for a moment to the windows of the palace; then he advanced yet forwarder, and took his post at the entrance of the vestibule, before the door, which sentinels armed with glittering halberds guarded.

The procession came on, it passed slowly between the double line of spectators, who knelt to receive the pastoral benediction of the bishop. The cavalier had also prostrated himself, but he rose again just as the gentlemen who had obtained the favour of being allowed to follow the prelate were about to enter; a sort of instinctive impulse urged him to advance; he went forward without a clear perception of what he was about to do, of what he would reply if questioned. Hat in hand, his countenance haughty and impassible, he crossed the threshold. In a moment the two halberds of the sentinels fell crossed behind him. He had entered, but his life might pay for such temerity!

An hour later, the drum beat to arms, a hundred men of the regiment of Chamberga turned out, and the Queen Regent, Maria Anne of Austria, issued forth from the Retiro to finish a novena at the shrine of our lady of Atocha. Etiquette had regulated what the queen was to wear on that day, what route to take, what ladies were to accompany her, and how many carriages to follow her own. Sovereign as she was, whose sceptre reached to the four quarters of the globe, she had not even the power to receive any person whatever into her carriage to enliven the tediousness of the way.

When the royal cortège had disappeared at the end of the avenue, all within and without the palace seemed to have returned to its accustomed silence. From time to time only faint sounds arose from the hall, which served the Walloon troops for a guard-room, and slightly disturbed the death-like repose of the vast apartments, through which a few ladies in waiting ever and anon flitted with noiseless step like wandering shades. Without, the birds sang sweet and clear beneath those gloomy alleys of the Prado, at whose feet the bustle and uproar of the great city of Madrid seemed affrightedly to die away. More profound silence yet, and greater solitude, reigned in the palace gardens; their rich parterres, their charmingly irregular bosquets, their immense hedges of yoke-elm, close clipped and formal, were balmy with the sweet perfume of May; a wind, soft and warm as a sigh of love gently rushed amongst the broad leaves of the chestnut trees, and strewed the velvety lawns with the spotless buds of the acacias.

Beyond the principal parterre, beneath an arbour of pomegranates and guelder roses, a few sweet feminine voices rose in air; then, at times, the faint cry of a child or monotonous burden of some nursery song. Sheltered by the thick and verdant foliage, starved as it was with many a crimson flower, a number of ladies were seated on the ground on downy cushions; they formed a circle, in whose centre a child of from four to five years old was attempting vainly to stand on his little feeble legs; a young and lovely lady, knelt beside him, and held him fast in silken leading-strings.

The poor little creature had but a sad and puny look; his complexion of a livid white, his pale eyes and half opened mouth, too painfully attested the existence of continual suffering; his wasted form, tiny even for his age, seemed lost in the immense folds of a robe of blue satin, and his forehead was almost entirely hid beneath a cap of the richest Flanders lace.

A short distance off, and screened by the large tufts of a laurel rose, stood a young girl, deeply intent on a book she held: she was between fifteen and sixteen; her slight form was still that of a child; but her features, the expression of her physiognomy, were womanly, were perfectly developed. Her ringlets of light auburn were partly concealed by a small coif of black velvet; a robe of violet-coloured damask, with tight sleeves, fell gracefully back on either side, to disclose a petticoat of white taffeta; she wore no ornaments save two magnificent pear-shaped pearls in her ears. The child, we have mentioned was the King of Spain, Charles II.; the young girl, his sister, the Infanta Dona Margaret of Austria, the promised bride of the Emperor Leopold.

"Dona Seraphina," said one of the ladies to the nurse who held the royal infant in leading-strings,—*"Dona Seraphina, come a little nearer this way, his majesty seems to me overheated in the glare of the sun."*

"Holy Virgin! don't speak so loud, Dona Catalina, else that most profound of simp—of doctors I mean—Don Antonio de La Muleta, will order us instantly to return to the palace."

"No fear of that," replied one of the attendants of the Infanta, as she opened a small parasol, so ingeniously made that when closed it represented a bird; "the learned doctor never breaks through one of his own rules, and that of this morning decreed a walk of two hours after his majesty's breakfast."

"Yes, and the breakfast itself was the result of another of his rules. Heaven help us! if we go on in this way, Master Bartholomé Languinjueba, the apothecary, will fill the post of major-domo to the king! Gently, Dona Seraphina; if you don't hold his majesty tighter up, he'll fall."

The nurse rolled the strong silken band round her arm, and kneeling before the king, who screamed and struggled with little impotent fury, she said,

"Your majesty can't walk alone; you nearly fell down the other day; should such a calamity happen, the dona governante would think nothing of sending poor me to the Tower of Segovia; and besides, your majesty mustn't be fatigued; you have to give audience to the ambassadors to-morrow, and must at least be strong enough to stand."

The king kicked and screamed so violently, that he put a stop to his nurse's harangue; every one strove to pacify him; his sub-governante, his attendants, all the ladies in waiting, crowded round; the physician, who was never far off, ran up.

"Tis nothing," he said, gravely feeling the pulse of the little king, whose face, momentarily flushed with infantine passion, had become

wan and meaningless again—"nothing, in truth; his majesty must still take an airing of three quarters of an hour in the great alley."

The ladies rose, the sub-governante took the king in her arms, and three footmen, who had been standing some distance off, followed with the carpet and cushions. The nurse and under-nurse opened a sort of canopy, beneath which the sub-governante walked, supported by the physician; both together could scarce contain the little bantling within bounds, who, furious at being carried, kicked and screamed, and did his little best to get to walk.

Meanwhile her attendant had run to the Infanta.

"Madame," said she, "your royal highness must have the goodness to come to the great alley; such is the supreme decree of the celebrated Doctor Don Antonio de la Muleta; 'twas uttered in a most distinct and dictatorial tone, I assure you; not in Latin, but very decent Spanish—the old antiquated piece of solemn pedantry!"

The princess put her finger to her lip with a sweet smile, and drew the maid of honour near to her side; both hid themselves behind the tufted branches of the laurel-rose, and peeped through the foliage at the retiring group;—marvellous circumstance! they had been forgotten.

The princess arose, slowly walked round the arbour leaning on her attendant, and cried,

"Not a living soul—we are alone—I may sit down on the grass. O, Ritta, how pleasant it is here!"

For the first time in her life, her eye fell on no person within a radius of fifty steps; a solitude so unaccustomed caused her a thrill at once of joy and fear, and she pressed closer to her attendant, who was not without her feeling almost of alarm, repeating, "We are alone, Ritta!" Then, reassured, she sat down on a shaggy slope, where the grass grew thick and soft. Above her head a guelder rose tree stretched its graceful branches, tipped at their flexible extremities with flowers of snowy white; the pomegranate mingled its crimson bells with the buds of a yellow jasmin, and shook its luscious perfumes round the lovely head of the princess. She plucked a guelder rose, and said, with melancholy,

"Ritta, I'd rather have my hair decked with this simple flower than the crown that awaits me."

"Ah madam!" cried the maid of honour, "an imperial crown!"

"Yes," resumed the princess, "I love this flower, so white, so frail, far better; but as for you, dear Ritta, you would not like to replace your ducal coronet with such a simple ornament."

The attendant gathered a rose, placed it for a moment in her rich dark hair, then threw it away, and shook her head with a charming gesture of pride and infantine coquetry. The princess smiled sadly, and cried,

"My lovely duchess of Sandoval, who is the happy cavalier to whom you intend to give the hat of a grandee of Spain, and the right to wear it in the royal presence?"

"I entreat your highness to believe I am as yet wholly ignorant of such matters," replied the attendant, blushing; "I have never even

cast a thought upon them. I feel so happy now without a lord and master, that"—she stopped in pretty confusion.

"Yes, you are happy—happier than I, Ritta," answered the princess, letting her weary head fall on her attendant's shoulder. For a few brief moments they remained thus gracefully entwined and motionless as the marble statues that adorned the gardens.

A tender friendship united the hearts of those two fair girls, one of whom was born to a throne, and the other belonged to the noblest Spanish blood; and yet they formed a perfect contrast—perchance for that single reason did they love each other so sincerely. Dona Christina de Sandoval, the sole heiress of one of the most ancient families of the monarchy, was a tall, fine girl, with bright black eyes, and Spanish complexion; a smile was ever curling her pretty mouth; she knew not what it was to weep, and had as yet only met with joys in that world where Providence had assigned her a place so enviable; her look had all the merry innocence of a child, and the passions had as yet marked with no premature wrinkle her sunny brow of twenty. An orphan from her cradle, and maid of honour to the Infanta, she had never left the palace, and was ignorant of all that took place beyond the splendid horizon of the court. Margaret of Austria, younger by four years, was grave and pensive, as though a long and painful experience had already taught her what was life. There was the trace of deep and anxious care on her youthful brow, and the tender melancholy of her eyes revealed the thoughts and passions of another age; her frail existence had reached maturity with far too fleet a step!

The Infanta remained thus for a few moments, as if absorbed by some fixed idea; tears trembled on the silken lashes of her long eyelids; her fairy hands, clasped together, lay on a volume of the works of St. Theresa, open on her knees—'twas as though she prayed. The attendant ventured not to interrupt that silence, that profound reverie; her wandering gaze followed a sweet-voiced thrush in his flight beneath the branches of a fine horse-chestnut. Suddenly she seized the Infanta's arm with a hurried grasp, and cried,

"Madam! O heavens, madam! Our Lady del Pilar be our refuge!"

"What's the matter, Ritta?" said the princess, rising in something like afright.

"There's a man here!" replied the maid of honour, trembling violently, and pressing closer to the princess. "A man!—there!—there!—beneath that chestnut."

"Be not alarmed, Ritta, be not alarmed," cried the princess. Her proud, indignant glance wandered around for a moment, and then fell on a cavalier who came forth from a bosquet, and remained standing a few paces off, his head uncovered, one hand upon his breast. At sight of him she grew pale, her knees trembled, and she hurriedly whispered, at the same time placing her hand on the mouth of her attendant, who was calling for assistance, "Silence! be silent, Ritta!"

The cavalier slowly approached—he felt his heart beat violently beneath the cross of Calatrava; he put one knee to the ground before the princess, and could not speak.

"Blomberg," she said, letting fall an ineffable look of anxiety and joy on the man, who trembled prostrate before her—"Blomberg, how did you enter hither? wherefore are you come?—alas! imprudent man, your life may be the forfeit!"

"I know it, madam, know it well," he replied, in a low, sad voice; "but what is my life worth now?"

The sound of approaching steps and voices cut short the speech of the cavalier. The Infanta held out to him a hand which he passionately pressed to his lips, and with the other pointed quickly to the tufted branches of the laurel-rose; then passing her arm within that of the thunderstruck attendant, went forward with hasty steps to meet and intercept those who sought her.

The governante ran up, followed by many ladies. She made a feint of throwing herself at the Infanta's feet, and cried in the utmost consternation,

"Heaven forgive me this inconceivable piece of forgetfulness—your highness was alone!"

"'Tis no such great mishap," replied the princess; "besides, I had Ritta—"

"But the etiquette, madam!" interrupted the governante warmly—"the etiquette has been forgotten!—we ought never to leave your highness." Then turning her sharp gray eyes full on the attendant, she added,

"Dona Christina is very pale! Jesu! your highness also seems much disturbed; and now I remember we thought we heard cries."

"A piece of childish folly on Ritta's part," said the princess coldly, already reassured, and mistress of herself. "She was afraid of a bee that fell buzzing in her hair."

The maid of honour shook her glossy black locks with an attempt at a laugh, and said,

"O yes, I was very much afraid, and screamed out like a simpleton."

The governante passed her hard, dry hand over the silky ringlets which fell in graceful profusion around the young girl's face, and said severely,

"There is nothing so improper or unbecoming as this exposure of the hair. According to the usage established under Queen Anne, fourth wife of King Philip II., maids of honour ought, on ordinary occasions, to wear a coif of violet velvet, barred with missives and silver tissue."

"Barred with missives and silver tissue!" murmured Ritta; "that's just the way my grandmother had her head dressed when she was maid of honour to the Infanta Dona Maria; I've no wish to resemble a family picture."

"Your highness will now return to the palace," said the governante; "the king is already in his apartment."

"Already!" cried the Infanta, casting a hasty and unquiet glance around.

"The *Angelus* will toll anon, madam, and on the day of the Rogations it is customary for the Infantas of Spain to say the *Ave Maria* in the royal chapel."

Immediately after the *Angelus*, the Infanta withdrew to her sleeping apartment. That vast, sumptuously-furnished room rather resembled a chapel than the mysterious asylum where a young girl spends her purest, her most peaceful moments. Masterpieces from the pencils of Velasquez and Murillo covered the panels, bordered with the richest gilding; immense candelabra, attached to the carved wainscoting, stretched out their enormous arms, loaded with wax lights; on every side austere faces of saints and martyrs seemed to start forth, as if placed there to guard some sanctuary. A dais of red velvet, having at the four corners flowing plumes of white feathers, and embroidered with the arms of Castile, surmounted the bed, placed in an alcove; before it stood an arm-chair and prie-dieu. The toilette-table, covered with tapestry fringed with gold and all strewn with artificial flowers, bore no distant resemblance to an altar. There were no other seats to be seen in the chamber save cushions—etiquette required that in the Infanta's presence no one should sit down save on the ground. Curtains of heavy silk, before which fell again a double jalousie, intercepted the light, and allowed not a single ray of the bright sun ever to penetrate into that chamber, cool and gloomy as an old church.

The Infanta had just thrown herself on the bed to take her siesta; Ritta, standing by her pillow, gently waved to and fro a large feather fan; a group of ladies whispered together or slept at the other end of the room. A small black spaniel lay at the foot of his mistress's couch; from time to time he shook his long and silky ears with a low growl. Then Ritta would impose silence on him by a menace with the fan, and glances at the ladies in waiting, her finger on her lip. Anon they fancied the princess was asleep, but she wept in silence, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on the ivory crucifix suspended to her bed's head. Suddenly she turned, and drawing the attendant nearer, made her sit on the edge of the bed; thus placed, they were both concealed beneath the heavy folds of velvet, and their voices might die away without an echo from amongst the satin pillows.

Then the Infanta whispered soft and low, "I will not go to Germany, Ritta, I will not go."

The maid of honour opened her large eyes, and shook her head with an anxious frightened air, which suited ill her smiling features.

"Alas!" continued the princess, answering that mute interrogation; "I have kept one secret from you, dear Ritta. How many times when you have asked me the cause of my sadness, the narrative of all that befell me during that journey to the Escorial, whither you did not follow me, has sprung to my lips. O, did you but know! Are those ladies listening, Ritta?"

The maid of honour threw a rapid glance into the chamber, and made a negative gesture; then she crept closer to the princess; their cheeks touched. She awaited with lively anxiety for some great confidence; but at first she heard naught from amidst stifled sobs save these strange words:

"I'll not go to Germany; I'll enter the monastery of Las Huelgos. Other infantas of Spain have died there. O may those blessed ones now pray for me!"

The young Duchess of Sandoval possessed one of those kindly

souls which easily melt at the woes of another. She fell to weeping also, and affectionately kissed the Infanta's hands, and saying the while :

"O Heaven ! what means all this ? Your highness will make yourself ill with such violent grief."

Then connecting in thought the event of the morning with this mysterious explosion of tears and strange resolutions, she added, not venturing to put the least question,

"Your highness was so alarmed at the sight of that cavalier——"

The Infanta arose, clasped her hands with anguish, and said in a broken voice,

"He is there now ! What to do, O God ! what to do ? Ritta, his life is in danger—he must be saved—he must ; but how !"

"Alas ! I know not," replied the attendant, utterly disconcerted.

"There are guards at every door, and as for scaling the walls, unless his guardian angel lend him wings——"

"You think it impossible, then ? But, Ritta, men have escaped from the strongest prison, have deceived the most vigilant sentinel. Prisoners of state made good their flight even from the Tower of Segovia."

"The entrance of the palace is more strictly guarded than the door of a prison, observed the attendant simply. In the books I have read there are many examples of cavaliers escaping from captivity ; but they were not confined in gardens surrounded by lofty walls. They had ropes, and ——"

"Ritta," interrupted the Infanta, "with gold, plenty of gold, it will be easy to win over some footman. Blomberg, dressed in his livery, may pass without remark."

"Blomberg !" repeated the maid of honour, as though she ransacked her memory for some Spanish connexion with that foreign name ; but in vain.

"Is there not a man here whom we may trust ?" continued the princess. Do you know no one, Ritta ?"

"Perhaps Perieo. He's a tall negro, who waits in your highness's apartments. This morning he carried the cushion of the dona gobernante. I have spoken to him once."

"Well, then—he must be won. You'll give him a hundred, two hundred, doubloons ; you'll make him swear by his baptism to keep the secret, even at confession. He will seek Blomberg, change clothes with him, and to night, this very night ——"

"Suppose I were to address myself in preference to some German valet ?" said the attendant meaningly. "This cavalier is German."

"No, no," hastily broke in the princess ; "they are all the creatures of Father Nitardho ; and God forbid he should know aught of this ! Blomberg is his relative, his near relative."

"Well, then, what is your highness afraid of ?" said the attendant, who was in a complete mystification.

"Ah, Ritta ! Father Nitardho is an ambitious man."

"He is devoted to the emperor's interests ; he ardently desires your highness's marriage."

"Alas, my poor Ritta !" said the princess, sadly ; "less than you

think ; but on a mere suspicion of what has occurred, he would sacrifice Blomberg to clear himself. You are too simple, too candid to see the end of all these great political intrigues, to obtain whose success an ambitious man would sacrifice all—all—even the ties of blood, and his heart's dearest affections. O, what misery I see around me ! But let Blomberg be saved, and I shall know how to be determined, Ritta—I'll not leave Spain."

"The king is so weak and sickly !" said the attendant with a sigh, that was anything but sad.

"Queen ! Queen of Spain !" murmured the Infanta, whilst her eyes flashed with unwonted fire. My brother ! Poor boy ! God grant him a long life ! But were he to die, Ritta, my sister of France dreams already of becoming his heir. But on my soul, I'll do as did Queen Isabel, I will sustain my right at the head of my troops, and the crown of Spain shall not pass to the head of a Frenchman."

"God, and the late king's will, will prevent that disastrous event befalling us," said the attendant gravely.

"Were I but queen !" interrupted the Infanta with emotion ; "were I but queen ! Ah, Ritta ! I would not forget those who have served, have loved me. A sovereign's heart should have a good memory, should be faithful in its recollection both of friends and enemies."

At this moment was heard from beneath the windows as it were a noise of voices, and footsteps coming from the gardens. The infanta turned deadly pale, and pressed Ritta's arm ; both listened for one breathless moment, and then the sound passed on.

"What can that be ?" asked the maid of honour, advancing her head cautiously from out the curtains ; those people, who have just gone by, were near awakening her highness."

"'Tis the Infant Don Juan of Austria, on his way to an audience with the queen-mother," replied a lady in a low voice.

"How ! Through the gardens ?"

"He ought, according to established usage, to have entered by the great gallery ; but a dispute having arisen on the right of precedence, and the prince being unwilling to break through the prescribed etiquette, determined to enter the palace by way of the gardens.

The attendant drew back behind the curtains with a smile and reassured air.

"What torture !" murmured the Infanta ; "had he but been seen ! Ritta, we must come to some decision—what will you do ?"

She arose.

"I'll quietly glide," she said, "into the first saloon, and there fix on some means of speaking with Perieo ; I'll give him a handsome bribe."

"Whatever he asks, Ritta ; pay his silence well—let me be sure of him."

"Yes, madam—with gold, plenty of gold—I shall have him body and soul. I'll go and find him now—time presses ———"

She suddenly stopped short, slipped her hands into the wide pockets of her petticoat, shook them with an air of consternation, and said after a moment's silence,

"But I have not a single maravedi, nor is your highness better off!"

The Infanta rose hastily, exclaimed, "What say you? and my privy purse ——?"

"The dona governante keeps it in her own possession; never did your highness finger a single pistole, nor I myself for that matter."

The princess let her head fall on her hands, and said with bitterness, "True—too true! Amidst sovereign power, complete poverty, continual dependence. Treasures within my grasp, around me people who never address me without kneeling, and I have no will of my own, can dispose of nothing, am the submissive victim of all the ceremonious respect that makes the very atmosphere I breathe heavy and clogged. Ritta, there shall be a change in this, I swear, if ever ——"

She stopped short, raised her hands to her head, and unfastening the two pearls, which confined the ringlets of her golden hair behind each ear, gave them to the attendant, saying, "These are worth much more than two hundred doubloons. Take them, Ritta, and go, find Perieo. Tell him it is I—I, the Infanta, who thus so richly pay for his discretion. Tell him ——"

"Holy Virgin! such splendid jewels! I have heard say these pearls are of inestimable price."

A sudden noise imposed silence on the maid of honour, the windows were all at once thrown open, bright day-light darted into the chamber, and the voice of the dona governante rose shrill, exact, and monotonous as a cuckoo clock.

"Four o'clock has just tolled," she said; "your highness must be so good as to dress, in order to pay your respects to the queen-mother."

Ritta drew back the curtains with one hand; with the other she tightly grasped the two pearls. The Infanta continued seated in her bed, her hair in disorder, her eyes red and heavy with weeping. They put on her a robe of grey satin, and a sort of black mantle, which fell down behind something in the form of a chasuble; her long hair was confined beneath a velvet coif, which a magnificent heron's plume, secured by a diamond of the purest water, gracefully surmounted; a chain of the richest jewels, thrown round her fair neck and bosom, sustained a precious reliquary. When her attendants had finished her toilette, her governante presented her gloves, her handkerchief, her fan; then throwing a last look of scrutiny over her whole attire, she cried, "Jesus! Maria!—your highness has got no earrings!"

"I'll wear my opal ones."

"Your highness had your pearls on this morning."

"I have laid them aside."

"Seek for them, Dona Seraphina," said the governante to a lady, who hastened to ransack every corner of the bed and toilette-table.

The Infanta hurriedly advanced.

"Enough!" she said, and her irritated glance made the eyes of all seek the ground; "enough, and more than enough. Am I a child in

leading-strings, that you would fain direct me in the most puerile of matters? Am I not even allowed to choose between two sets of ornaments, which I will wear? Silence, *dona governante*; I forbid a word more being said of this."

Ritta hastened to bring the opals; the Infanta put them in herself, and said, as she pressed her attendant's hand, "You need not follow me to the queen—wait for me in the grand saloon."

The doors were thrown open; the Infanta went forth, followed by her suite; the maid of honour glided behind the negro, who was carrying the princess's spaniel, and said to him rapidly and low, "An hour hence, in the grand saloon. I have some orders to give you—and you alone—remember!"

The Infanta slowly crossed the great gallery which separated her apartments from those of the Queen. There was a something in her countenance so resolute, so profoundly sad, that all were struck with it. When she reached the door of the Queen's closet she commanded her suite to withdraw, and remained alone in face of the *camerara-mayor*, (mistress of the robes,) who had planted herself immediately in the half-open door-way. From thence all that took place in the closet might be distinctly seen and heard.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOWER'S CHILD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

FAIR boy, the friends whom you possess
Are quite unwearied in affection,
Some praise your intellect and dress,
And some your manners and complexion;
One eye is dimmed, *one* voice is mute,
Yet are you circled round by others,
And may be called, without dispute,
The favoured child of twenty mothers!

Your room with toys is strewn around,
The gifts of your assiduous neighbours;
There horses, drums, and kites abound,
And harmless guns, and pointless sabres;
And baby books to while your time
Such as grown babes delight in buying,
Gay bindings, coloured prints, and rhyme,
The place of common sense supplying!

The Widower's Child.

Around your path bright phantoms smile
 Of radiant eyes, and shining tresses,
 Like Cupid in Calypso's isle,
 Nymphs overwhelm you with caresses,
 Extol your temper meek and kind,
 Then of your health make anxious mention—
 And say "your tender frame and mind
 Require a mother's fond attention!"

Sweet boy, in all you put your trust,
 No fear your happy heart embitters,
 You have not proved the proverb just
 That tells, "All is not gold that glitters:"
 You view the specious raree-show,
 The lamps that light, the flowers that wreath it,
 And nothing of the wires you know,
 That ply their restless work beneath it.

Your father, love, has lands and gold,
 A country house, and stylish carriage,
 And to the world has never told
 His thoughts about a second marriage;
 So when fair maids to greet you press,
 Be not too giddy with elation,
 Their smiles are like their moves at chess,
 Guided by previous calculation.

What! do I cloud your brow with care,
 Is your young breast with sorrow swelling?
 Fear not, the stranger gay and fair,
 Shall never share your father's dwelling:
 He meets the crowd with cheerful gaze,
 Yet is he true and faithful hearted,
 And ever 'mid his brightest days,
 He fondly dwells on the departed.

None, save himself, shall rule and guide
 The child she left to his protection,
 None shall succeed the gentle bride,
 Still shrined within his recollection;
 The sacred ring—the vow of love—
 He shall transfer not to another—
 Only, dear boy, in realms above,
 Shall you be called to greet a mother.

THE SILENT MILL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I AM of a migratory, ruminating temperament—and often draw on imagination for a repast, where material objects do not present themselves. It is my hobby, and a custom with me, on a journey, wherever I halt, if only for a day, to ascend the highest tower, and to visit the churchyard. I thus blend the contemplation of the ways and dwellings of men, with the certain termination of all their strife, their jealousies, their love and hatred, in this last silent restingplace, where, side by side they lie, the high and low, the oppressor and the oppressed, embedded together.

I have said that I am a wanderer—but a few months have elapsed since I was sauntering in the golden meadows of Florence, on the margin of the Arno, under the shade of lofty pines—to-day I recline on the bank of a rippling brook, near the almost unknown village of Erlingeburch. There, cheered by the brightness of the climate, and the ever-elastic gaiety of the people, (of the lovely Stella of Florence I am silent)—here, thrown almost out of the haunts of men, impervious woods around me, and a northern sky, and northern inhabitants, clouded with thought and scantily lighted with smiles—I was absorbed, and followed unconsciously the meandering course of the rivulet, which at every step seemed to lose its infantine murmurings, and as it increased in breadth became sensibly stiller, deeper, sadder, and more striking—a very epitome of life! I wandered on till I had deserted the path along the river, and found myself in the heart of a deep wood. I had ascended some height, and suddenly found myself on the brink of a rocky precipice, from whence a view of a deep glen presented itself. On the other side arose a steep height thickly covered with beech trees, and along the side I could discover a path winding upwards, so narrow as scarcely to permit of a passenger. To attain this path, I was compelled to slide down by the natural columns of the crag on which I stood; I had something to do, and before I reached my object, the dreamer was thoroughly awake. The sun was fast reclining, the shadows lengthened, and the tops of the trees only were gilded by his departing rays. I was by no means at my ease. A profound silence prevailed—broken only by an occasional breath of air moving the foliage, that seemed to whisper good night. I profited by the friendly warning, and increased my pace, and in a little time, to my great relief, I emerged from the labyrinth into which my musings had thrown me, and a splendid valley burst upon my view, smiling in verdure, and covered with grazing flocks. I soon found myself at the side of a shepherd. He was above the middle stature, and stricken in years. He was somewhat surprised at my appearance. A boy was in the act of presenting to him a basket filled with nuts and wild fruits. After the first salutation, he told me he was going homeward with his flock to a neighbouring village; adding that it was not yet too late to saunter

awhile and enjoy the lovely evening. We had reached the middle of the valley, where stood a solitary and aged oak near the bed of a dried-up mountain stream, and around its base piles of faggots served us for a restingplace. He invited me kindly to seat myself whilst the boy collected the patient flock. There was a manner about him which struck me, I knew not why, as indicating mystery; and as he leant thoughtfully against the old oak, I was surveying, delighted, the magnificent panorama around us. The bright porphyry of the crags which bounded one side of the valley, sparkled in its blushing hues—heightened greatly by the oblique rays of the setting sun—whilst the dark green of the forest, forming the opposite limit, presented a picture of contrasted beauty indescribable. Whilst my eyes were revelling in these splendours, a hill prominently presented itself out of all keeping with its immediate neighbours: unlike them, covered with the gorgeous gifts of abundant nature, its face was abrupt and broken; it was covered with crumbling fragments of rock and rubbish; it was cold and forbidding, and down to its base was a deep furrow, made by some mountain torrent, which extended to and passed the spot where we were seated. It was at this time perfectly dry, and the eye was thus deprived of a cascade that would have left nothing wanting to perfect the picture. On the top of this hill stood an old stone building. Its walls were lofty, no roof covered it, at its four corners stood a few tall, sombre firs, here and there were apertures, once serving for windows—

“In the deserted casements Desolation sits,
And the clouds of heaven
Pass through the dwelling.”

On one side of the hill was a huge dam, whose stone boundary reached the edge of the declivity, and a mill-wheel, bleached by time and tempest, stood fast and motionless;—these at once indicated the original uses of the building. Ruins, dilapidated structures, fallen tombs, are certainly no novelties to the traveller's eye, but of all the demonstrations of the finite character of man and his works, none ever makes more impression on me than the ruins of a mill. 'Tis a mighty machine, moved by the mightier spirit of man. It moves only at his will—and all is life and turmoil—and when it stops, we know the ruling spirit is not there—the waters rush no more, the torrent of life is dried up—it is man's autobiography.

Perhaps I may be accused of a morbidity of sentiment in this. I believe much is due to the very romantic and retired situation in which we then stood. In this spot, this fairy region, and at the glowing hour of the evening, I was persuaded some tale attached to the ruins we were contemplating and I inquired of my guide the history of that desolate spot amidst so much beauty. He seated himself by my side, and with a grave and mysterious air he thus commenced his narrative of the Silent Mill.

“At the time when the celebrated Thirty Years' War laid waste and ravaged our fatherland, there came into these parts—which, from their position, surrounded on all sides by mountains far from any public road, and, as it were, shielded from the horrors and desolation

of war—a stranger. More than fifty years had passed over his head, but he was not bent by his years; on the contrary, his carriage was erect, and indicative of strength. He was sometimes seen with the noble proprietor of these lands, whose race is now extinct, and whose hereditary mansion is this day in ruins. At length the stranger engaged workmen, and upon the spot before us he caused a building to be erected—that which you see—a mill, kept in play by the waters from the higher mountains, which became the resort of all the neighbouring millers. The stranger lived in seclusion. He conducted the work almost with his own hands, he formed intimacies with no one, and was sparing of his words in his intercourse with others. Still, no one accused him of pride. His demeanour was measured, but not forbidding; and his unaffected manners and simple dress, his integrity in word and deed, united with a natural dignity, could not fail to secure him the respect of all. The occupation he had chosen was, however, considered as not consistent with his real station of life; yet no one gave expression to this general sentiment, and it was not long before he received visits from the surrounding gentry. The solitude of the stranger was shared by a daughter, a child of tender age. I am,” said my guide, smiling, “too old to find words glowing enough to describe the beauties of women, especially young ones, but truth requires, and that must suffice, that I should say Maria was the matchless beauty of her day. Tradition still relates how the gentle Maria looked with her gold head-plate fixed upon her raven tresses, her black velvet boddice and silver chains, and her scarlet mantle falling in a thousand graceful folds around her fawn-like figure—her eyes like sparkling stars, and her cheeks rivalling roses in loveliness. When Maria spoke she opened every heart, and when on a holiday she sat under yonder fir trees, to listen in dutiful obedience to the words of her father, then the throng from hill and dale returned to their homes as if they had been in the presence of a being of another world—for numbers came from far and near to catch a glimpse of the lovely stranger. Yet the boldest of the youths had never dared to speak to her but of the ordinary topics of civility. Thus passed some years. Beyond this region stern war contrasted its ravages with the peace of this blissful spot. Maria became taller, and even more beautiful, till at length it was the common observation of all that a ‘change had come o’er the spirit of her dream.’ She was less communicative, and became thoughtful. The father, too, visited more frequently at the castle, where he seemed to have frequent and secret interviews, and his bearing towards his old friends at the mill sensibly changed. Some thought that his ancient pride had been awakened, and that he purposed quitting his occupations, and everything combined to lead to the conclusion that the stranger was some person of distinction, who in those fearful times had become compromised, and the victim of persecution—his name and rank must of course have been known to the nobleman at the castle. Many were the surmises: some imagined that the lovely Maria was in some way or other the cause. Alas! my tale will expound all. There is a time in woman’s life,” said the shepherd, “when all previous impressions become absorbed in one sole object, and all considerations of

worldly interest give way: and this is, when love first (and with woman for ever) points out the man destined for her by Heaven. But not only had the person I have spoken of undergone changes, but the scene itself of their sojourn was doomed to share the fate of all. It was about the time of the equinox, when storms and rains assailed without mercy that solitary dwelling, and rendered it sad and untenable. The mountain torrent became swollen—the watery flood came roaring down, and poured with irresistible force into this valley—the mill wheel was forced round with such violence that the walls were shaken to their foundation, and the howl and turmoil of the tempest reverberated amongst the hills. The stranger was absent. The storm every hour increased in fury, till at length the roof flew with the winds, and the gates burst open. Horror struck, and alone, rushed forth the devoted Maria; her white garments floated in the wind. With the little strength left her she called for assistance. Alas! it was too near—there was one urged by the sacred and resistless impulse of love had just reached the spot—in another moment Maria was in his arms. It was her lover. But he was a peasant! Yes, that short moment of bliss was hers. Locked in this embrace, they were unconscious of the pelting of the storm; to all external objects they were alike dead. In another moment a red glare from a torch illumined the spot, and an iron hand had seized the unconscious girl, and the lurid glare of the torch fell on the fierce and relentless features of her father. The lovers fell at his feet; with a giant's strength he spurned them from him, and they fell locked in their first and last embrace, over the precipice on which they stood, into the roaring dam beneath them, at once their common shroud and grave!

"From that hour," said the shepherd, "the waters ceased to flow—the mountain-stream took another course—the mill stands silent and forsaken—still it falls not, but it is destined to bear witness of the tragic deed. The stranger was found next morning gazing on the waters—his senses had fled, and the people turned away from his gaze—he was taken to the castle and disappeared—no one knew how, or whither."

"You said, friend," I observed, "that the mill bears yet witness of this tale of horror."

"Even so," he replied; "every year in the midst of the night, the anniversary of the double murder, the mountain stream returns to its first course—the wheel whirls fearfully round—strange figures are seen—and long must the waters flow to wash away this deadly sin."

"Let us hope," said I, pointing to Heaven, "that *there* the deed may long since have been blotted out."

And the old man grasped my hand, and said "Amen!"

H. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.¹

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF
 NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER V.

" I passed a day on Mosel river,
 A day beginning with the sun ;
 It ended not till day was over,
 And then ! alas that it was done.

POEMS BY V.

THE first object that our friends made us remark, and indeed it made itself remarkable enough, as our bark glided to its moorings beneath the pleasant quay of Angers, was the dark fortress that frowned down upon us from its pedestal of rock. Few sights could be more imposing, as it rose from amidst the crowd of antique roofs and modern houses (the Hotel de Londres predominant) that covered the hill side—the graceful and fretted spire of the cathedral lifting its beautiful form from behind them. To the castle we first turned our steps, its ample vastness growing upon us as we wound slowly round its base, and climbed by a long curve to where the drawbridge crosses the giant moat ; *still* those tremendous towers hung above us, though from the platform where we stood we gazed down upon the town and river far below ; little nooks in the face of the precipice, cut into hanging gardens, mounted like steps up to the platform whence we looked at them, their narrow ledges all gay with roses and a profusion of other flowers, glistening in the sunshine of a showery summer's day ; while, in every niche and cleft of the rock where a few grains of earth could lie, or a flower-seed fall, the wild pink and the wallflower relieved with their glad smile the sombre hues of the still unruined place of strength. Defying alike the hand of man and time, its image fell upon the heart with a sense of awe, and, as one of our friends remarked, a feeling of hopelessness ; as if, once past its portal arch, that yawned like a cavern beyond the drawbridge, one were lost to earth, with its light and sunshine, for ever.

But its portrait is so drawn to the life by a better pen, that I must be forgiven, for love of a region I would fain summon in its beauty for a moment before the eyes of the English listener, if I quote a passage from the graceful writer whose "Summer among the Vines and the Bocages" describes so well the enchanting scenes of Normandy and Brittany, always excepting her getting stranded upon the Loire, which she had the misfortune to visit in a dry summer, while we knew it in a wet one, and her wrath against the beautiful city of Tours, with its long green arcades and fast vanishing ruins.

" Nothing," says Miss Costello, " can be finer than the situation of Angers, built as it is in the form of an amphitheatre, on the decline of a lofty hill, which stoops to the edge of a majestic river ; its castle crowning the height, and extending its gigantic towers as far as the

¹ Continued from p. 310.

eye can reach, from the broad terrace which commands the distance for leagues, and whose massive and ponderous walls rise from a fossé scooped in the solid rock, ninety feet broad and thirty-three feet deep, presenting an image of solidity and grandeur quite unequalled. This glorious pile was begun under Philip Augustus, and finished by Saint Louis; it was long the residence of the Dukes of Anjou, and served at the same time as a citadel.

"The château of Angers, on a winter's night, when the winds howl round this fearful building, and the gentle ripple of the summer river is changed to the hoarse murmur of a swelling flood—when sleet and snow beat against the still barred casements, and darkness canopies the leaden-hued walls—must be a dreary and frightful abode for the prisoners who lie there in durance. The wailings of the injured mother" (the unhappy Constance) "may be imagined mixing with the raving of the blast, and the sad words, 'O Lord! my child, my Arthur, my fair son!' ringing through the dim vaults of this castle of despair."

This burst of poetry alludes to the legendary belief that it was here the coward successor of Cœur de Lion murdered his nephew; but Arthur has been killed in almost as many places as Mary Queen of Scots and Charles the Second have been concealed in, though the latter's peregrinations for that purpose were tolerably wide, extending from the beautiful castle of the Luttrels, where the western wave washes Minehead and Dunster, to the rich old mansion of the Sparrowes of Ipswich, so near our eastern coast. "Arthur of Brittany was slain with a sword," says Dom Bouchel, "by his uncle John, king of England, who pushed him and his horse into the sea, and he was never seen more." But we may say to the chronicler,

"Old age, thou hast forgot how sweet
'Tis to believe all things are true!"

and Arthur's dying cry of "England keep my bones!" will have our heart's faith still.

The cathedral of Angers, remarkable for its finely-hung roof, has been too well described by the same hand to need any retouching of ours, except that with which memory loves to linger on the picture. There is a pleasure in her praises of its rich rose windows, for, the last time we entered it, my brother and myself, they were shedding their gorgeous light with peculiar brilliancy around, as the level beams of the descending sun fell through them into the twilight of the vast nave. We trod gently among the silent worshippers who had come there, as so many do, to pray alone in the evening—as René perhaps came four hundred years ago; then taking the half-closed door from the hand of a mother who was just leading away her child, we turned silently into the cloisters, and rapidly threading the antique streets that led to the castle, climbed the highest of its eighteen once level towers, to watch the sun go down behind the vines of La Poissonière. Before another night we were far away from these haunts of a happy summer.

The view from the ramparts of the fortress is magnificent to any eye; it needed not the feelings with which we then looked at it, gleaming in the golden light, to make its beauty felt. A lonely scene

tinel was pacing their citadel heights, near the spot where, leaning over the wall, you could look down into the courts of the prison, for its enceinte contains one, side by side with what remains of the ducal palace; and the chapel is converted to some military purpose—filled, I think, with stores—its windows of carved stone still telling its better destiny. There was a solitary galley slave pacing up and down the large court we looked over into, and it had been the same when we first visited it many months before; I remember the melancholy sound of his heavy wooden shoes as he flung his long restless stride across the pavement, and the careless notes of a tune he was singing by snatches, which came up to us in the free air so high above him. A little way further—it would have been but a step in more senses than one some time ago—a door in the side of an internal tower, hollow like a well, allowed us, though with a caution from our guide, to look down to an abyss where the eye lost itself in the darkness; a few steps of a spiral stair, broken in places, with the remains of a balustrade, wound round a little way downwards, then stopped suddenly. “It is the oubliette,” said la bonne femme who lives just within the entrance of the castle and shows strangers over; “when you go down *there*,” she added, with that expression which a Frenchwoman only can give, “c’est fini!” The words struck a chill of horror upon one’s heart; with so many it had been ended there;—hope, and valour, and lightheartedness, and the struggle of a thousand passions in the breast—how little do we know, in the blessed quiet of our sweet England, what the life of men *has* been!

Just beyond the castle is a large caserne, or establishment for soldiers, which formerly was the celebrated riding school where the two great opponents of France in the camp and the senate learned to mount. It is singular that, under the Bourbons, Pitt and Wellington, their future champions, should have been pupils there. At that time Angers was much frequented by young Englishmen of rank, and Mons. de R. told us that he had known several of them when a boy; but the riding school has been transferred to Saumur, and scarcely an English traveller now visits the place once the stronghold of his kings, and a large and important half of which is still called by its inhabitants the English town. The neighbourhood is famous for the salubrity of its lovely climate; everything is cheap and plentiful except English manufactures; delicious fruits and vines are in abundance; and perhaps there is no spot in France where more interesting society could be found. This is owing to its being the great residence of the exclusives, who open their doors to the English, though not without asking you, now and then, with a sort of sorrowful reproachfulness, if you are not ashamed to think of the melancholy affair of Quibéron. A deputation has lately been sent by Mr. Wilks from Paris, to inquire into the number of Protestants living there, and leave has been obtained from the local authorities to build a place of Protestant worship, towards the expense of which they have contributed. I believe it is already in process of erection, and, meanwhile, an intelligent *colporteur* is established there, who travels with Bibles and tracts into the surrounding hamlets. It is even said that the Roman Catholics of Angers have talked of building a church for the English,

in the hope of inducing some of our reputedly rich countrymen to frequent their city. It has fine boulevards; charms infinite for the lovers of the picturesque, in the shape of old, narrow, precipitous streets, and cross-beamed houses; a *jardin des plantes*; a *musée*, said to be the second in France, for Angers boasts of David, the sculptor and painter, as its native; excellent markets, to which the ladies of the place go at five in the morning and make their purchases, for the Angevines keep early hours; and a neighbourhood rich in everything that can interest, for the country abounds with walks and drives that are delightful. Beautiful steam-boats start daily for Nantes; and others run, except at the height of the winter floods, when Cæsar's bridges are not passable, to Tours and Orleans.

Perhaps the most curious place in the neighbourhood of Angers is that called by the name of the Ponts-de-Cé, or Cæsar's Bridges, from a habit the people have of ascribing everything that is very old to him and to the Romans. It was early on a summer morning, upon our first return to Angers, that, having passed the night at the Hotel de Londres—which, though not quite finished *yet*, is much more comfortably furnished than when Miss Costello was its guest—we set off to visit the beautiful palace of the dukes of Brissac, so hardly spared in the revolution, when its rich furniture was piled up in a heap to burn—having to cross the Ponts-de-Cé on our way. Our first adventure was coming, in the middle of a steep and narrow street, upon a heap of rubbish taken out of a house they were pulling down or repairing, and so large, that it stretched across nearly the whole street, while it was at the same time so high and steep, that the least it threatened was to precipitate horse, cabriolet, and contents, into the large window of an opposite linendraper's shop. My brother jumped out, and, with extraordinary care and caution, the animal and vehicle were at last persuaded across, the masons looking quite unaware that they had done or occasioned anything extraordinary, and probably knowing very well that, wherever we were going, we should meet some half dozen more heaps upon the road;—I remember one, much more alpine, stood for I know not how long before the house M. le Boulanger was building in anarrow street of La Poissonnière;—our friend's horse, however, did not quite approve such things, and it was but slowly that we threaded our way through the suburbs of Angers, till, arrived in the Route Royale, the fine open road that leads into La Vendée, we were no longer impeded by anything more formidable than a line of cows slowly winding towards the meadows, or a heavy charrette, the waggon of those parts—as long as ours, but with two wheels instead of four, so that the two ends of the affair look always ready to play at see-saw;—the brick and sand hills, if they still showed themselves, keeping their distance. We had left the Maine behind us on the other side of Angers, and were crossing the little delta which disjoins it from where the majestic Loire rolls its divided streams through the massy piles, whose heavy masonry, so long resisting the summer ripple and the winter swell, is evidently the work of an elder day. Sad tales are told of what has passed upon those bridges; their long narrow defile has often stopped the onset of armies, and been the place of deadly strife; and in the revolution many a victim has

listened there to the debating of his fell guards, whether the rapidly gliding waters at hand should save the labour of the cachot or the fusillade further on. Those old parapets have known very strange things, if they could speak. There was one beautiful creature who leaped from them with her child in her arms, to escape from the pursuing troops that would probably have saved her, for they were the heroic Vendéens; and there is another history of a noble lady, with her four young daughters, who were all, with a string of other prisoners, tied singly to a long rope, the children being carefully separated from their parents and each other, to make their pilgrimage more bitter, and led across those bridges and for miles along the road, till the youngest died of fatigue by the way, and more than one of the others, I think, in the horrible dungeons they were thrown into at their journey's end. How often, full of hope, and thrilling with the ardour of devotedness and self-sacrifice, have the young and generous hearts that followed d'Elbée, de Lescure, and de Bonchamps, swept hurriedly across those arches; how often passed saddened, but still faithful, back! The "brigands," whose arm was only lifted to guard their heritage and save their prince; to snatch their children from the rebel oath and rebel service of the conscript, and shelter at once their altars and their hearths;—alas! the difference between words and things! and that the things must suffer ruin because words are false and hollow.

In winter the Loire unites its branches into one wide flood around the Ponts-de-Cé, and dashes against the rude piles as if it would sweep down their motionless barrier. Our friends told us that the drive across was sometimes fearful, and all the lower stories of the houses in some parts of the one old narrow street that unites the bridges were under water. A singular and dream-like place it is at all times, with the look of an older world about it, as when one gazes into the pictures of some of those dark, centuries-old alleys of Jerusalem; and everything you meet—the heavy charrette, the rushing diligence—looks as if it would come down upon you and crush you. About the middle of the time-worn and shadowy passage which in its gray length joins bridge to bridge, you find you are ascending a sudden hill; the quaintly-shaped and rough-hewn stone dwellings that overhang you rise with you, but opening for a moment to the right, they let you unexpectedly come upon a small old church at the summit of a little mount, probably a mass of rock, while a huge crucifix at the top of the churchyard steps startles you by its ghostly air. Yet, in the bright and early morning on which we passed through, the very sombreness of all these things gave a vivid life to the calm sparkling waters, and the broad landscape of the island bowers around which the parted streams took their way; while the deep lattices in the gloom showed, every now and then, their pot of tall, rich carnations, of glowing hues, lighting up the dim abodes, over which crept, here and there, a straggling vine, or perhaps a rose; and in the little bit of garden ground that was left like a nook between the thick walls round the château, with its one tall pointed tower that stands upon a promontory of rock beside the entrance of the third long bridge, there were shining a crowd of larkspurs of every brilliant colour. Those

old familiar larkspurs! the flowers of one's English childhood, in farmhouse border and old parsonage garden! how like friends they smiled upon one amid the sad splendours of Versailles!—Versailles, with its memories of passionate love, and sorrow, and bitterness; of revelry, of royal magnificence, sinking down in a mist of terror, and darkness, and fearful change—even to their present utter solitude; the halls of Louis, the chambers of Marie Antoinette, uninhabited; their vast and terraced gardens open to all comers;—yet the cheerful larkspur opening its blossoms, and the bee murmuring there still, as in the gladdest homestead. And now, to meet them again at Cæsar's Bridges—a spot where still more entirely the "light of other days had faded, and all their glory past"—where we were treading in the footsteps of a people utterly past away, whose pomp and giant empire was a story of ancient times, whose very language was one of those "sweet voices which dull Time hath chid to silence now!"—there was a strange blending of feelings in the pulses they awoke.

Just past the last long bridge, a line of fine cliffs rose around us shutting in the landscape, and as the road broadening to its former size, began ascending a long hill, I was tempted, by some beautiful rocky precipices on the left, to leave the beaten track and climb by some narrow and turf-covered paths to their summit. Two or three mills stood on the heights, and I had no sooner passed behind them and reached the brow of the declivity, than a prospect broke upon me that enchanted the eye which wandered over it. Far beneath, below bold steeps, rolled through green prairies the silvery rivers made by the divided Loire; while beyond lay, far as the glance could stretch, a plain of the richest woodland, reminding one of what we heard of the deep Bocage of La Vendée, or of the distant Vale of Avalon with its mystic legends, in western England. It was not till long afterwards that I learned I had been standing on the famous Rocks of Erigné, and the Vendéenne Chatelaine, who spoke of them, had a melancholy expression in her voice, for it was a terrible battle that was fought there. A few more miles of fine broad "route royale," those advances of reformation at which the lovers of old times look grave, like the Suffolk farmer at the sound of machinery, with here and there a curiously carved and broken cross, sometimes wood, sometimes stone, standing among the trees in the hedge-row; and the again narrowing sole and only street of the little town of Brissac, led us up to the sign of the Pheasant, from whose eminent height and eminent position we looked down upon the princely place that rose like a colossal form of other days from amidst its gardens in the valley. Like a porter's lodge; the residence of the present duke stood at the door of his ancestors, de Brissac's, while a peasant woman and her children, who had with them in the hall a little playfellow of excessive beauty, with rich loose ringlets of dark gold like a cloud, now tenant the vast apartments of a line of heroes. We took one eager glance, then sat down almost as impatiently to the *basins* of coffee and white napkinful of new laid eggs, with a fresh *miche* of memorable length, and a *loaf* of delicious butter, spread for us in the brick uncarpeted *salle à manger* of the Pheasant; sending away the bottle of brandy which mine hostess had placed as an apparently usual appendage.

Brissac, though a place of great strength, and capable of sheltering a complete army within its wide chambers, presents in its imposing and magnificent aspect the characteristics of a palace rather than a fortress; and is surrounded by neither fossé nor embattled wall. Graceful and alone, it rises from the valley; its white and elegant figure lifting its head above everything around, and far overtopping the buildings on the neighbouring steep; but the stranger who visits it finds himself one, treading alone,

“Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!”

Mute shapes people its walls, mute yet with speaking lips and eyes, and faces full of soul; the old portraits of the warrior Dukes of Brissac, of their guests royal and noble, and the beautiful who haunted those abodes of silence, buried in vaults and forgotten hiding-places during the revolutionary struggles, have been brought back into the world *they* no longer beam upon, and hung round the empty saloon. The portress told us their names and histories; from the last who died and has been added to the lengthened line, to the knightly figure of that noble Brissac who presented the keys of Paris to Henry IV.; and that expressive look of the young soldier, *le beau Brissac*, who fell so early in battle; and beside them Louis le Grand, a boy, a man,—the sad face of La Vallière, the dazzling one of her beautiful child,—the lofty mien of the never-subdued “*Autrichienne*,” with her regal heart, that no deep downfall could unqueen; and like an unlooked for guest, the firm lip and iron brow of our stern Cromwell amid the relics of old loyalty. In a little private chapel, at one corner of the wide chamber, there was a small *Raffaëlle*, and, besides one or two saints, a curious old miniature of one of the decayed family. In many of the sleeping rooms the old beds had been collected and restored to their places, with old faded chairs of rich embroidery, old carved chests of drawers and *armoires*; and in one great unfurnished room lay piled large rolls of old tapestry; the huge dusty casements were rich with heraldic colouring; but what struck us particularly, as it had done our friends when they visited the *château* before us, was the brilliant painting of the long beams, which, as in so many French houses, were all left *visible* in the ceilings, or rather instead of a ceiling. The rafters of your bedchamber serve very conveniently to hang the draperies of your bed to, by the help of a great nail. I never saw such vast spaces in any human dwelling, as we glanced into on the different floors we passed in climbing to the principal turret, the view from which takes in an immense range; we lingered on its airy height for a moment, then descending the winding wooden stair, and the superb stone flight whose breadth I never knew equalled, stretching from wall to wall; we gave her well-earned franc to the contented portress, and after sauntering through the shady gardens, near which the corn was already ripening, we mounted the steps in the hillside to our hostel of the Pheasant, and ordering our horse to be put in, drove back to Angers in time to embark in the steam-boat that would pass La Poissonnière on its way to Nantes that afternoon. A scene of some disturbance had just occurred on the deck, which

was very narrow, for the Marquis Henri de Larochejacquelin had not then started his beautiful vessels. The covering of the hold had been left open for a few minutes, and a young person in the crowd that stood and sate around, not perceiving it, fell backwards into it, striking her head violently in her descent. Some gentlemen sprang down and lifted her out, but she was severely hurt, and at first nearly insensible; though the fresh air of the quiet voyage a good deal revived her, and she was able to sit up with some assistance from her friends. A barrister from Angers, who had lately built a beautiful house at La Poissonnière, particularly remarkable for having boarded floors in the bedrooms, and a wooden staircase instead of a slate one,—being acquainted with our friends, joined our party, and fell into conversation; while a group of our neighbours getting upon the theme of *les Anglois* and *la langue Angloise*, suggested, I suppose, by our foreign garb and accent, discoursed to my great amusement upon the fate of a poor lady, Madame something, whom the speakeress knew very well, who learnt “*parfaitement bien, l’Anglais,—parfaitement bien !*”—went to London, and found she could speak *pas un seul mot !*—Meanwhile their muslin work and embroidery sped apace; and so did our vessel; and passing rapidly rock, hamlet, and islet, we soon glided into the green cove, where the ferryman’s boat was waiting for us, and passing again the now familiar cottage, the green lane and little cross, from whose foot you caught such a pretty view of the gay turrets of Chilleau, with the beautiful weeping oak that shaded it, went and sate down on the bench under the mulberry trees to watch till one of our friends who had returned on horseback should be seen coming down the distant hill.

CHAPTER VI.

“It is the hour of eventide;
The sun is gone to rest,
And many a crimson track of light
Is gleaming in the west.”

FLOWERS OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE influence of sunset is very potent anywhere, but I never remember to have seen anything in England like the perfectly magical glow which bathes in amber light, rock, hill, and vineyard, the green orchard bough, and the barest white wall, for an hour before the last ray of the sinking orb falls across the Loire. Often it kept me leaning out of my window fettered to the spot, or sent me hastily out to watch the fleeting instants of a glory that seemed too bright to last. And then the summer moonlight! None of the chill of an English night; no glittering dewdrops to be touched into diamonds by the beam; but one flood of splendour filling the still, warm, air; and a softness and repose in the whole atmosphere that seemed to let every pulse of one’s heart beat freely, and open the deeper faculties of one’s mind, those which sleep alike beneath the hurry of the day, and the deep rest of the weary night. The village was always very silent; (except, at least, when M. Rabineau thought proper to be carting fag-gots all the summer-night, and piling them up in the road just close to

our garden :)—only now and then the sound of a distant flax machine broke upon the ear with its light monotonous knock, knock ; as some thrifty family were sitting up to employ the cooler hours ; or in harvest time the late beat of the flail, borne upon the night air, floated up to the house of the English. Sometimes when it grew dark the village girls went down in parties to bathe themselves in the Loire ; two or three keeping watch one on each side ; for the limpid stream flows warm all day along its bed of sand.

M. Rabineau, the woodman, with his round good-natured face and ready smile, was one of the most prominent characteristics, the leading features of the little world of La Poissonnière ; he dealt not only in wood but in almost everything, for as our friends used to say, laughing, there was nothing in the world they asked Rabineau where they could get, he did not directly say *he* could supply them with ; hay, corn, vines, no matter what, even to the article of education itself, had that been necessary ; for though, as the eldest of the good nuns observed, it was a pity Rabineau did not know how to write, as he often lost money by it, and was obliged to employ his little children, who had learnt in the sisters' school, to make his bills,—yet when the Count de R. thought that a school for the village boys was wanted, and inquired for a place where he might locate a master, it was found that the inexhaustible Rabineau had, among other things, *rooms* to dispose of, and accordingly, a large apartment in his domicile was forthwith turned into an academy, and a dominie, respectable in years and learning, took up his abode among Rabineau's stores.

There were many more characters in this "Our Village," worthy of all note, were there any fit chronicler to herald them into the world ; but the object of these slight sketches being but to open the way for the far more interesting narrative of one who, after the struggles of an eventful life, has found in Poissonnière, his early home, the haven of his peaceful and honoured age,—we must only speak in passing of the menuisier with his old mother in their most picturesque house, with their long fruit garden and bit of vineyard, the nice almonds on their trees, and the beautiful grapes with which the old woman filled one's hands out of her apron ; of the grey-haired charpentier, with his long discoursings about the days of the war ; the stout garde-chasse, who had been a prisoner in England, and who had learnt from an American to say some *other* word that stood for "parlez," but it wasn't "speak," and which, after long questioning and recollecting, proved to be "talk ;"—the good lingère, who worked so cleverly and plaited so beautifully, and confided one day to Madame de R. her idea that perhaps she might make her fortune if she went to England, as she had heard people did not know how to plait there ! which indeed they did not as she did, such exquisitely narrow folds, and without the help of any starch to wear ones things out too !—and, at the corner nearly opposite her door, the aged widow, who was so proud to show the pretty house the Count de R. had given her, and to tell how he always paid for her chair at church, and almost as delighted, (indeed I think *quite*, judging by the glee with which she called me in to look at it,) to exhibit the long ditch, the "nice little canal," her kind landlord had had dug across her room,

between her two beds, (the one, as she told me, for while she was well, and the other for when she was taken ill,) to carry off the river which rushed through her house, and set her furniture floating, when the Loire rose, and the water, collected by long rain upon the high lands, came down into the village. Our friends were so amused by the story, when I went home and told them, that they mentioned it that afternoon at the château, and the kind old nobleman, exclaiming, "How could I forget that I was to send the masons to cover it over?" immediately gave orders to have the work finished, and her abode made a little less remarkable. There is the faithful sabotier, the maker of wooden shoes, who, for eight years a servant of the count's, refused to desert his master in the war; and Moreau! the fine figure and intelligent mien of Moreau the tall gardener; a man of some learning, and able to fetter your feet by his discourse, like the "ancient mariner," if they chanced to stray down any walk near the melon-border, or the strawberry beds, where he was working; and yet more illustrious, not to be forgotten, the respectable laitière, whose cows supplied the English family with milk, the laitière and her daughter Celeste! room for whom must be found in the shape of a slight episode, if Condé and all his company are set aside to make way for them. There was a very lovely path through the large sloping vineyard, which rose immediately behind the house, and formed the highest spot of ground in the neighbourhood. Behind the bourg, which you look down to from one side of the narrow strip of beaten ground between the vine branches, which often spread their broad bright leaves and green tendrils half across it, the vineyards stretched away to the white walls of the quiet and lowly cemetery, where, with a little cross above almost every grave, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;" not that the solitary resting-place has gathered many generations into its bosom, for of the ancient church and churchyard of the village, the revolution swept every trace away. It is a sunny and sheltered spot that lonely burial-ground, and we often lingered at its gate—the children and I—as we passed it on our morning ramble into the green lane beyond, or to the path on the high bank shaded with oak trees where they could fill their baskets with acorns for the favourite white pig, in whose behalf the old French cook from Champtocé so regularly officiated, after the manner of the

"Wash me, and comb me, and lay me down softly,"

of the fairy tale. How eagerly his nose was lifted to the top of his wooden palings when the fairy feet of his little purveyor, or her sturdier brother's step, climbed the gentle slope to his house door! Really Eustace Conway would have found it a good opportunity of pursuing his studies in the investigation of the porcine intellect. Our subject's character, moral and intellectual, came out surprisingly; though its principal feature, a diversity of tastes as wide as Rabineau's diversity of trades, developed itself so extraordinarily in causing the disappearance of wooden ware, cutlery, *argenterie*, even to the digesting of the salad spoon, and, as was strongly suspected, spite of the French proverb that

"Un cochon n'a pas besoin des manchettes,"

of half a pair of embroidered lawn cuffs, lace and all,—that a check was at last necessary upon this profusion, however it might be a mark of enlarged views and breadth of mind. Mais revenons ! to those few solitary sheep stopping to feed on the little bit of green near the gate of the burial-ground, ere they take their way down the long slope ;—the walls of that last earthly resting-place, type of a deeper rest found by the weary spirit, when

“ The toilsome path is travelled o’er,
And borne the heavy load ;”

and beyond them the distant wood sthat lay in the horizon, bounding the prospect from our favourite track on the one side ; while on the other, ruins, islands, villages, and the vast sweep of the mighty stream, spread themselves out before us in the clear transparency of an atmosphere which seems to an English eye to bring all distant things so strangely near. We were slowly strolling along it one morning, when the tall figure of a rather Amazonian young woman approached rapidly through the boughs, and greeting familiarly the children who hastened up to her, she thrust her hands into the huge pockets, the regular appendage of every peasant girl’s apron, and museum of all the house-maid’s swept-up litters—for every mistress finds her housemaid in aprons—and pulling out of one a large clasp knife, and the other a large fig, began peeling the rind with rapidity, and as quickly dividing her gifts—for fig after fig came out of the depths of that apron-pocket—between *la mignonne* and *le mignon*, who stood with expectant eyes before her. Their elder brother had previously introduced her to me as Celeste, the milk girl, and though our interview was short, as the little ones bent down their pretty heads to the fine fruit that filled their hands and thoughts, and Celeste with a goodnatured smile passed on her way ; it was sufficient to excite some interest in one’s mind when the approaching *noces* were proclaimed of Celeste to Baptiste. Baptiste, I regret to say, I never had the pleasure of meeting, for a stormy night prevented my going down to look at the fête ; but we heard that one of the good *laitière*’s cows was to be sold for the feast or the dowry, and half the village were invited to the evening dance in the cowhouse, which was cleared out for the occasion. We passed it next day, and saw the large heap of litter which had been swept and wheelbarrowed out to prepare it for the hundred guests, standing in the road by the door. Repassing soon after in the early morning, at her own door stood Celeste, her head nearly touching the cross-beam ; and as I stopped to greet the bride, her ready hand re-entered her apron-pocket, and pulled me out one of the little cakes the priest had blessed on her wedding-day. A large tray of them, carried in by two men, forms an important part of the bridal procession. The *soirée* in the cowhouse was graced by the presence of the deputy mayor and mayoress, the former of whom, a very clever and intelligent medical man, ought not to be omitted among the worthies of La Poissonnière. It is now time to return to those whose drama of life it is our task to lift the curtain of ; they themselves shall speak.

CHAPTER VII.

"And voices heard in parted days,
Whose music it doth fall,
On the soul like a vault's dim window rays
Upon a buried pall."

THE PERENNIAL.

We have been loitering a little while in the France of to-day, with its lightness of outward heart, and for aught deeper its listless calm, as if there were a pause in things, whether ominous of good or evil who shall say? Heaven watch above those over whom that blue sky bends, spanning with its starry arch the valleys of Anjou! We are now about to turn for a time to the France of sixty years ago, when, like Edward Waverley, the heir of La Poissonière, then a seignorial residence, with all its rank and rights of long old usage unassailed, set forth into the highway of life, as little thinking into what stormy passages that road away from his ancestral hearth would lead him. One thing, however, he did know, much better than the *led* of Fergus and of Flora; his own mind and the star of its unfaltering course, "*jusqu'à la vie, jusqu'à la mort.*"

"My first thought," remarked to me one day the friend to whom that pleasant page in life's varied leaves, and any interest these brief retracings of it may have, is owing—"one of my first thoughts when I became acquainted with these people, was, how much they must have seen during the eventful days they lived in, and how interesting it would be to hear their history; and this made me glad to hear the Count had written some memoirs of his life—I mean to ask for them some day." The request was one kindly granted, and the interest their details possessed induced me to resolve upon bringing a copy back with me to England, and translating the principal part of the volumes. Perhaps the untravelled reader, for I write for those who, like myself, have neither studied much nor wandered wide, and do but pluck the flowers from the highwyside of life, describing the surface of things with as true a picture as I can, and leaving to others to search deep beneath for their hidden causes; perhaps the eyes that glance through these pages by a winter's fireside may not be the less interested in the wanderings of a French noble, during the years of exile and sorrow, which were the lot of so many of his race, for knowing something of the home he had left, and looked forward to with a hope—in this, alas! how solitary instance, not a vain one. Of those who returned, like him, after long perils and hope deferred, to the halls of their boyhood, how many found their heritage gone to strangers!

Politics altogether, and especially the politics of the French Revolution, I make no attempt to unravel in these pages; the web is too intricate, and looks to me too entangled. Of course Monsieur de R—, as a royalist officer, takes decidedly the side of the Bourbons. Nurtured in the shade of the lilies, beneath that beloved "*drapeau blanc*," his pen, like his sword, defends the children of St. Louis; but I never heard him

attempt to justify the oppressive taxes that, before the revolution, burdened and weighed down the people, till the pressure grew too strong, and the explosion came : — the cruel salt tax and the wild schemes of evasion it gave rise to ; the training of dogs to be let loose across the country at night, and the chase of the police after the treasure laden animals, were things he remembered well in his youth, and used to relate to us ; and those who, unknowing how good it is for the heart that there should be beings above itself for it to grow up in love and reverence of, the devotion of the clansman to his chieftain, elevating his character like that of the noble to his prince ; and who set against all the kindly ties of those wide bonds of household service in the days of old magnificence, the comparatively isolated acts of ill used power, forgetting that their very unwontedness made them find a name, that as the royalist historian Walsh so frequently repeats, days of happiness, the quiet flow of undisturbed and peaceful life, are left to silence, and take no place in history ; those who reason thus, and it must be confessed would have had fearful tales to illustrate their positions, did not the wilder horrors of the revolution throw them all into the shade, should at least remember the lavish generosity with which many of those very nobles stripped themselves of privilege after privilege in the assembly at Versailles, when the safety of their prince and the weal of his kingdom seemed to them to demand it.

While I write, our village postman has brought us news from La Poissonière, and a letter dated February 11th, 1842, speaks of writing in the open window, without any fire in the room, while the nursemaid is sitting with her needlework on the grass below, to watch the children who are playing round her, with their little chairs and stools upon the lawn ; the river looking lovely, and the steamer landing her passengers opposite the window ; while the thermometer is at seventy-four degrees in the sun, and sixty-two in the shade. The Angevine winter, while it lasts, if severe, is often very brief ; and an advantage which children in England seldom know, those delicate ones at least to whom it would be the most benefit, is that never damp ground, and warm dry turf on bank and shady lawn, in pleasant hay fields, or beneath the orchard trees of the farmer's *enclos*, abounds where they may run and play, and when tired lie or sit to rest for hours in the open air, during the summer and great part of the spring and autumn.

Napoleon's orders were not the only law which led the children of the sunny south into the Russian wilds. Many a soldier who had left his native valleys beneath an Angevine sky, or the blue heavens of the far inland provinces, to combat for the exiled lilies, followed their standard till its solitary camp was pitched amid the northern snows.

The memoirs we are about to enter upon, "The Recollections of a Royalist Officer," an old colonel of artillery, a chatelain of La Vendee, and brigadier general in its last war, when the daring peasant of the Bocage held back to keep him in check, twenty thousand imperial soldiers from the fight of Waterloo—are dedicated by him to his children ; and in a very beautiful letter addressed to his son, but which perhaps it would be rather forestalling his narrative to introduce the whole of here, he relates the inducement given him by their frequent questions and early interest in all that had happened to him while

serving his king, to collect into one view for them the principal events of his life, as related in his early letters to his father, and in a journal afterwards kept for him during his exile. "Promise me, my dear friend," he says, "sometimes to read over this utterance of my thoughts; notes such as these will doubtless be of little consequence to any other, but will perhaps one day be of use to you, in helping you to form a judgment of some of the circumstances of our unhappy times. The facts relating to the royalists have generally been recounted with little precision; and sometimes represented with treachery and falsehood; men's aim being to lessen their merit, and that of the Bourbons, and thus to weaken the love that was borne to these their lawful princes.

"I have ground to hope, my dear child, for it is what I often ask of God, that you will always seek to discern good from evil when you have to act, and the false from the true when you have to speak; far be all thought of self or of human opinion from you, when the question is whether you shall be faithful to God and to your king.

"Shun ever allowing yourself to give way to feelings of envy or of pride; vices that have grown active in their influence over the human heart since modern philosophy has striven to tear from it Christian virtues. Strive rather to maintain in yourself that gospel principle, which, embracing all other truths, is the only one which can enable you to see in its true light the rapid passage of man upon earth—a passage so rapid, my dear Felix, that as age advances we are struck with continual astonishment at the carelessness of those who never think upon it at all.

"We have shared each other's mirth; you remember that we have; recollect sometimes my graver counsels. Adieu, dear child, adieu, for perhaps when you read this I shall be no more: why should I not yet say, till we meet again!"

In these days of the "*manie d'écrire*," when the theorist and the dreamer meet upon the course with the embellisher of the actual and the narrator of the unreal, it is not often we find the actor in struggles such as fiction never painted, woke up by the passionate interest of listeners round the domestic hearth, by the "fire" in the eyes of his child, to retrace scenes so long passed, and call up from their scattered graves the beloved forms that once gathered with him in one fine group round the standard now low as they in their slumbers far apart, here and there where they fell; some haply in the field, some by the sentence of the victor, some by the dagger of the assassin. He watches his infant glee as he leaps with joy, when "amid the crowd of our peasants your shout was loudest of the whole at the sight of the white banner, which we were placing, your mother and I, upon the tall fragment of ruined wall, the only vestige of the ancient Castle of St. René, on the first return of the Bourbons;" and hears with pride of the haughty answer with which at five years old he dared the soldiers of Napoleon, returned for the hundred days.

"I only wrote," he says, "these memoirs for my children," in a note at the commencement of his work, "and have burnt many pages of what I wrote. The reader must forgive me if I have allowed many things to remain of little interest for a stranger, but which may

nevertheless serve to recall the spirit of our ancient manners, and enable them the better to be placed in comparison with those of to-day. I shall feel myself happy, if those whose approval I hold of value, should think I have done well not to destroy the whole."

We will no longer quote in detached portions from the autobiography before us, but will proceed to lay before the English reader the portions of the work most likely to prove of general interest, presuming that the early travels of the Count de R——, though some of them to places since often described by the foreign tourist, possess an interest from describing the state in which they were so long ago, before such throngs of travellers had visited them, or the wild wave of revolution swept over their precincts. Corsica, in particular, is worthy of attention as the mountain eyrie of one with whom in early life Monsieur de R—— was much connected, and whom he was vainly pressed to serve under in later years.

LOVE AND FEAR.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE PAGAN AND
ROMAN CATHOLIC TEMPLES.

REVOLVING years complete each starry race
Of solemn ages through the seas of space :
Still to the horror of the unknown Fear
Self-fetter'd serfs the sons of Time appear.
And Superstition's all depressing sway
Still bows the heart, though ancient Forms give way
To new, and customs change, but still the same
Dark goddess rules, though chang'd in shape or name.
What skills the shape or name, if still the reign
Of Terror, and of slavish Fear remain ?

Lo ! in each age the ready votaries raise
Temple and fane to their old tyrant's praise :
See swelling domes and lofty towers rise
In haughty triumph to Italia's skies.
Spirit of *Love* ! *Thou* scorn'st the gloss of art,
Thine only temple is " the upright heart ;"
The only shrines thy glory deigns on earth
Are the sweet smiles of holy thoughts the birth !

Dear love ! with smiles thou winn'st thine easy way.
To the bright hearts, which haste to own thy sway :
Ruler of gentler spirits, ever seen
To rest their wearied wings, when sounds thy voice serene.
So, when the Sun sheds forth diviner ray
Of deepening splendour o'er the azure day,
The wandering hosts of purer vapour seem
Awed-bound beneath the glory of his beam,
Bathing their golden wings in that ethereal stream !

G. W.

* Milton.

MARIA DE JOYSEL.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when Henry descended from his fiacre at the corner of the Rue de —, and proceeded through the rain, which poured down literally in torrents, to St. Pelagie. He found sister Martha in Maria's dormitory. A moment's conversation was sufficient to convince him that the latter had not been able to summon sufficient courage to open her heart to her confidential friend. There was, however, no time to lose, and Henry addressed her.

"The friendship which you have manifested towards this unfortunate captive assures me that you will not deny me the request I have now to make. I entreat of you, in her name, that you will conceal our purpose but three hours—in three hours, at the furthest, Maria will be again here—I swear it—we both swear it, by—"

"It is sufficient," answered Martha, not a little surprised; "if the object you have in view be good, you may rely on me."

"Yes, yes, it is good, it is good," interrupted Maria.

"Well, then, go, my sister, and God be with you! I shall, meanwhile, offer up to the Holy Virgin my prayers for your safety."

Henry wrapped Maria up in his cloak, and enjoined her to follow him at some distance. Upon the turnkey's appearance to let him out, he knocked, as if by chance, the lamp out of his hand, and broke out at the same time into loud invectives at his carelessness, thus allowing Maria time and opportunity to escape unperceived, whilst the exasperated jailor, with a volley of oaths, was groping on the floor for his lamp. No sooner was the door locked behind them than Henry took his companion up in his arms, and carried her to the coach which awaited them. The distance to the Rue Mazarin was passed over in silence; the young man did not even venture to disturb Maria's meditations by a single question; her hand was clasped in his, and from time to time he pressed it with a sigh. Her acknowledgment of his tenderness was also manifested in silence; his devotion affected her, and she replied to his pressure more than once. Notwithstanding the badness of the weather, it was by no means very dark—at any rate, it was sufficiently light for those in the carriage to distinguish each other's features. Maria was more than usually struck with Henry's noble cast of countenance; the strength and sincerity of his affection sank more deeply into her soul than had hitherto been the case, and she could not help indulging the thought how truly delightful it would be, for herself and for him, thus to flee with him to some secure retirement, far, far from that horrid dungeon, whose cold, cold stones had weighed down her soul for the last eleven years—removed from the world—that cold and cruel world, which had hitherto inflicted on her such unheard-of torture. "But no, no; it cannot—it can never be!" said she to herself; "the spring of life has passed—passed for ever! And still," continued she in thought, "what ecstasy in the idea of the quiet, the real happiness I should, I must enjoy at his side, far from the scene of all my guilt and misery! Crimes!—happiness!—for *me* quiet and happiness!—for *me*, in whose heart the

flames of hell are already lighted up! No, no! What is love to me? Away, then, with the idea! I will know nothing more of love;—revenge—revenge be my object!"

The carriage halted, according to the directions given, before a small isolated house on the Rue Mazarin.

"Ring the bell," whispered Maria in getting out, "and ask for Le Verrière; the Swiss will take you for some friend of the house, and let us in directly, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour."

"And where is it we are going to?" asked Henry, taking hold of the handle of the bell.

"O, leave that to me; I know the way," answered she with a sigh.

They were admitted, as she had predicted, without the least difficulty, passed through the court, mounted a narrow staircase, and found themselves on a dark corridor.

"Wait here till I return, Henry; I shall be back almost immediately," whispered Maria, at the same time applying a rusty key to a door and opening it. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "he is there, I see; so much the better for me!" She hesitated for a moment, cast her eyes up to heaven as if supplicating strength, then proceeded onward as noiselessly as she could, gently drew aside the curtain inside the door, and entered the apartment.

Before a solitary lamp sate a figure worn out by labour and grief—perhaps, also, by sorrow and vexation—more like a corpse than a human being. A long black robe covered the meagre body; the dull light of the lamp gave a colour to the visage which was appalling. Upon Maria's entrance, his features were somewhat more animated than usual. He had just been writing; the pen still trembled in his palsied hand; and he was now reading what he had written with evident inward satisfaction. But what he had written was neither good nor charitable; there was not a word in it which breathed of loving kindness, of forgiveness, of mercy; and still the old man was bent down with sorrow or pain; he was tottering on the brink of the grave. The dying man had been completing his last will and testament, and he was now reading the several dispositions it contained. These dispositions, gentle reader, were blasphemies and bitter curses. He felt the hand of death weigh heavy upon him, and still his only thought, at this awful moment, was the ardent wish to transfer unto his heirs the whole burden of his vengeance, his burning hatred, his deathless anger. Whilst reading this devilish document, his ghastly countenance was lit up with a sudden flush of joy, and in this occupation, and with this feeling so fully developed in his face, he was no bad representative of a murderer, at the moment when he plunges his dagger into the bosom of his enemy. A sudden change took place in his appearance; he fancied he heard a noise; he turned round to discover the cause, and his eye fell upon the pale and haggard features of Maria.

"You here, madame?" exclaimed he, starting back.

"I am," said she, advancing a step nearer to him—"Yes, I!"

He seemed as if he wished to call for help.

"Not a word!" exclaimed Maria, in an imperious tone, "not a

word, or it is your last !” and the dagger glittered in her upraised hand.

It was sufficient ; the old man lifted up his arm as if to ward off the threatened blow, and then, overpowered by terror and despair, uttered a faint cry, and fell back in his chair. Maria approached still nearer, and regarded him with a look of mingled compassion and disgust.

“ No, no,” said she ; “ to murder him now would be a dastardly action ; he is more than half dead as it is ;” and saying this, the dagger fell from her hand.

“ I thank thee, my God !” exclaimed she—“ I thank thee that thou hast defeated my sinful purpose.”

She bent over the table, and ran her eye over what he had been writing.

“ His testament !” exclaimed she, and her curiosity induced her to examine it more closely. The commencement had evidently been written at an earlier date ; the conclusion—and the ink was scarcely dry—was as follows :

“ Finally, I bequeath to my children the full measure of my hatred and revenge, and all my curses against their mother. In the name of God, I will and enjoin that they seek, by every means in their power, to heap shame and disgrace upon her whilst living, and upon the accursed grave which shall cover her remains. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”

“ And that it was which he was writing !” said she, with difficulty drawing her breath. “ In the very hour of death was vengeance his only, his uppermost thought ? Shall his very spirit, unquiet in its grave, still watch the walls of my prison-house ?”

With these words, she tore the testament into a thousand pieces, threw the fragments into the fainting man’s face, and retired.

By the means of a stratagem no less ingenious than that by which they had effected their escape, Henry and Maria succeeded in reaching the dungeon cell, where they found Martha in the most peaceful sleep. “ And now, God protect thee,” whispered Henry, before Martha awakened ; “ forget not that one—one kiss upon thy forehead is to crown the happiness I have enjoyed in being permitted to accompany thee.”

“ My forehead is unworthy of thy lips to-day, Henry ;—come to-morrow—but pray this night that heaven, in its mercy, may lend thee strength to forget me. But stop one moment,” added she, plucking off the sickening violets, she had fostered with such patient care ; “ in these flowers, take the most precious treasure the miserable captive can bestow ; they are worth more than the heart thou covetest. Take them, Henry—and be advised in time—require no more of me !”

The following extracts from the celebrated “ *Lettres galantes*,” published at Amsterdam, in the year 1683, will serve to attest the truth of the main particular as above specified, and throw, at the same time, a somewhat clearer light upon the whole affair.

Paris, ———

"You can scarcely have forgotten the history of the parliamentary procurator who revenged himself in so cruel a manner upon his unfortunate wife. Would you believe it, the matter is not yet ended? All Paris speaks of a nightly scene which shortly occurred in the procurator's private cabinet. You know very well I am anything but a freethinker, and to me there is something unnatural and incomprehensible in the whole affair. You must bear in mind that this man was in the habit—at least for some years—of writing his will, long after the other members of the family had retired to rest. It would seem he has long been suffering from some disease which prevents him from sleeping, and which, in the long run, will doubtless cause his death. In my opinion, he will leave the world without much regret, for he enjoyed but very few of its blessings; all he fears is, that his wife may be pardoned. This thought alone is sufficient to rob him of the little reason, which age and infirmities, and grief and sorrow, have left him. For this reason he is always working at his will; the one is no sooner finished, than an idea strikes him and he writes a second, and all his aim hereby is, to make over to his children, relations, and friends, the full measure of his hatred and revenge. Well, not to detain you longer than is necessary, it would seem he was occupied on the night to which I have alluded, as usual, in completing, perusing, and republishing his testament, and had just finished the last codicil, in which he enjoined his children to persecute their mother in every possible way, when all at once he fancied he heard a noise behind him. He lifted up his eyes to see what it was, and whom think you did he see standing by him? his wife—the beautiful Maria de Joyssel, who has been languishing for the last twelve years in one of the moistest cells of St. Pelagie! I need not tell you that this unexpected apparition was enough to stupify the few senses left him. He was on the point of calling out for help, when she drew a dagger from the folds of her breast and threw herself, like a revengeful fury, upon him. Don't be alarmed, 'twas only an illusion. The poor procurator immediately fainted away, and about half an hour afterwards, upon coming to himself, the apparition was gone,—he was alone; but strange enough, the dagger and the testament lay at his feet, the latter torn into a thousand pieces. He called up his people, every corner of the house was examined, but nothing was found that could throw any light upon this mysterious affair. As soon as daylight appeared, weak as he was, he drove to St. Pelagie, to inquire after his wife. He was told that madame was very ill, and had had a bad night. Neither entirely quieted, nor convinced by this information, he insisted upon seeing her, and sister Martha led him to her cell. As soon as he saw the poor woman stretched upon her couch, he exclaimed, 'Don't think to frighten me from my purpose!' In all probability, his excitement had got the better of his reason, and he did not know what he said. He was brought home more dead than alive, and great doubts are entertained of his recovery."

Paris, April.

"I had almost forgotten to mention the procurator de la Gars Ver-

riere. He has been dead some time, and—as people say—his death was mainly accelerated by the apparition, which I think I told you of in a former letter. To the very last he maintained that his wife had murdered him. He summoned his children to his bedside, and required of them, in the presence of the notary and witnesses, and whilst the curé of the parish was administering to him the last consolations of religion, solemnly to promise eternal hatred towards their mother. The two little girls,—the eldest about twelve—wept bitterly. It was to no purpose that the notary represented to him, that he had already far outstepped his legal rights, and to as little purpose that the venerable ecclesiastic endeavoured to inspire him with more Christian feelings. The procurator was obstinate, and eventually succeeded in exacting from his children the solemn promise that they would not contribute towards the liberation of Maria de Joysel from the dungeon in which she has so long been languishing. Hereupon he kissed them, took the crucifix from the hands of the curé, blessed them with the sign of the cross, bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. His unchristian conduct has filled the whole town, court and church, with but one feeling—disgust. It is said the widow has already taken legal measures to obtain her freedom. There is much to be said for and against it. It is very doubtful whether it will be deemed prudent to nullify the testament of a *procurator*."

Immediately upon the death of her husband, Maria de Joysel had, as is above intimated, handed a petition into court, supplicating most urgently for liberty. Meanwhile, overpowered by feelings of compassion and love, Henry Thomé was a constant visitor in the captive's cell. Up to this period she had carefully concealed from him both her name and her history, merely acquainting him that violation of her nuptial vows had brought upon her the miseries she had so long endured, and that in consequence of the recent death of her husband, she had supplicated the court for release. But whilst making this humiliating confession, she was far from encouraging his passion; on the contrary, she exerted all her powers of eloquence to cool the ardency of his affection, expressed her doubt whether she could ever reciprocate his feelings, and concluded by observing, that though she yearned to regain her freedom, it was that she might retire to some distant part of the country where the story of her guilt and misery would be unknown, and where she might devote the rest of her miserable days to the service of her offended God. But love is most ingenious in producing hope even from the most sterile soil, and there was a something which whispered to Henry's heart that the sincerity of his passion and his patient perseverance would still eventually be crowned with success.

But we are not to suppose that Maria was altogether insensible to such devoted affection; though she refused to regard him as a lover, she was grateful for the sincerity of his friendship. From his brow breathed the spirit of uncorrupted youth, and it was with a secret and darkly growing pleasure that she gazed upon his noble countenance. She did not yet own, perhaps she did not yet feel, that she loved him; but

there was an indescribable feeling of desolation in the idea of her quitting her miserable residence in St. Pelagie, for another where his presence and attention would no longer cheer her. He found her one day more dejected than ever; her fate was fixed; sentence had again been passed;—her petition refused,—she was doomed for ever to the dungeons of St. Pelagie.

"Listen to me, Maria," said Henry, upon hearing this intelligence. "God has inspired me with the desire of accomplishing a good work. I could perhaps be the means of procuring you the freedom for which you yearn, if—"

"What is it you mean? Your friendship leads you to attempt what is impracticable."

"I scarcely venture to explain myself, as a great sacrifice must be made by you, if my plan is to succeed."

"God is my witness," exclaimed she, "that I hourly entreat of him to exact some sacrifice from me."

"Well, then, Maria, I will hand in a petition based on human law and Christian mercy, in which I shall demand you in marriage."

Maria fell upon her knees. "Henry," exclaimed she, "what is it you intend?—No, no,—I can never—I dare never give my consent to such a proposal!"

"Your refusal drives me to despair, Maria; have compassion with my devotion, as I have had—still have with your misfortunes! And is it not natural what I demand? Your hand is free, and I love you;—give me then your hand."

"For heaven's sake, dismiss the thought, Henry! And know you, then, to whom it is you offer your hand? I am the widow of Pierre Gars de la Verriere.—I—I—am Maria de Joyssel!"

"I know it," faltered the youth—"and still I know it not; to me you are but the unfortunate captive whom I found in this wretched dungeon,—the woman whose penitence taught me to love her. Trust me, Maria, marriage has been the source of all your past miseries, and marriage it is which shall amply recompense you for them. At my side, and relying on my affection, you shall once more venture to look undaunted upon the world, which has so misused you."

"No, no, Henry; I repeat it, you know me not!" reiterated the unfortunate woman, at the same time drawing a bundle of papers from beneath the pillow of her couch, and handing them to the physician; "read this confession, and if you then remain in your present intention, why then, Henry, I am thine! And now leave till me till to-morrow."

Henry hastened home, unfolded the papers Maria had given him, and was beginning to peruse them, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the Canonici. "Dearest uncle," said he, "I rely upon the goodness of your heart and your assistance in the furtherance of an important undertaking I have now in hand."

"And what is the nature of this important undertaking, Henry?"

"I purpose leading Maria de Joyssel to the altar."

"Poor youth! what a wretched infatuation! Hast thou duly considered the consequence of such a step?"

"I have, dearest uncle, and I am sure your generous heart will

understand the sincerity of mine, and forgive the step, even though you cannot approve it."

"I will do more than that, my son, I will give you both my blessing."

Le Blanc embraced his nephew and left the room. Henry once more alone, returned to the papers.

MARIA'S CONFESSION.

St. Pelagie, 1680.

"In the solitude of the dungeon, I impose upon myself an additional penance; I purpose committing to paper the errors of my miserable existence, and thus, disposed to a more undisturbed consideration of the follies and sins of my past life, by an open self-confession, to purify, in some measure, my soul for eternity; whilst thus disclosing the tortuous labyrinth of sinful infatuation, my repentance will, I trust, be more contrite and sincere. Or am I again deceiving myself with reasons which are plausible only, and is the desire which impels me to the task I have undertaken nothing more than the futile wish to forget the miseries of the present by dwelling in imagination upon the sorrows of the past?

"My native country is Burgundy; I was born in the year 1631. My father, Peter de Joyssel, was under-forester; my grandfather held a more distinguished situation; he was one of the counsellors to Henry IV., who, as a recompense for his faithful services, bestowed on him the title Vicomte de Joyssel, which passed over to my grandfather. My father died young, and left his three children, two sons and a daughter, but scanty means of support. One of these sons died in a cloister; the survivor squandered away the little means of the family. He was a wild and dissolute youth, and our mother, Charlotte Le Sueur, was too weak and too indulgent to restrain his evil propensities. He eventually became acquainted with Monsieur De La Roche Aimon, through whose influence he obtained the command of a regiment in Gascoyne, where he subsequently married. My mother did not long survive the death of her husband; my brother's disorderly conduct had, no doubt, contributed to break a heart upon which bodily illness and mental distress had so long been preying.

"I was but eleven years old when this misfortune befel me. A sister of my mother, married to Vicomte de Montreuil, took me into her house, and provided for my immediate wants. She was a woman of the world, a devotee of fashion, tolerably handsome, and not without elegance of manners and refinement of mind. She had made some noise in the world in her better days, but time had been no more merciful with her than with others, and the remembrance of her beauty and fascination was almost forgotten. I spent one summer with her. The vicomte was in the army under Marshal Turenne. As my aunt herself was not very rich, it was never her intention to bring me up for the world; she reasonably enough determined on placing me in a nunnery. I did not care much about the matter; I had seen my poor mother shed so many bitter tears, that tears were

all I was afraid of. Upon the approach of winter, I was placed in the abbey of St. Salaberge, a religious institution under the direction of Madame Louise de Cassé. Whilst with my aunt I had had an opportunity of observing the manners of the world, and the observations I had made gained additional attraction in comparison with the gloom and the solitude to which I was now doomed. I shuddered at the contrast, and far from turning my thoughts from earth to heaven, my ideas were continually occupied with the remembrance of the happy days I had spent in the Chateau de Montreuil.

"The abbey was full of boarders, members of the first and noblest houses, who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the happy day, which was to see them—not take the veil—but enter the gladsome and joyous world by the side of the man on whom their affections rested. There were but three or four whose fate bore any similarity to mine. The example continually before our eyes, it must be owned, was by no means calculated to give our thoughts a better turn. Our happier sisters could talk of nothing but the splendid prospects which the world held out to them. One of them was betrothed to a cousin, who held a situation at court; another was still more fortunate, her future husband was in immediate attendance upon royalty itself. Low-spirited and visionary, I avoided my companions, to whom the future held out such flowery prospects, and sought the solitude of my cell to dream of happiness, which in reality I was never fated to enjoy. I need not now deny it; I was the handsomest girl in the house, but my companions were not in the least envious. Why? I was poor, and they knew it. They were wont to shrug their shoulders when any chance allusion was made to my superior attractions, and I have heard more than one exclaim, with a haughty toss of the head, 'What's the use of beauty under such conditions?'

"But a short time before the period which was fixed upon for me to take the veil, my aunt lost her husband, and feeling herself lonely and comfortless, fetched me to assist in cheering up her spirits, and supporting her heavy load of sorrows. I must confess I felt an emotion of triumphant vanity when I saw her drive up to the house in her splendid carriage, the very sight of which did what my poor person could not do. It excited feelings of envy in the bosoms of my companions. One of them, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, whispered to another as we were driving off, 'She leaves the place like a princess, but we shall soon see her return in a miserable cart, or still worse, upon a donkey.' These words sank deep into my heart, the arrow with its barb rooted there, and I could not pull it out. 'Return,' said I to myself, 'who knows whether I shall ever return at all?'

"During the first week of mourning my aunt's house was not very lively; but still a very paradise compared with the nunnery I had left behind me. I greedily inhaled the breath of freedom, and hopped and skipped about the grounds with all the hilarity peculiar to youth and innocence. Whenever I entered the drawing-room I ran up to the glass, arranged my hair, and disarranged it, that the pleasure of arranging it might be repeated. It was in the midst of one of these amusing occupations that I was once surprised by my aunt. 'It

strikes me, Maria,' said she, 'that your rosary is more frequently forgotten than the mirror, and I sadly fear the dress of your order will sit very heavy on your shoulders when you return to the abbey; but certainly it is a great pity to lose these beautiful tresses,' added she, running her hand through my hair; 'how beautifully the white bridal veil would contrast with these black luxuriant ringlets!'

"From this time forward my aunt never mentioned a word about the nunnery, and I need scarcely say that my thoughts were further removed from it than ever. I revelled in the freedom with which fortune had blessed me, forgot the past, and thought but little of the future. Whilst in this happy state of freedom and hilarity, La Verriere made his appearance; he was at that time procurator at the court of Melun. He was an old friend of the deceased Vicomte, and had certain affairs to regulate with his widow. His appearance was anything but prepossessing. I remember I thought him a very picture of ugliness. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed to myself; 'how horrible it would be to have that man for a husband!' The procurator was anything but gallant, still less a man of refinement of mind, dressed badly, and never laughed; in one word, his appearance was highly calculated to excite disgust. He favoured me with his particular attention, declared I was a young lady exactly corresponding to his taste, and crowned the whole by demanding my hand in marriage. My heart struggled hard against such an odious proposition; but the language of the heart was presently drowned by the greater eloquence of worldly reasoning, and after long consideration, the fatal wish to be the mistress of a house, and perfectly independent, of which I could not divest myself, induced me to give my consent. It was possible, I thought, that my lover was not altogether so unamiable as I had at first taken him to be; my aunt enlarged upon his wealth, his carriages, his villa. The tempter in my soul bribed my tongue into his service, and the irrevocable *yes* was uttered. On the day of my marriage I would have given all I ever hoped to possess, could I have been conveyed back to the dreaded nunnery.

"For three miserable long weeks we lived peaceably enough together; upon this my husband went up to Paris, where he had some hopes of procuring a more lucrative situation, and here it was where his character showed itself in its true colours. We inhabited a solitary house in the Rue Mazarin, and I was not permitted to stir out of the door. I remember him flying into a tremendous passion at my having unwittingly ventured to open the window. 'Pray, what is it you are looking at, madame?' 'Nothing but the weather.' 'Or rather,' added he, greatly exasperated, 'at the passers by.' It was truly ridiculous to see the violence with which he shut the window.

"I was too ignorant, or rather too inexperienced in the ways of the world, to accommodate myself to such treatment. Three years passed over our heads, in which Heaven blessed me with two children. But my soul thirsted for revenge, and an opportunity soon presented itself. A cousin of my husband's unexpectedly paid us a visit; his name was Philip de Montbrun; he was an officer in a regiment of dragoons, at that time in Champagne, a handsome man of a lively disposition, who carried his head and sword with equal grace and ele-

gance, and who met with no great difficulty in his conquest of my heart. Our eyes exchanged looks, which were perfectly understood by both, sixty times at least within the first hour I saw him ; but few elapsed before our hands were joined.

* * * *

"We could not find any carriage in readiness, and were obliged to effect our flight on Montbrun's horse. It was his intention to conduct me to one of his most intimate friends, who resided at Corbeil, but the weather became so boisterous some hours after we left Paris, that we were obliged to take shelter in the first house we met on the road. We descended at the gate ; our entrance was truly ridiculous. In the supposition that it was some friends who had arrived, the master of the house came out with open arms to receive us ; but no sooner did his eye fall upon our dripping clothes, and truly comfortless exterior, than he turned and was about to shut the door in our faces ; but before he could accomplish this uncharitable deed, Montbrun found means to prevent him. 'Be not displeased, monsieur,' said he, 'that under existing circumstance, sorely pressed, as you see, by the raging elements without, we had unconsciously taken your chateau for an inn, in contradistinction to Don Quixote, who, you will remember, had a strange propensity to take inns for castles.' The gentleman laughed at this joke, which at once gave him to understand that we were persons of education, and immediately showed himself more hospitably inclined. He invited us to supper, and in the openness of heart peculiar to youth we confided to him the object of our journey. This day was the happiest of my life. I bitterly repent, nay, curse my errors, but even at this moment I cannot curse this day. Our host proved himself so kindly disposed towards us, that we were easily induced to remain with him the next three days. On the morning of the fourth we again set off for Corbeil, where his friend and wife received us most warmly ; but we had scarcely got comfortably settled beneath the hospitable roof of our friends, when the procurator succeeded in finding us out. We endeavoured to escape, but it was too late. We were overtaken on the road to Melun, and Montbrun was obliged to yield to superiority of physical force.

"Thus violently separated, we both returned to Paris. What a return ! I was conveyed to the Madelonettes, where for the whole following month I heard nothing of my husband or Montbrun. There were at that time several other penitents, inmates of this institution, most of them members of good families, who had not yet entirely forgotten and foresworn all the pleasures of this life. The rules of the house were not particularly rigorous ; the poor Magdalenes were permitted the indulgence of some occasional freedom, and those who were more particularly favoured were allowed to visit the garden every morning and evening. I was one of these—why, I could never exactly divine—certainly not at the instigation of my husband, who had expressly enjoined the strictest seclusion. In the garden we were all children once more ; past miseries were forgotten, and the future was scarcely or ever thought of ; our greatest pleasure was to chase the butterflies and to pelt each other with roses. We made confidants of each other, and instead of shrinking from any mention of

those errors which had brought us to what we were, we found a secret pleasure in dwelling upon them in remembrance.

"At the end of six months I was informed the procurator was at the grating, and wished to see me; at the same time I was given to understand that in case I manifested a hearty and sincere repentance he was ready and willing to forget and forgive the past, and receive me again into his house. I was not long in deliberating as to the line of conduct to be pursued. I met him with visible hatred and contempt; he had got uglier than ever. When he began talking about a reconciliation, I spoke of conditions instead of listening to his. I insisted on perfect and unrestrained freedom to visit the theatres, and every other place of public amusement, whenever I felt the inclination, and to look out at the window as often as I pleased. Up to this period the procurator had ever borne the semblance of a human being, although it must be confessed one of the ugliest of the species; but he now became all at once metamorphosed into a very demon. 'Well then, madam,' exclaimed he, foaming with rage, 'you will remain here two years longer, and if, at the expiration of that time, I still find you unworthy of my forgiveness, the law shall take its course, and your hair shall be shorn from your head, your body shall be flogged till the blood follow the lashes, and you yourself conveyed to the black hole.' With these words he left me, and I saw him no more. I had still, however, some presentiment that I should soon experience a change in his resolution, and the very next day I was again summoned to the grating. It was his clerk, who handed me a letter, which I refused to take. 'Take it—take it,' said the young man, in an earnest tone of voice, and with a compassionate expression of countenance; 'take it, I assure you you will not repent it.' I took the letter and broke it open. How great was my surprise to discover the handwriting of my beloved Montbrun! I hastened to my solitary cell, and read as follows:

"Dearest Maria,

"Thank Heaven, I have at last found out where you are. The knowledge has cost me difficulty, which I need not here dwell upon. Without the assistance of the honest youth, who has undertaken to convey these lines to you, I should not have succeeded as yet. And is it then possible that thy husband has proceeded to such rigorous extremities? But I need not ask the question; the fact speaks for itself. But take heart, dearest, thou hast a cruel persecutor, but at the same time a champion who will defeat all his malice. I have succeeded in obtaining leave of absence, and am here, solely for the sake of liberating thee. Take courage, my beloved, and above all things contrive to be in the garden this evening at eleven o'clock. There will be but a wall between us, and I have provided with greater security the means of flight. Heaven preserve and bless thee!

PHILIP MONTBRUN.

"Everything succeeded according to wish. I pretended to be indisposed, concealed myself, towards evening, in an arbour of the garden, and awaited, with a beating heart, the man who was to break my

chains. Nor did I wait in vain ; before midnight I had left the walls of my prison-house far behind me. We hastened to Compeigne, where we hired a house under an assumed name, and spent two months in the most blissful retirement. But our secluded life became at last monotonous, particularly for Philip, and the more so as the approaching winter prevented us from enjoying our delightful walks through the adjacent woods.

"Towards the end of December, Montbrun left me, for the purpose, as he said, of arranging some business with the Duc de Penthiere. I expected him to return in about three days, but he remained away three weeks, and was, upon his return, colder than he had been at parting. Too soon I discovered that his heart was no longer mine. He went—and never returned. He sent me money, unaccompanied by a single line ;—I comprehended the full measure of my misery—my heart was broken !

"In the midst of winter I hastened to Paris, where I eventually succeeded in discovering his place of residence. My suspicions were realised. Montbrun's present mistress was more experienced than I ; she understood the art of retaining what I had irrevocably lost. My feelings were of such a nature, that they drove me to the most desperate resolutions. I purchased a dagger, and at an early hour of the morning repaired to the house where I had learned his mistress dwelt. I had been told she was passionately fond of dress, and my plans were taken accordingly. I provided myself with a choice selection of lace, and was introduced into her presence. I trembled like an aspen leaf. She was also beautiful, fair and languishing, and her manners were extremely graceful. I had not been long in the room when Montbrun himself entered. He no sooner saw me than his countenance became deadly pale.

"*'You here, Maria ?'* exclaimed he.

"*'Yes, I,'* answered I, at the same time drawing the dagger from my bosom.

"*'Back !'* cried I, seeing his mistress approach to restrain my violence—*'back, or you pay the forfeit with your life !'*

"These words were no sooner uttered than she fainted. Montbrun hastened to her assistance, without paying any further attention to me. I was now perfectly bereft of reason, and struck my dagger into the heart which had once so warmly loved me ! I had scarcely given the blow when my strength failed me, and I sank upon the floor by his side, covered his hands with my kisses, and bathed them with my tears.

"*'Remain not here, Maria,'* said he, *'or we are all lost ; the people of the house will soon be aware that something has happened, and it will then be too late. My wound is not mortal ; I shall order my people to convey me to the Rue Hautfeuille, where you may visit me.'*

"I snatched up the murderous weapon from the floor, and was dastard enough to leave him to his fate.

"In all probability he died within the hour. I waited till long after midnight in the Rue Hautfeuille, but to no purpose. It was not long before I heard of his death. His mistress was not suspected ; in his

last moments he had confessed himself the author of his death. This was the information I received; whether correct or not, I never was able to ascertain with any certainty. I took up my residence in the Rue Hautfeuille, in the fond expectation that I had been misinformed, and that Montbrun was still in existence. But with the returning spring the love of life became stronger in my bosom, and repentance and grief, though not entirely discarded from my heart, no longer usurped it.

"About this time chance threw in my path one of my youthful companions, whose feet, like mine, had wandered on the flowery path of sin. My acquaintance with her extinguished the few sparks of virtue which might till then have been slumbering in my bosom. I sank deep—O, how deep! My heart was dead within me. I forgot the past, heeded not the future; heaven and Montbrun were obliterated from my memory—my very children were forgotten!

"This lasted a whole year, when, in spite of my assumed name, I was discovered. The procurator seized my person, and, to make sure of it, had me conveyed to St. Pelagie—to this open grave—where there is no garden, no companion, no friend! My last and only comfort is the remembrance of Montbrun. But him alone I have ever truly loved. Next to my heart I wear the steel which drank his blood; it is pointed for my own breast!"

To this confession Maria had appended the two sentences which, at the suit of her husband, the court had pronounced against her. The first was dated September 14, 1672, and enjoined,

"That Maria de Joyssel should, at the disposition of her husband, be conveyed to some place of security, there to remain, in her usual dress, for the space of two years; that, during this period, it be at his option to take her again into his house, or, in case he do not think proper to take such step upon the expiration of the stated time, that the hair be shorn from her head, and that she be clothed in the penitentiary dress."

This sentence was confirmed by another from the Court of Appeals, dated March 9th, 1673, and judgment was executed accordingly.

LOVE'S IGNIS FATUUS.¹

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

"He follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered his frail shins: at last I left him
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chin."

TEMPEST.

CHAPTER VII.

The Double Likeness.

In order to carry on a war with any prospect of success, it is indispensably necessary to study the country which is to become its theatre. François I. would not have lost all—save honour—at Pavia, had he been better acquainted with the field of battle.

Bearing this truth in mind, d'Harcourt, since that is now his name, employed several days in an attentive examination of the internal arrangement of the Magnificent, and of the cabins respectively occupied by the passengers.

With the exception of the two Smyrniotes, they were all lodged in the after part of the ship. The milliner and M. Champlain, by a lucky chance, or by tacit agreement, occupied two small cabins in front of the poop. The poop itself was divided into four parts. 1. The cabin of d'Harcourt; 2. That appropriated to the d'Argentières, separated from the first by a passage communicating with, 3. The common saloon, which was used also as a dining room, and 4. The sleeping cabinet of M. and Madame Bergerac. This last apartment was at the opposite angle of the poop from d'Harcourt's, and was lighted, as was also the common room, from the stern windows.

Every morning, at ten o'clock, the different parties assembled, and breakfast was served. Madame Bergerac and Madame d'Argentières alone occasionally broke through this common rule, and took their breakfast in their own apartments. After this, the party usually went on deck to walk, to read, or to converse. Half past five was the hour of dinner, at which every one was present, and this was succeeded by general conversation until it grew dark. Then those who wished to employ themselves, or to seek repose, retreated to their respective cabins, and those who were fond of later hours remained together in the public room until eleven or twelve o'clock.

After deep reflection upon this distribution of time and place, d'Harcourt, much to his dissatisfaction, perceived that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to procure a *tête-à-tête* with Madame Bergerac, of more than ten minutes' duration, or to engage her in any conversation without constant danger of interruption.

He now became aware that he must employ attentions rather than

¹ Continued from p. 204.

protestations, words rather than deeds. To this end he must seize furtively, and without betraying himself, all those thousand little opportunities, which lovers can improve the more easily that indifferent spectators heed them not. He pursued this plan for some days; but as the flame of his passion burnt more fiercely from being confined in so narrow a space, unable, at last, to endure this constant constraint, he racked his brain to discover some vent for the impatience which consumed him inwardly.

Should he write to Madame Bergerac?—No, no; that is a game fit only for those who can play no other. Besides, convinced as he was that the lady had received the rash note he had written to her at Nantes, d'Harcourt thought he had reason to suppose she had taken it in bad part, and that he had already gone too far in writing *once*.

At last, an idea seized him which he welcomed as a bright inspiration. His disguise as an artist was not assumed without some reasonable chance of supporting the character; he really could draw and paint very fairly.

He therefore managed the conversation at dinner, one day, so skilfully, as to make his offer to draw Madame Bergerac's likeness in pastel appear the most natural thing in the world. The captain supported the proposition, and the artist was already scarcely able to restrain his joy, when the lady herself punished his too confident anticipations, by flatly refusing to sit to him.

This check discouraged Albert; and gave him some uneasy feelings with regard to his ultimate success; but when a man who has his wits about him is in an embarrassed position, he generally finds some fool or other to extricate him from it.

"Ah! true," cried M. d'Argentières, "you are an artist; upon my word, I had almost forgotten it; I am very glad this circumstance has recalled it to my memory."

Then, turning to his wife, the retired *négociant* addressed her with a smile, that displayed every tooth in his head, and made his ears start back a couple of inches at least.

"Madame d'Argentières," said he, "you will not be so disdainful as Madame Bergerac, I hope? Shall we request M. d'Harcourt to do you?"

M. d'Argentières had a perfect passion for having his wife *done*, as he called it. She had already been done in crayons, in water colours, in oils; on paper, on canvass, on wood, on copper. Nothing was wanting but to have her done in pastel; and here had Providence furnished him with an artist in the middle of the ocean, to do her in that very style.

Now, Madame d'Argentières was about one of the ugliest creatures you could expect to fall in with between the two poles.

Belonging to the odious class of stout ladies, she had a flat forehead, green eyes, an eruptive complexion, long teeth, and a smile—like her husband's.

Mademoiselle d'Argentières promised to become, as she grew up, a worthy daughter of such a mother. Consequently the happy father had already had her done in crayons, and was much in the habit of saying to his wife,

"Madame d'Argentières, your daughter will be your last and best likeness!"

On hearing the flattering proposal of her husband, Madame d'Argentières, with the family smile, replied,

"Certainly, I shall be most happy to be done by M. d'Harcourt;" and as she spoke she turned that smile upon him, revised and augmented to render it more seductive.

"This will be your nineteenth, mamma," observed the little girl, affecting an air of cleverness.

"Exactly so!" added M. d'Argentières.

D'Harcourt listened with considerable disdain to this proposal, and was about to get rid of it by some satirical subterfuge, when suddenly he changed his mind, like a man inspired, and assured M. d'Argentières, with the most winning politeness, that he should be most happy to execute the nineteenth portrait of *madame*.

"Well, Madame d'Argentières, will you begin at once?" said the husband, rising from the table.

His fat wife was about to follow his example, when the artist motioned to her to remain where she was.

"Pray do not move," he said, "you are in an excellent light."

He could not restrain a quiet smile as he gave utterance to this piece of irony. The good lady was seated by Madame Bergerac's side, whose loveliness made her monstrosity stand out in high relief—but the artist had his own reasons for maintaining that proximity.

In a moment his chalks and his paper were ready, and he was installed on an ottoman parallel to the stern of the ship, and facing Madame d'Argentières and Madame Bergerac.

"What position will you choose, madame?" asked he, absently.

"Ah, to be sure," cried her husband, "how will you be done, Madame d'Argentières?"

"I fear I can hardly find any way in which I have not been done already," replied the fat lady, affectedly. "However," resumed she, turning a little, "perhaps . . . three quarters . . . if M. d'Harcourt pleases."

"Why, that's the way you were done the last time, mamma," observed the daughter again.

"Very true," cried the husband, striking his forehead; "it is astonishing what a memory that child has!"

"Well then, Madame d'Argentières, let it be a profile," continued he, himself turning his wife's chair in the required direction.

"I should prefer a full face," said the lady.

And she again displayed before the table her voluminous charms and her rubicund countenance.

"Have you made up your mind, madam, and may I begin?" asked d'Harcourt, impatient at the delay occasioned by these family deliberations.

M. and Mademoiselle d'Argentières were each about to hazard one last observation; but the fat lady, with a solemn gesture, imposed silence, and levelling her glance and her smile upon the artist, presented to him the very personification of a Chinese monster.

On her left was Madame Bergerac, apparently absorbed in her own

thoughts; on her right stood her daughter, who held her hand, and preserved the immobility of a statue, as though she also were sitting for her portrait.

M. d'Argentières had risen from the table to judge of the effect of his wife's attitude, from the point where d'Harcourt sat; he was greatly pleased with it; and, having complimented her with a gracious inclination of the head, threw himself upon the couch by d'Harcourt's side, saying that he would feast his eyes at once upon the original and the copy.

But this happy idea seemed nowise to the artist's taste.

"Monsieur," he said, your impatience is very natural; but really I fear your attention will distract mine; and for Madame d'Argentières' sake as well as my own, I would rather not show my work until it is finished."

"Quite right!" said the husband, retreating with ready docility; "I can perfectly understand.... distraction.... sympathy!.... A very great painter made the same observation to me long ago; do you remember, Madame d'Argentières, the artist who did you in ivory, in the steam-boat from Tours to Saumur?"

Madame d'Argentières bobbed her head slightly, and made a sign to her husband not to ask her any more questions.

"Papa," said the little girl, "you know mamma never can bear to speak whilst she is sitting."

"Very true," said M. d'Argentières. And he commenced walking, or rather turning upon his own length in a corner of the diminutive apartment, until at last remarking that his boots made too much noise on the floor, he went on tip-toe to seat himself opposite his wife, at a respectful distance from the painter.

D'Harcourt had commenced his task. He handled his chalks with a rapidity and dexterity that astonished all the company. M. d'Argentières was open-mouthed with admiration; never had he seen such a pencil! But what surprised him most of all was that the artist seemed scarcely for a moment to look at his model.

In fact, Albert was chatting with everybody, and looking at every face, rather than the one he was employed in painting. It seemed as though he affected, not only not to turn his eyes toward her, but to avoid fixing them on any particular person for more than a moment at a time.

This might have been that he feared to betray the point towards which they most frequently wandered, the only object that he really and attentively looked upon, in the midst of all this seeming carelessness and inattention.

This object (need we say?) was Madame Bergerac.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Done' in pastel.

Albert Thorigny was portraying the features of her he loved, whilst the pretended d'Harcourt was supposed to be taking the likeness of Madame d'Argentières.

For any one who had been in the secret, nothing could have been

more diverting than the set smile of the fat lady, the admiration and the rapturous exclamations of the husband, the imperturbable gravity of the daughter, and the anxious appearance of expectation that pervaded the whole party.

"*Morbleu !*" replied M. d'Argentières for the twentieth time, "it is not so much the rapidity of M. d'Harcourt's crayon that astonishes me, as the rapidity of his glance."

In the mean time, as it was absolutely necessary, in order to mislead the lookers-on, that the artist should appear to study his supposed model, and as he wished, on his own account, to study his real one, he took care to make use of his glass occasionally, under the pretence of analysing with more exactness the classical lines of Madame d'Argentières' face; and whilst the direction his eye took was thus masked, he scanned with care and attention the exquisite and delicate features of Madame Bergerac.

Her attitude was at that moment as easy as it was graceful. Seated indolently on her chair, and stooping slightly, her bust was inclined gently forwards, whilst her head was raised with a natural and graceful bend, that diminished nothing of the harmonious outline of her neck. Her fair hair falling back upon her shoulders, descended in ringlets of silk and gold, which shone and sparkled in the light of the evening sun, that entered from behind by the cabin windows. Her eyes were fixed upon the ceiling in apparent unconsciousness, and, half veiled by their long lashes, seemed to swim beneath their lids, as did her mind to float in an ocean of indistinct and dreamy thought. Her right hand, concealed beneath the lace of her pelerine, as if to count the beatings of her heart, supported her elbow, whilst the fingers of her left played in the long curls of her flowing hair.

Such was the sweet and poetical picture that d'Harcourt was endeavouring to reproduce, whilst Madame d'Argentières continued in vain to display before him her unwieldy person and her grotesque physiognomy.

The secret purpose of the painter was wonderfully favoured by the immobility consequent on the reverie in which Madame Bergerac was plunged. Already the perfect oval of her face was traced, the silky lines of her eyebrows were arched above her eyes, those eyes already sparkled, and the lips were parted with a smile. A little more light upon the golden hair, and that admirable head will be transferred in all its speaking loveliness to the inanimate paper.

The artist, enchanted with his own performance, was bestowing upon the copy some part of the admiration with which the original inspired him, and congratulating himself on the perfect success of his stratagem, when an incident occurred which had nearly betrayed all, and ruined his scheme.

M. d'Argentières, who had sat in the same place for near half-an-hour without obtaining any answer to the questions he from time to time addressed to his wife, beyond the remonstrance which his daughter had already bestowed on him, began to lose patience, and to find the sitting somewhat tedious. He longed to obtain a single glance at the portrait, that he might see at least how far it was advanced.

After taxing his ingenuity to devise some clever and delicate excuse

for disobeying the painter's injunctions, he conceived he had hit upon something marvellous, when he bethought him of opening the muslin window curtains, under pretence of giving him more light.

Charmed with this idea, he rose as if to resume his walk, smiled upon his wife with an expression that announced he was bent on mischief, and crossing the room diagonally towards the windows, leant over D'Harcourt's shoulder, and examined the paper as he passed.

The artist turned instinctively at his approach, and perceived close behind him the goggle eyes of the retired *négociant*, devouring the unfinished portrait.

At the same moment M. d'Argentières, triumphing in the success of his trick, stunned D'Harcourt's ears with a burst of laughter, as he cried in a tone full of roguery, "Ah! ha! you are finely caught—I have seen it all."

Albert was convinced that his stratagem had been discovered; the pencil fell from his hand, and he reddened as he glanced rapidly towards Madame Bergerac and her husband, and then bent a furious and threatening frown upon M. d'Argentières.

"Monsieur," said the latter, confounded at his look, "if I have offended you, I assure you the temptation was irresistible, and I am delighted with what I have seen."

Then turning towards his wife, and making a sign to D'Harcourt to continue his work,

"Striking," he said, "striking! Madame d'Argentières, I never saw a more perfect likeness!"

At these words, so different from what he expected, Albert comprehended that the mischievous Vandal of a husband had confounded the loveliest angel of heaven with the ugliest imp of darkness; and instead of apologising for the trick, as he was on the point of doing, he thanked the *négociant* for his commendations, and struggled hard to smother the laughter that was bursting within him.

He then resumed his task, whilst M. d'Argentières whispered in the ear of his fat spouse—

"You have never been *done* in such a way, my dear; only, I imagine your painter is anxious to stand well with you, for, between ourselves, the likeness is somewhat flattering, and he has made you a *little* more youthful than you really are. But that is, perhaps, merely the effect of the pastel."

The smile which had appeared on Madame d'Argentières' lips at the commencement of this confidential communication, was succeeded, at its conclusion, by an ominous frown that made her husband sink back in confusion to his chair.

Warned by this lesson, D'Harcourt hastened to put the finishing touches to Madame Bergerac's portrait. Then, covering it adroitly with a new sheet of paper, with half-a-dozen scratches of his pencil he produced a likeness of Madame d'Argentières—herself to the very life! that is to say, a complete caricature!

Upon this, the fat lady, relieved at last from her constrained position, heaved an enormous sigh, and allowed her lips to rejoin each other, by which manœuvre she masked her teeth, to the great advantage of her general appearance.

M. d'Argentières arose, rubbing his hands with delight; the interesting child leapt joyfully into her mother's arms, and the whole party flocked round that happy and united family, as the artist presented the portrait to the eyes of the original.

Would that I were a painter—a painter in the style of Biard or of Charlet, that I might make visible to the reader's eye all the various grimaces that d'Harcourt's sketch drew forth from the assembled party.

The likeness was striking, as M. d'Argentières had said, little thinking that his dullness would prove prophetic.

Every one was forced tacitly to confess it, though each qualified the confession with more or less of politeness or displeasure: politeness on the part of the spectator, displeasure on that of the D'Argentières.

The silence was at first general and rather embarrassing; presently it was broken in upon by stifled bursts of merriment on the one side, and low murmurs of anger on the other.

M. d'Argentières at last took courage to give utterance to his feelings in words.

"It is extraordinary," he said, taking the paper from his wife's hand, and holding it to the light to get a better view of the portrait; "it is inconceivable! I see the resemblance—that is—in short—I see it, because—I know it is meant for her. But what bewilders me is—that I do not in the least recognise the portrait I saw just now before M. d'Harcourt! I never should have imagined that two strokes of a pencil could have transformed a face so entirely! I am afraid it is finished, worked up too much!—Some artists have a mania for that sort of thing!—It is a fault, which may have its advantages, no doubt; but——"

Not knowing how to finish his sentence, he restored the drawing to his wife, asking her at the same time, as though he had expressed an intelligible opinion, "Do you not agree with me, Madame d'Argentières?"

Madame d'Argentières snatched the paper from him, and would willingly have thrown it out of the window; she pretended to examine it again, rolled her green eyes, and with a wry face, like a child's who had swallowed a spoonful of salt, mistaking it for sugar, replied:

"I am far from denying M. d'Harcourt's talent—very far from it indeed. But I say that I think you were mistaken, D'Argentières, in saying that he had made me younger than I am."

"Certainly! certainly!" interposed the husband, "I said that before the last finishing touches were given! I could not foresee——"

"But stay," he continued, again at a loss for words to complete his phrase, "let us consult these ladies and gentlemen; M. d'Harcourt might, perhaps, after hearing their opinions—by retouching it a little ——"

The drawing circulated from hand to hand. Madame d'Argentières was as uncomfortable upon her chair, as a criminal in the pillory.

"The features have certainly some resemblance to those of the

model," said Madame Bergerac; "but I think they are exaggerated, and the whole picture represents Madame as older than she really is."

And, having bestowed a compassionate glance on the poor lady, she directed another towards the painter, which was intended to say, "How ill-natured of you!"

This D'Harcourt translated into, "How satirical you are!" Thus changing the reproach into a compliment: and perhaps he was not entirely mistaken.

"I am no great judge of painting," said Bergerac, "but this is certainly not the way in which I should wish to have my wife's likeness taken."

Albert could not restrain a smile, as he pressed to his heart the portfolio that contained the portrait of Madame Bergerac.

"For my part," gravely said one of the Smyrniotes, who had not yet spoken, "I am quite of M. d'Argentières's opinion; the picture is worked up too much."

The poor man had caught up the phrase without understanding it, and made use of it the more readily, that he thought it gave him the appearance of being a connoisseur.

"I think it is Madame d'Argentières all over," said Mademoiselle Hyacinthe, maliciously; she had her own reasons for detesting the lady in question.

"Ah! fi donc!" interposed M. Champlein, like a gallant bachelor, "it is quite a libel upon madame!"

M. Champlein had divided his day and his attentions into two equal parts; in the morning he worshipped the milliner; in the evening he paid his court to Madame d'Argentières. It was now seven o'clock, so the portrait was submitted to him at the most favourable season.

"What do you say to it, darling?" he continued in a coaxing tone, as he passed the paper to the little girl.

"O, mamma," cried the child, whose infant mind was unsophisticated by tact; "it is so like you that I could kiss it!"

And she suited the action to the word.

If the full-grown malice of Mademoiselle Hyacinthe was like the prick of a needle, the childish instinct of her daughter resembled the stab of a dagger to Madame d'Argentières' feelings.

To put an end to her tortures, she rose from her seat, and proposed going on deck; the whole party readily followed her example.

D'Harcourt followed the fat lady's movements with his eye: he saw her crush the unfortunate likeness in her hand, and throw it impatiently into the sea.

"O, mamma!" exclaimed the little girl, "what *have* you done?"

"Mon Dieu!" said Madame d'Argentières, "the paper has fallen overboard; I am so vexed. D'Argentières, go and make my excuses to M. d'Harcourt, like a good creature."

M. d'Argentières did as he was bid, and expatiated on his own and his wife's regrets.

He even inquired of the captain whether it would not be possible to man a boat and recover the drawing.

"No, no!" said d'Harcourt, laughing, "you see how the waves have crushed it already."

THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.

THE Lord Mayor and Sheriffs having presented their compliments and requested the honour of my company to dinner at Guildhall on the Ninth of November 1842, I availed myself with pleasure of the invitation, and presented myself and my card at the door at five o'clock in the evening of that day, and after being duly intercepted and inspected by a few vigilant individuals, with wands, sashes, and kid gloves, at the threshold, was at length permitted to pass the barrier which excluded the promiscuous population of London from the scene of the approaching festivity.

Gorgeous was the sight that broke on my astonished gaze—and strange the feelings awakened by the scene! The old edifice, with its gigantic roof, and marble monuments, and stately columns, was now illuminated with theatrical brilliancy,—crimson drapery of newest manufacture relieved the cold architecture of the walls,—the effigies of departed heroes were shaded by silken banners, and this ancient municipal temple seemed “for this night only” to be tricked out in all the paraphernalia of civic jubilee and display.

At six o'clock a signal was given to the company to be seated, and a band of music stationed in a gallery erected at the bottom of the hall struck up one of its grandest marches, when the pageantry of the day closed with a procession round the hall, headed by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and graced by the late Lord Mayor, the aldermen, the chief officers of the corporation, and the distinguished visitors invited to the banquet—including her Majesty's ministers, the judges and the foreign ambassadors,—and each bearing a lady on his arm. The distinguished visitors did not talk as they passed, and appeared conscious of nothing so much as that all eyes were upon them, and that justice would be done to them according to their respective merits, and the particular prejudices of the spectators. Arrived at the grand table at the top of the hall, the Lord Mayor and his guests took their seats, and preliminary formalities being ended, another signal was given for dinner to commence.

The sensation communicated to the company by the presence of the great with whom they were for the nonce associated, was now succeeded by one of a less intellectual character. One universal feeling of hunger pervaded the whole assembly. Each had his part to play, and was enabled, by that best of qualifications, a good appetite, to play it to perfection. One alloy to carnal bliss there certainly was, and that was the unhappy temperature of the turtle, which was only indifferently *warm*! But with this single exception everything was good, and every one seemed inclined to think so. With vigour and celerity the citizens now entered on the pleasing avocation which had called them together. The band of music kept continually playing popular airs, and, with the clatter of plates and dishes, the buzz of conversation, and the bustle of the waiters, gave unceasing animation to the scene. In the centre of the hall over the entrance door

was a gallery filled with strangers who it was hoped had had *their* dinners, and at the grand end above the principal table was another containing particular friends of the Lord Mayor too poorly or too young to attend the dinner. On each side of the hall, upon pedestals, stood two men in armour, who from the gravity of their deportment, and the absence of anything like speculation in their eyes, were universally understood to be effigies; but, close to them upon either side were two round tables, standing many feet above the heads of the people, on each of which, covered with a white table-cloth, rested a huge family joint of Brobdignag dimensions, presided over by a respectable-looking individual, in plain clothes, who proved that *he* was no effigy by keeping continually carving the said family joint with a pertinacity as though he had been brought *up* to it (which he had been) and had sworn to go on carving until he came to the end of it, truly amazing. The "joints" in question were the famous barons of beef; they formed the most substantial ingredient of the feast, and the most conspicuous objects in the hall; and the very energetical gentlemen whose happiness it was to fill the high office of carving them acquitted themselves with credit and *eclat*. Being such prominent objects of attention, of course it came to the knowledge of everyone that those were the barons of beef,—and then the ladies and gentlemen curious in culinary lore and superstitious even in such *trifles*, fancied that there must be something especially appropriate in tasting some of the baron—which accordingly they desired to do. One gentleman, who had ordered a plate of "the baron," whispered me in confidence, but did not wish it to go any further, that *he* had tasted it in order just to say that he *had* tasted it, but he found it *very* indifferent;—but others, who were less fastidious, managed to get through *their* quantum, by way of laying a foundation, as they said, for the after courses.

Smoking turkeys are put upon the tables, and people wish they had not taken the baron. Pheasants follow, and then partridges and pullets, and comestibles of all and every seasonable variety. The champagne is now made to fly, and careless gentlemen pretend they can't find their wine glasses and so to save time offer to take theirs in tumblers. Here and there perhaps delicate looking persons may refuse to partake of the sparkling beverage, declaring they would rather "stick to their sherry,"—but there is little resisting the vortex of such conviviality as that of the Lord Mayor's Dinner—the waiter, having no time to lose, seems to threaten to fill your glass or pour the wine into your lap, so take it you must, the music seems to send it down, and the gentle exhilaration it conveys obliterates all power of remorse. One gentleman more strongly excited than the rest, somehow seems always to have a bottle of champagne in his hand; two or three of his neighbours remark that they have seen him challenge at least as many as thirty people already;—a watch is set on him—and the mystery is at length revealed; he had *brought his OWN CHAMPAGNE!*—though how he got it in, and how he managed it altogether, and where the dickens he stows it, nobody can divine.

The noise now increases. Bashful swains—some such there always

will be, even at the best regulated festivals—who were once too modest to enter into conversation, now begin to quiz and declare their hidden opinions upon things in general. Ladies, who at the first stood upon their “gentility,” smiled courteously but with dignified reserve, and if a vulgar deputy happened to wink his eye at the turtle, or rub his hands at the approach of a savory dish, turned their heads awry—now begin to laugh loud, and ask questions of anybody and everybody. The gentleman with the private champagne takes wine with the folks all over again, and every one begins to say what he likes and ask for whatever he fancies. One specimen of modesty, who at first was satisfied with anything he could get, actually had the audacity to half lift a leveret out of a dish, and giving him a box of the ears vented an abusive epithet and dismissed the poor inanimate object with savage contempt. Others preserved a calmness in their enjoyment; one contemplative character there was with his cuffs turned up, his napkin fastened through his coat button-hole, and one elbow resting in a Selim curry, sitting with his waistcoat half thrown open, and looking as much as to say “Mortal that I am, I can eat no more!” The private champagne gentleman, having (as he acknowledged to me) several bottles yet unopened, now could not contain himself but he must take wine with all the stewards! He had conceived the idea, and he had made the resolve, and nothing seemed likely to dissuade him from his bent. He fixed his wild eyes upon one of those august functionaries, made several ineffectual attempts to bring him to a *tête-à-tête*, called him by his name, beckoned to him as he passed, and tried to catch hold of his wand,—but all to no purpose. At length he succeeded in laying hold of the official gentleman’s coat tail, and the more the steward resented the indignity, the more the champagne gentleman held him tight and wouldn’t let him go. Finding himself thus enthralled, and that he had no alternative but to comply, he yielded to his fate and consented to exchange the civilities required; the potation was quaffed, and his tormentor released him—when he was in a moment lost amid the crowd, and never showed his face in the same vicinity again.

The choristers above now chant forth “Non Nobis Domine,” and the company stand up to listen to it and look about them. What the effect of those “solemn sweeping concords” may have been upon the sensibilities of the multitude present might be an interesting theme for speculation, but for which there is no time just now. They behaved very well upon the whole, and some of the worthy corporators put on their spectacles to look at the singers.

Now come the *pinés*. It would not be fitting to charge the citizens with sensuality, but they undoubtedly have, (as an “honourable member” near me phrased it,) *males and females of both sexes*, an extraordinary penchant for pines. As the affrighted waiter pours them upon the table, they are seized with convulsive rapacity; “appetite grows by what it feeds on,” and then calls for more; choruses of pretexts are raised for a fresh supply—all the last, of course, were bad ones, or they hadn’t had any at all. The steward is appealed to,—and one requisitionist, whose heart was in the cause, was seen to endeavour to propitiate that dignitary by offering him an apple as a bribe. The

latter seemed anxious to excuse himself and set himself right with the disappointed gentleman, whom he knew and esteemed, by entering confidentially with him into a full and statistical explanation as to how *very* delicately he was circumstanced as regarded the pines, for that he as well as his fellow-stewards had had so many at his disposal and no more—that they really had been equally and he believed equitably distributed, and that, if it came to that, he was not in a situation to ask public favours of the committee, or private ones of the members of it—and, finally, that if there was any one thing more than another that the committee were particular about, it *was* the pines; it would have delighted him to have served so old a friend, but so it was—and the apple he begged to decline. Then there were sundry laughs against the poor gentleman; one told him not to pine away, another that it was a fruitless attempt, and another that he thought he had better cut the pines altogether.

And thus they went on, "*ab ovo usque ad mala*," from the baron to the pines, until at last the trumpeters, who had been standing three abreast at each end of the hall, maintaining an inflexible silence, but looking as though they were quite prepared to make a noise when properly called upon to do so, on a signal being given by Mr. Toole, the toastmaster, blew a blast which reverberated through the great hall, and then Mr. Toole the toastmaster gave out, in his most (some one said) *senatorian* accents, and in language which the youngest of the Lord Mayor's children in the gallery might understand, that the Lord Mayor was about to drink from the loving cup to the health of the citizens, and that he bade them all a hearty welcome! Whereupon the welcome is acknowledged by the company, not in words, but in deeds, and they fall to the carousal again as if nothing had happened, and they were only just beginning. Trumpets again—Mr. Toole again—and the fact is, through those infallible media, promulgated, that the health of her Majesty the Queen is proposed. It is drunk with enthusiasm. The citizens now begin to feel political. Sir Robert Peel is called up, and delivers a speech replete with proprieties and matchless elocution. Toole, it was thought, looked a little jealous at him, until the minister moderated the vehemence of his tones in order to play off a pleasantry upon the corporation touching the question of provisions under the new tariff, at which Toole, and, indeed, everybody in the hall excepting the men in armour and the overgrown boguees at the western end, "laughed consumedly." Mendacious young men leave their seats, and try to work their way up the hall. They take a favourable standing position for hearing what is going on, but their tenure is a short one, and they are driven away by loud hints about irregularity, smothered complaints that the view is obstructed, and, in the last resort, pathetic appeals to their feelings as gentlemen, utterly irresistible. The discomfited expectants therefore take refuge and array themselves in the aisle that crosses the hall, and await with impatience the withdrawal of the ladies, when *their* vacant places are to be disposable. Some of them flock round the little gate—

"The ivory gate that leads behind the scenes"—

at which one of the gayest looking of the stewards is stationed, and invested with the painful duty of confronting the importunity of the

applicants for admission on the hustings. The waiters are now about to retire, and, having done their office, to

“Receive money for their pains;”

and each, as he passes the ivory gate, has to sustain the scrutinising glance of the steward, who, probably knowing the heart of man, surveys him with Cassius-like severity, muttering troublously, as he escapes, something between a hope and a disbelief, that not one of them has been so detestably base as to defraud the corporation of any of their pines.

The ladies retire, and a rush succeeds. The vacant seats are taken without ceremony, and in a few moments the appearance of the tables, as far at least as the company is concerned, is singularly changed. Admirals and tailors, orators and glaziers, ambassadors and pawn-brokers, are now huddled cheek-by-jowl together; no man knows his neighbour, and therefore, all confidence being at an end, each is satisfied with observing the proceedings and the aspect of the company around him. The Lord Mayor, of course, was the chief attraction—and who could fail in identifying *him*, with his rubicund face and portly presence, betokening the life and soul of magisterial hospitality? Mr. Humphreys, indeed, is the beau ideal of a lord mayor, the very glass of corpulency, and the mould of civic grace. Unabashed by the aristocracy of his courtier guests, and unrestrained by any affected sense of his own unworthiness, “open to all parties, and influenced by none,” he acquitted himself with a felicity which has rarely, if ever, been equalled. On his right hand sat, first, the late Lord Mayor, in appearance the very antithesis of his bluff and benign-looking successor; then the ministers, apparently engaged in thought and careless observation; and then the aldermen, who, having said all their good things to the foreign ambassadors who did not understand them, and exhausted all their arts in attempting to revive the sensation created hours ago by their first appearance among the constables in the lobby, were seated with a restlessness and oppressed look of resignation not altogether characteristic of their order. A line of judges graced the left-hand table, and beyond them a file of military officers, who seemed to enjoy their claret, and were not disposed to quarrel about the pines. In course of time the “exclusives” became reconciled to their new neighbours, and starch decorum gave place to sociality and noise. Then was it found that the Bacchanalian influences had not been confined to the humbler circles,—for there was Sir Peter Laurie (an exception to the general aspect of his brethren) making ten people laugh at once; and Mr. Hobler cracking nuts and jokes alternately with a small party of pundits; and the police commissioner, for the amusement of the bigwigs, torturing a fine-looking man with a disquisition which, from the perplexed look of the latter, probably was too abstruse or too refined for his comprehension; there was one of the Sheriffs telling the drollest anecdotes of his early career—and the other quoting epigrams from the Charivari; and here and there might be seen strange fantastic figures, bedizened with all the elaboration of a gala dandy—one laying down the law in bad English to a subaltern, another trying to feel at home with a *savant*,

and a third, with a look like an excited spectre, and one leg hanging over the side of his chair, appeared to be chuckling at some "bodiless creation" in the third heavens, upon which his eyes were fixed with feverish ecstasy.

The speeches proceeded, and Lord John Russell, who sat below the judges, returned thanks for the city members, and was vociferously cheered by his admirers. The Lord Chief Justice, who looked, as usual, handsome and irritable, returned thanks for *his* health in a neat and short speech, while the Recorder, an officer of the corporation, on the contrary, thought proper to say a very great deal, and to feel strongly on the occasion. Sir Frederic Pollock spoke and looked as an Attorney-General ought to speak and look, and the late Lord Mayor, in returning thanks for the health of the late Lady Mayoress, said that it ill became a man to praise his own wife—she was a *Peri*, and that was all he should say for her.

The Lord Mayor rises, and the company follow him to the council chamber. A new era commences. If the mixture of grades was great after the disappearance of the ladies from the dinner table, what was it *now*, when the citizens were no longer obliged, like good boys, to sit quiet in their places, but were at liberty to lounge about at will, and seek out every imaginable object of admiration? There were all the ladies, seated like legislators on the public benches—and oh! the humour and the unction with which the worthy members of the court criticised and saluted, and otherwise deported themselves before the fair senators in *uncommon* council assembled! What imaginations were rife with the conception of the indescribable and electrifying effects that would be produced if the ladies were to have a public debate, and start a discussion upon the income-tax in the presence of its illustrious author! Due it is to the Lord Mayor here to state, that, foreseeing the inconvenience, though perfectly alive to the humour of such an exhibition, he wisely abstained from giving any encouragement to such a proceeding, and with that view denied himself the gratification of sending a card of invitation to his particular friend Miss Mary Anne Walker. And so with very good taste, in place of politics, the Lady Mayoress proposed a quadrille, and the Lord Mayor smoothing his warm face (for the heat was oppressive) with a white cambric, said he had no objection. The multitude increases, and the council chamber is now filled (emblematically enough) almost to bursting. Nevertheless a quadrille they will have. The select few who happen to be so peculiarly constituted as to be able to wear cloaks in the dog-days, or practise gymnastics in a hot-house, now stand up. Being curious to have a sight of the individuals who, in the absence of anything in the shape of ventilation, could face the ordeal through such an atmosphere, I advanced towards the centre of the room, and found that the Terpsichorean fatuity was not confined to the juveniles alone, for, as if to confound the evidence of my senses, who should I behold figuring in *L'Été* but the venerable city solicitor; and upon penetrating farther through the hot fog which enveloped the mystic maze, my bewildered vision was met by the imposing aspect of Mr. John Masterman, whisking through the *Pastorale*! It is not said disrespectfully, but the revered member for the city does *not* do the *Pastorale* well. The young

ladies are now on the tip-toe of expectation that some one of the distinguished foreigners or natives will come and supplicate the honour of their hands; and Mr. Deputy Daffodil's son—with a deal of embroidery for his years, glazed boots as tight as ever he can bear them, and all with a three-and-sixpenny pair of gloves, and an opera hat!—makes sundry vain strides after the object of his affections, but she is invariably snapped up by an Excellency or a member of parliament before Mr. Deputy's son can say Jack Robinson, and then when she is really disengaged, coolly tells him that her aunt Isabella ('or aunt *Wasabella*') won't allow her to dance any more.

The true spirit of hilarity is now in the ascendant. The Aldermen get more lively—the flow of soul is now succeeding to the feast, and the vital fluid runs

“Tickling up and down men's veins,
Making that idiot laughter, move their eyes,
And stir their cheeks to idle merriment.”

Some one said he declared he saw Lord Stanley poke Lord John in the ribs; and Sir Robert Peel, as he sipped his coffee, *would* keep making the Lord Mayor split his sides over again with his facetiæ about duties and provisions. The judges looked jolly, and bantered one another as they used to do of yore at those daily dinners where one bottle served for a mess of four, and they thought judges in their wigs looked very much like foguies. The *militaires* relaxed their conventional rigidity, and moved about with *civil* ease. There was Mr. Joseph Hume trying to explain a conundrum with his fingers to Mr. Hughes Hughes, who would keep talking and laughing about the Times Testimonial. Whist players who *do* love a rubber better than anything else in this world next to their relations, sport a *jeu d'esprit* upon every picture-card, and hum vivacious cadences between the deals. Pseudo members of the corporation, who had not been among their old compeers for many a day, are recognized and greeted with vociferous delight. Some there were of a more serious cast, looking like wisecracs, and speaking their minds (in *vino veritas*) to their bitterest enemies. Candidates for livings, lectureships, masterships, pleaderships, and commissionerships, were making the most of their opportunity, and throwing themselves continually in the way of their expected patrons. Shopkeepers were seen playing the bashaw, carpenters parading about with swords, and hosiers with black-silk stockings for all the world like Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

A small clique of stedfast whigs hold a little factious council in a corner, and vent innumerable sarcasms, in an under tone, touching the demeanour of Lord John, and the indications manifested of late tending to prove the hollowness of that statesman's political professions. Some avowed that their faith in him was gone, and gloried in not having sat near him at dinner and thereby been compelled to take wine with his lordship. The loudest of the confederates, it appears, had been accommodated at dinner at the lower end of the hall, from whence, as Lord John must from physical causes have been almost invisible, the angry gentleman, not having brought an opera glass, must have enjoyed the additional privilege of not being annoyed even with a sight of the noble offender. Sharp discussions would spring up

on all sides about the sliding scale, and the new alderman, and Cahool, and the Tower ditch, and the political purity and worthiness or otherwise of one and all, severally and collectively, of the very admirable or very abominable of the individuals present, who, exercising the superior energies bestowed upon them by nature, had, in the regular course of things, raised themselves above the herd, and invoked the malignity of cackling critics by rendering public service to their fellow-creatures.

Sympathetic worthies, with ferret-eyes, who seemed to love everything with lachrymose affection, toddled about, dispensing their benedictions, and weeping tears almost of blood, as if their very heart had burst with philanthropy and joy.

One furious gentleman, looking very much like a genius, darted into the tea room, flashing and foaming with ire. He had been insulted!—grossly insulted!—no words could describe his wrath—no vengeance could appease it. It appeared, from the agitated gentleman's own account of himself, that he was devoted to the arts, and had thought fit, during dinner, to express his admiration of some piece of mural ornament on which the figure of a horse was sculptured, in the hall. His neighbour, to whom he had addressed himself, opined that the said horse was *bad about the knees*; this the dilettante denied; whereupon, without giving him any notice, the dissentient, in the complainant's own language, "up'd with his hand and rubbed my countenance, and said, 'what do *you* know about *horses*?' " Fortunately, it was the Lord Mayor's dinner;—if it had not been, he must—yes, he *must* have struck him; but, under the peculiar circumstances, he contented himself with taking the individual's likeness, in order that he might be able to identify him on some future opportunity, and, in the meantime, he peremptorily denied that the gentleman was a *gentleman*. This was a climax. There could be nothing worth staying for after this. In seeking the room where I had deposited my cloak, I mistook the apartment, and entered an adjoining one, in which some livery servants were pledging each other in copious libations. The under waiters were assembled round a fire, calumniating the waiters with the red collars, while the latter fraternity, as one man, protested with a ferocity positively fearful against the monopoly so long held by Mr. Toole the toastmaster, one of them insinuating unworthy suspicions as to the real cause of that eminent functionary's face being so very red, and another (with wool in his ears) going so far as to assert that Mr. Toole had seen his best day, and that his voice, at all events, had not improved *no more nor his complexion*.

Passing through the hall again on my way out, I recognized two or three of my dining acquaintance, and amongst them the private champagne gentleman, with a bottle in one hand, a glass in the other, a lady in each eye, and his soul in elysium. I felt somewhat inclined to loiter awhile with this indefatigable wassailer, and observe the antics of an original mind in its undress, or, to speak more technically, *under disguise*—but "night's wheels were rattling onward, and 'twas time to have done with the solemn mockery"—and I took my departure, infinitely gratified with my entertainment at THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.

CURIO.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.¹

CHAPTER X.

A stolen bridal, and an unbidden guest.

Now may you think if that nimble tongued wife, Dame Muriel, had failed to note the long delay of the pair she had unwittingly sped on this distant travel; especially of the varlet, whom she was wont to look upon as bound to perform all her behests. Nevertheless, since she cared not to reveal to any at Malthorpe the cause of his going, neither could she complain to them of his tarriance thereon; but was forced to comfort herself a while with rating and buffeting the serving wenches and knave boys so diligently, that not one of them all would adventure so much as to turn the door-pin of the spence. At last, as the day wore on, her ire gave place to fear lest some of the stranger folk had listened their talk that morning, and done the poor crippled knave a mischief by the way—which thought had no sooner taken hold of her brain, than calling groom and yeoman, herd and hind, as many as would hearken, she sent them forth in search of him by both the ways that led to the reeve's dwelling.

Now great pity was it, that when Dame Muriel was set on any emprise, how secret soever it behoved her to be, she must needs go about it with so much haste, and noise, and turmoil, that she failed not to betray the whole business on hand. So it befel at this tide, that her clamour, and chiding, and bewailing, at once discovered to the yeomen of Messire Piers, that Gauchet had not been far from them at the pond's side; whereof they had yet fuller proof, when some of the searchers brought back an end of red cloth, that had been rent off the old man's gown by the thorns, as he crept through them on hands and knees. What was their deem thereupon, they told not to the household, but whilst they were yet holding counsel together, Dan Matthew the confessor came suddenly over from the priory, in such haste and disorder as if he were on a business of life and death—though all his errand, as he said, was but to bring an eye water of curious herbs, from their fermerer to Madam Joyce. And no sooner was he gone, than that worthy lady called for her fair nephew; who on his part, quickly ran out to seek his yeoman—the end of all being, that Anselm and Jankin took horse, and sword and buckler, and set forth at nightfall by the way that went toward London.

But what was now the despair of Dame Muriel, at finding herself well nigh the only wight in the house that knew not the upshot of the matter whereof she had been the first cause and mover! In sooth, the menial folk were fain to flee before her, so fiercely did she rage from cockcrow to curfewtime, by the space of three days, in all which time neither the stranger yeomen, the reeve, nor Gauchet were seen or heard of.

Messire Piers, who was now fully aware what was on hand against

¹ Continued from p. 329.

him, saw that both Manor Place and lands were lost and gone, unless he prevailed with the damosel Avis to give him assurance thereof by rite of holy church, ere tidings could come again from Westminster—since though he had taken order to shorten the journey of the reeve and his fellow, yet had he little hope to speed therein. Again, therefore, he urged and entreated her with yet greater vehemence than before—now with oaths and vows sworn on his bended knees—now with prayers and tears, mingled with piteous complaints of her cruelty, which he even threatened to satisfy on his own hated life—until at last the poor deceived young thing, whose very heart was wrung at sight of his feigned grief, could hold out no longer; but gave her consent privily to wed this fair bachelor, at early prime next morning, in the house chapel. And for greater security and secrecy it was further agreed between them, that no creature at the Manor Place, not even Gillian, should know of their design beforehand, as also that to guard against trouble or punishment to Sir Matthew for his part in the matter, he should send ever in his stead, to join their hands, a priest from a chapelry not far off, who was his familiar, and wholly out of the rule of the lord prior of Charlewode.

Truly, this her promised silence was no great grief to May Avis; for she felt not as one, who having assurance of her own happiness, desired to speak thereof to others; but far more like a guilty person, who dreaded to think of the consent she had yielded. Somewhat of this, haply, was perceived by the young squire, who left not her side the whole day after—striving by flattery and courtesies, and humble services more than ever, to chase away from her all thought and reflection. So they sang and danced, laughed and jested, as they were well nigh mad with glee and mirth—after the fashion of many more both before and since, whose mood, might but their thoughts be seen, should be found much nearer akin to weeping than laughter.

The damosel Avis, like most young maidens, had spent many an idle hour in depicting to herself the pomps and shows of her bridal—such bridal as should befit the estate of the heir of Malthorpe—until her heart danced within her at thought of the proud array, and prancing steeds, and maidens strewing flowers, and the people running on heaps to gaze, and whooping and shouting after—with the merry minstrelsy sounding loudly over all. But alas the day! this her stolen wedding that was at hand, was wholly of another sort; for save the bridegroom himself,—who truly in her simple affection she would not have changed for any knight or squire in Christendom—it seemed as if all things boded her, not honour or high estate, but sorrow and disgrace; and it was with a heavy sigh that she marked next morning, through the lattice, the fading of the stars, and knew by that token it was time to array her for the chapel.

But where was the rich apparel—the satins and the furs, the jewels and chains, the headdress and the ornaments, that should have bedecked so young, and fair, and rich a bride as the Lady of Malthorpe Manor? One rich jewel she had, in sooth—and as she sought for somewhat else amongst her toys, it came to her hand—that fair brooch of pearl and jacinth stones, that had not misbecome the wear of a countess. But no sooner had she espied, than she flung it back as it had been

an adder—then threw open the window and leaned out for air, whilst she peevishly chid Gillian for her slowness.

The air of the early morning came dark and chill into the chamber, causing her to shiver as she stood; the sky grew dark and thick with small drizzling rain; and May Avis, wheresoever she turned her eyes, beheld some ill omen. Gillian looked like a ghost, as she moved to and fro in the twilight, pale and silent, (for the damosel had forbidden all questions)—and even her own face wore a hue so wan and deathlike, that she started back from her mirror in affright, and taking the wench's arm to stay her trembling feet, crept stealthily down a small winding stair toward the hall.

When she came to the steps that led up from thence to the chapel, she stumbled at the lowermost, and was so scared and disordered, that she was forced to sit down until her breath came again—but here the door above softly opened, and Messire Piers, who began to fear her turning back, hastened down, and with such tender looks and words as the time suffered, led her up the stair into the chapel. They had scarce entered when the door of a little chamber on the far side, where the chaplain's gear was wont to be kept, was undone—and a monk came forth, wearing his hood low down on his face for greater secrecy. And now Messire Piers, whispering in her ear some soft speech, was about to lead her forward, whilst the chapel and all therein seemed to dance and flit before their eyes as in a dream—when Gillian, who had feared some such device on hand, from the moment of their hasty rising, suddenly threw herself on her knees, and withheld her by the gown.

The damosel, to whom every moment seemed but to bring some fresh cause of trouble, looked as she were about to swoon; whilst the squire, who perceived that a rough bearing should little avail him at this pinch, strove vehemently, though with all manner of soothing and kindly words, to unclasp the hold of the faithful wench. But neither for his smooth tongue or hard-gripping fingers, would Gillian let go; but held on all the faster, crying, "For God's love and holy Mary mother's, mine own dear lady, leave this work! So help me very God, as ye go to your utter ruin!"

"Nay, Gillian—good Gillian!" said the squire, well nigh disjoining her wrist with a sudden and despicable pull, "be ruled, I pray thee! deemest thou the lady is here by constraint? Speak, sweetest Lady Avis, and tell your maiden she withholds you thus against your will!"

"Loose my gown, Gillian!" said the damosel, in a quick hurried voice. "I am here of free will;—why meddle you in this?—It is my pleasure!—I say sooth, Gillian!"

"Out, alas, dear lady!—it is against both heart and conscience ye are going. How may ye ever look after such rebellion on the face of my lord at Charlewode?—he that hath fostered ye up, as ye had been his very flesh and blood."

"O, peace, peace, Gille!" cried May Avis, as she wrung her small hands. "Let me go, I say!—It is all too late!—I have promised.—Out upon you! would you have me foresworn?"

"Yea, lady, or ever I would see ye thus undone!—But what make

"I here?" she cried, loosing her hold, and starting up. "Our lady be my speed, as I will save ye in your own despite!"

But here, as she would have run out, the door was hastily clapped in her face by Anselm, who had been hidden behind, and now stepped forward, and set his back firmly against it.

"Your pardon, sir friar! this silly wench's folly hath hindered us all too long. Let us now to the holy office as speedily as we may," said Messire Bradeston to the stranger priest, who had remained all this while wholly still and silent, like one uncaring what befel amongst them.

"First demand I of all here in presence, how accordeth this marriage with the will of him who is lawful lord and guardian of this maiden?" answered he to whom he spoke, in a loud clear voice, albeit without stirring or lifting his hood.

"Be not adread friar!" cried Anselm, "By Saint Thomas o'Kent, he hath not credit enow at this tide to get a beggar whipped for". . . but here the damosel Avis uttered a loud shriek, and would have fallen to the ground, if Gillian had not run forward and caught her in her arms, crying as she did so, "It is my lord! it is he himself! O blessed Mary mother! the maiden is saved!"

For one moment both the squire, and his counsellor Anselm, looked utterly confounded in the presence of that noble prelate, who now, throwing off his disguise, stood fully discovered to them all—but neither shame nor reverence could long abash two such ribalds; and in a trice the master began hardily to seek for excuses, and the man to grope for the haft of the whittle knife in his girdle, which perchance in his desperate wickedness he had drawn on the lord prior himself—when suddenly there was a noise on the stair without, and the door which he had made fast, being forcibly heaved off the hasp by a bar thrust underneath it, fell inward, bearing him before it to the ground—and straightway on the threshold behind, was discerned the stout yeoman Bernard, with my lord prior's people at his back, having been moved to break in by the sight they had espied through the door chink of Anselm's fingers on his weapon.

And now would hard fare have fallen to the lot of this worthy twain, hated as they were of all in those parts, but for the Lord Gilbert; who bade them peaceably take up the fallen yeoman, and see to his hurts, if any were,—and then quit the place without delay.

"For you, fair sir," he said, next turning him towards the squire de Bradeston, "we pray you, of all courtesy, yet to tarry a few hours space at the Manor Place, in which time we may haply light on such conclusion of this business, as shall accord no less with the liking than with the profit, of all concerned therein. For this present, it is my pleasure to speak with the maiden alone."

Messire Piers tarried for no more—no, not even to cast one look towards the damosel—but without heeding her forlorn plight, ran nimbly down the stair, blessing heaven and all saints for his deliverance, to advise with himself and his familiar what should now be done.

"Look up, young maiden!" said the Lord Gilbert, when all had left the chapel—for the damosel yet clung to Gillian, hiding her face in her gown, as she had done on that terrible night when she first saw

him there. "Look up, my child," he said, "and relate to me, from point to point, how thou hast been brought to this unadvised pass."

The damosel, who had looked, at best, but for an austere countenance and a grave reproof from her lord, no sooner heard him speak in this gentle gracious fashion, than she threw herself at his feet in a transport of shame and contrition; and as speedily as sobs, and sighs, and blushes would suffer her, confessed to him from first to last, the course of her love suit—how Messire Bradeston had first come amongst them, not by desire of hers, but as it were by chance, and for a day's space, to take home his sister, which assuredly he had done, as purposed, but for the sharp and sudden malady of this last, whereby they had been compelled to a longer tarrance at the Manor Place. How it had come to pass that in so many weeks, the fair lady had not recovered of her sickness so as to mount on horseback, she could not tell—for the simple reason that in all the time the thought of their departing had never once come into her mind; neither related she to the reverend prelate all the tender looks and speeches whereby she had been drawn to such rebellion, deeming such theme haply little suitable to monkish ears; yet so much she told as showed, that how great soever was her penitence for the manner of her fault, she had no mind to buy her pardon by renouncing the gentle bachelor who had been the cause thereof.

The Lord Gilbert heard her tale to the end, through all her broken speeches and confusion, both heedfully and patiently—not once offering at speech or question—and when she had finished—"Rise, maiden!" he said. "Go now with faithful Gillian to thine own chamber—as verily thou hast much need of rest—and there abide with her alone until thou hearest further. I have grave matters whereof to speak with thee right anon."

CHAPTER XI.

The Lord Gilbert tells a tale little looked for of any.

If the sudden coming of the Lord Gilbert had wrought trouble and discomfiture to Piers Bradeston and his people, there was abundant joy thereupon amongst those of the Manor Place, who little desired to be under the rule of the handsome squire or his yeoman Anselm, maugre the fair words of either. But loudest and blithest of all was Dame Muriel, who ran about all the day after, loudly vaunting and extolling her own discernment, which had brought to nought not only the wicked devices of these caitiffs, but of her old adversary Madam Joyce as well—and since the stranger folk, all but the bower-maiden and the knave-page, were now in close keeping of the lord prior's yeomen, she kept no measure with her tongue, but reviled them, and lauded herself and her man Gauchet without ceasing; in which last work she lacked not aid from the varlet himself, who was proud as any pie of his part in the business. For not only had he seen marvels in the way, such as would make any man gape and wonder but to hear of, but had passed moreover through many and great

straits and perils—though, of these last, the greatest was in truth, unknown to himself—being the chace that Anselm and his mate had held them on the night they set out, and which they had only escaped by taking the by-ways. Also had he much whereof to boast, in the journey homeward, in the train of so great a lord as the Prior of Charlewode; for that wise prelate, being one who never delayed to the morrow that which he could perform to day, took horse incontinently on their tidings, with some three or four of his yeomen, and came privately in all haste to Charlewode; where, first laying hands on Sir Matthew the confessor, he constrained him to reveal the whole device, which he next set to work to confound after the manner you have seen.

Truly Madam Pauncefort was not a little perplexed and afraid when she came to know what had befallen in the chapel, whereof she was speedily advised by her fair nephew, who finding neither Anselm nor even Jankin to be spoken with, was fain to betake him to her for counsel—but ere they could conclude on any, there came to the dame my lord prior's command to attend him in the great paved parlour; a message which that worthy woman no sooner heard, than she started up, and hastened thither with as joyful a mien, as if she desired no better news in the world.

Now when she was come into the presence of that noble prelate, she prudently sought not for speech or excuse, like one who deemed herself in anywise guilty in the matter on hand; but awaited patiently and in silence all questions as he was pleased to ask—framing her answers thereunto so as to cast the whole blame on the hasty fantasy of those two young lovers, and the sudden and sore sickness of her stranger kinswoman, which had hindered her from taking heed of the comings and goings of the damosel Avis; whose green age, as also her near kindred to the young squire, she had well trusted should have kept such folly out of her thoughts. So cunningly did she acquit herself, after one manner and another, of any part in the mischief, that the Lord Gilbert suffered her to depart without rebuke, solely praying her in time to come, to bear better in mind the years and womanly estate of the little maiden.

Last of all he desired to see and discourse with the poor young thing herself; who obeyed his behest with ready and humble haste, though with trembling feet, and looks so pale and wobegone, as she came and knelt down before him, as would have moved the hardest hearted; much more then that gracious lord, who taking her by the hand, bade Gillian set her a seat over against his own, and then go tarry at the door without.

"Now damosel, take thy place, and listen heedfully," he said; "thou hast much to learn. Fear not that I should chide or blame thee, for aught that hath befallen here of late; as truly thine hath been but the error of unknowing youth and a lively fantasy,—for the which, as for some other things I care not now to speak of, in good sooth, thy governess and myself must divide the blame, in that we took over little heed of thy years and estate—a folly, maiden, too oft committed by age, which forgetting the days of its own spring time, deemeth of youth and infancy all as one."

Hard were it to express the joy and thankfulness of May Avis, as she listened to these benignant words. And now deeming the worst of the troubles at an end, she passed at once from despair to hope, as is ever the wont of her age; and casting herself again before his footstool, she kissed the border of his gown, weeping afresh as she did so for very gladness, and with a fixed will to obey him in all he should require of her, short of parting from her fair bachelor Messire Piers.

"Out, alas I poor silly child," said the Lord Gilbert, compassionately: "I grieve to tell thee thy present joy is as utterly vain as was thy fear erewhile. Little availeth it, that I thy lord forgive, as I do freely, thy trespass against my authority, since I may not shield thee from the evil, which though it springeth not out of this thy fault, shall yet prove as heavy a penance therefore, as a harder guardian could desire to lay upon thee.

"Thou hast heard tell, maiden, ay, and read also in old histories, (for thou hast been nurtured after a higher and nobler manner than other of thy sex and degree) how that when a man falleth from favour of princes, or other high estate, his fall straightway moveth all such as bore him secret envy or ill-will, to rise up in open debate, as deeming they may spoil or misuse him without let or hindrance. Now, somewhat of this, I will confess to thee, is at this present mine own case—which hath emboldened all such as have old enmity to wreak, or profit to gain at my cost, to raise pleas and suits against me, (though chiefly are mine adversaries of this last sort, since, I thank God, to none have I knowingly given cause of hatred toward my person,) and much in every case have I been constrained to yield up for peace sake, being well assured that yet worse would betide if I put my cause to issue of law, with none but my right to aid. Only one is there that will not be appeased with less than his whole demand, and he, verily, is the most perilous, as the most powerful; being a knight of the Lord de Spenser, who both stirs him up to this suit in my despite, and will also make speedy ending thereof on his behalf, by means of his own power and favour with our lord the king. Haply thou wilt deem, that the remedy for this evil, as for the rest, lieth in mine own hand, by peaceably giving over to him the good he coveteth, as, so help me God, I had done, without strife or suit, were the thing mine own, or to be redeemed therewith; but this may not be! for alack, my child, his demand is for no less than thyself to wife, and thine whole heritage."

At these words the damosel started up, and clasped her hands in sudden dismay; but anon remembering that she had but to follow her lord's example, and give up a part of her estate for liberty to avoid such marriage, and next, how greatly it should enhance the affection of Messire Piers to know that for his sake she had repounced a noble knight, in short space her heart grew lighter, and she sat herself again down to listen, whilst her lord thus went on.

"Now, certes, damosel, such presumptuous demand as this, coming from any other, I had set at nought, even in my present forlorn plight, since law is there none to wrest a ward from the power of his lord; but of our ill hap it chanceth, that this man hath a plea for his suit such as we may not resist at this season.

"Thou hast heard, doubtless, that this goodly dwelling and estate belonged of old to a valiant knight, Sir Thomas Mourtray, who, having consumed over much of his substance in the wars, was enforced to sell his fair manor here to thine own father, Daniel Forde, sometime his steward; and this last, dying, duly seized thereof in some few years after, all his goods descended, as well by law as his own devising, unto thyself, his only offspring and heir.

"It was in no long time after Sir Thomas Mourtray had thus quitted his fief of Malthorpe, that, falling into fresh troubles, he lost his remaining lands, and thereupon left the kingdom, and was never more heard of; so that he hath been held for dead these many years, as also his son, whom he carried with him an infant; neither are there any of the Mourtray lineage thought by the most part to be living. Nevertheless, this same knight of the Lord de Spenser, of whom I have already spoken, by name Sir Lance de Hacquingay, having some knowledge of matters concerning this undone house and lineage, and discerning a way to make his profit thereof, with his lord's aid, hath published himself every where for Sir Thomas's near kinsman by the mother's side, yea, and shown proof of his ancestry, such as hath, at least, satisfied the lords justices, by whom his prayers for restitution of the Mourtray's lands in Bedfordshire hath been granted, to the ruin of one Cottinton, who had obtained them at the time of the good knight's mishap. Howbeit, this victory, far from assuaging his covetousness, hath but raised in him the desire to add to his gains this, the fairer fief of the twain. But it being at all times a harder essay to get back an estate quitted by purchase than by forfeiture—as also it may be, that Gilbert Nevil, of Charlewode, in his worst strait, should be a stouter foe than Cottinton the squire—so it is, that he hath set to work with us after another manner, making demand of me at first, with courtesy enow in outward show and seeming, for my ward, the damosel of Malthorpe, to wife—though in the end, perceiving me no way eager on his proffer, he hath privily given me to know, that my denial should not avail to bar him from the lands, whereunto he hath both lawful right and might to friend him—it being known to all that Daniel Forde, in his dealings, had made his profit of his lord's necessities to buy the lands for half their worth—on which point, damosel, since we speak of thine own parent, I will but tell thee, that the charge is not wholly groundless, albeit, in any case, the law had done but little to amend the wrong. Only as this knight now standeth, with the full countenance of those who may construe both law and justice at their pleasure, doubt not but he will finally sue back this fief, as surely as he hath done the other, though, it may be, with longer delay, and at heavier cost. Wherefore, having well weighed all these things, I have, in sooth, consented for a space to entertain his proffer on the marriage, which, if we therein accord, shall be, out of doubt, to the worldly advantage of both, since thou, maiden, shalt thereby continue to enjoy thine own without disturbance, and the knight shall be spared the labour of wresting it from thee.

"Now, well thou knowest, damosel, that I, as thy lord, have all power to make this marriage for thee at mine own will; nevertheless, since the thralldom of wards hath ever seemed to me cruel and tyrannical,

nous, (as, God knoweth, it wrought to myself sore annoy in my youth) so will I never use mine authority save to keep thee back from harm and blame. For the which reason, if it lists thee not to wed this knight, after that thou hast seen and talked with him, as thou wilt do to morrow, in God's name, say thy mind fairly and freely, and we will even help thee out of thy strait as we may, by treating with him to leave thee some small portion of thy lands, in return for our peaceably quitting to him the rest, without strife or suit."

The damosel had hearkened to this discourse, as beseemed her, in silence, but her looks the while had told her inmost thought without aid of words, from the burning hue of shame that came over her face at hearing by what means her heritage had been gained, to her fearful, downcast mien at mention of the coming of the stranger knight.

"So please you, my lord," she said, when the noble prelate had ended, "I will, in any case, yield up both Manor^{and} Place and lands forthwith to this gentleman, or any other that hath better right to them, since, truly, I myself shall be but a thief and a robber if I amend not this wrong as speedily as I may."

Worthily as the lord Gilbert deemed of the truth and honesty of the little maiden, yet had he scarcely held her capable of the ready virtuous courage that would thus, at a word, yield up her whole heritage in satisfaction of her sire's fault; and he was enforced to draw his hand over his eyes more than once ere he made answer.

"Nay, my gentle child, not so! Wert thou, indeed, to perform without delay that which thy simple honesty desireth, thou shouldst but despoil thyself bootlessly; for this man, if he be at all of the blood of Mourtray, cometh of so distant a kindred, as certes should in no wise avail him by strict course of law. Yea, and so little doth he stand on his right alone, that were Sir Thomas and his son both in life, and ready to plead against him for the estate at this hour, thou shouldst see him heed their title as little as he hath done thine own. Moreover, at worst, thou hast a just and lawful demand on so much of the lands as shall repay thee thy gold spent thereon in former time. Wherefore, abide, maiden, yet a space, remembering the old saw, that he oft maketh best speed who knoweth wisely to tarry—nor, in sooth, shall this thy present tarriance be long, since the knight comes hither without fail to morrow, to treat finally of the marriage, as also to—"

"I would humbly crave of your gracious lordship," said the damosel, somewhat forgetting, in her eagerness, the reverence due to such speaker, "since your great goodness hath vouchsafed me leave to choose, to give this knight to know out of hand, that though truly his proffer hath my hearty thanks, yet neither for love nor gain can I ever assent to wed with him."

"And by my fay, damosel, as little do I desire such ending to his journey! A heavy grief it were to me to see thee given over to any, all were he prince or peer, who lacked the gentleness to love and prize thy kindly nature, and guileless, honest youth! Trust well that I will at once renounce for thee the suit of this Sir Lance, in as courteous words as I may, but after a guise as peremptory as thou

thyself wouldst have it. Only fear I that thou must look to endure from him both ungentle word and bearing (for he is little knightly of behaviour) in payment of thy denial, at such times as he comes here from the cell during these next eight days; for which space I must pray thee, for my sake no less than for thine own good, to bear with him both patiently and civilly. And now, damosel, must I ask pardon of thy blushes for speaking to thee of the young comely squire I beheld erewhile in the chapel, and who, in very truth, hath no less to say in the business than ourselves—since, haply, a slenderly portioned maiden, such as thou must now be to all but Sir Lance de Hacquiringay, may seem in his eyes wholly another manner of bride from the damosel of Malthorpe Manor.”

The simple maiden, unsuspecting as innocent of the world's deceits, blushed verily redder than rose over both cheek and chin, between shamefacedness and zeal for the honour of her bachelor, who, she earnestly assured the lord Gilbert, was one in whom her fortunes should work no change, as, in truth, he had ever told her plainly how little store he set by her lands and goods; not to speak of the proof he had made thereof, she said, (dropping her eyes and voice together,) by urging her on to that which might well have cost her the loss of her heritage.

The lord Gilbert smiled as in doubt.

“If I greatly err not,” he said, “he had borne him in another guise with a harder man—but of that no more. Go thy way now, maiden, and set before this goodly bachelor all that I have told thee of this unlooked for change in thy fortune; and if he still continue true and stable of heart and purpose, by my life but we will talk more at large of the troth plight that is between you. But one thing must thou require of him out of hand on my behalf—that he straightway depart both the Manor Place and the country about for an eight days space, in which time we shall have ended all our dealings with the stranger knight, and may better speak to the matter of thine heritage; until when God speed thee, my child, and give thee ever to know thy true friends from thy feigned ones!”

And therewith the lord Gilbert called for his courser, and went his way, taking with him the yeomen of Messire Piers, whilst the damosel Avis hastened away, as she was bidden, to seek her aunt and her gentle bachelor.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.

BY HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

In the region of lakes, where the blue waters sleep,
My beautiful fabric was built,
Light cedars supported its weight on the deep,
And its sides with the sunbeams were gilt.

The bright leafy bark of the betula* tree
A flexible sheathing provides,
And the fir's thrasy roots drew the parts to agree,
And bound down its high swelling sides.

No compass or gavel was used on the bark,
No art but the simplest degree,
Yet the structure was finished and trim to remark,
And as light as a sylph's could be.

Its rim is with tender young roots woven round,
Like a pattern of wicker-work rare,
And it glides o'er the waves with as lightsome a bound
As a basket suspended in air.

The heavens, in their brightness and glory, below
Were reflected quite plain to the view,
And it moved like a swan, with as graceful a show,—
My beautiful Birchen Canoe.

The trees on the shore, as I glided along,
Seemed rushing a contrary way,
And my voyagers lightened their toil with a song,
That caused every heart to be gay.

And still, as I floated by rock and by shell,
My bark raised a murmur aloud,
And it danced on the waves, as they rose and they fell,
Like a fay on a bright summer cloud.

The skies were serene, not a cloud was in sight,
Not an angry surge beat on the shore,
And I gazed on the waters, and then on the light,
Till my vision could bear it no more.

I thought, as I passed o'er the liquid expanse,
With the landscape in smiling array,
How blest I should be, if my life could advance,
And glide thus as sweetly away.

Oh! long shall I think of those silver bright lakes,
And the scenes they exposed to my view,
Of my friends, and the wishes I formed for their sakes,
And my bright yellow Birchen Canoe.

* *Betula papyracea*.

THE TWO POETS.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

THE footsteps of a king once more echoed along the shores of Britain. There was an emulative eagerness which should express the most tumultuous joy—Cavalier or Roundhead—the one to manifest a no longer dangerous loyalty; the other to establish as safe a reputation. It was the twenty-ninth of May, and shout, and song, and revelry proclaimed, with their hundred tongues, that the king had come to his own again.

Surely time had never seen, the earth had never held, so loyal, so devoted a people! how ungrateful in a prince so long to absent himself—a wanderer, an outcast, and almost a beggar! but he is back again!—the graceful monarch, who never said a silly thing, has returned doubtless to do "*many a wise one*."

King Charles was in his presence chamber: knots of gay courtiers were gathered round him. All was brightness and splendour—the regal purple and the diadem: youth and beauty, and pomp, and pride of place. Smiles were on the king's mouth, cheerfulness on his brow: it seemed as if the bland lip were only made to smile, and that the brow could never carry a frown: as if happiness had made her home in a court in spite of all that had been said about cottages.

There was a presentation—the blindest of the king's smiles gilded his lips—the loyal poet made his obeisance—he who had taught loyalty in song, and linked its soul to the fair spirit of poesy. Davenant bowed before the king, and the welcome of honeyed words was like the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, and the look of welcome liker to a sunbeam.

The poet made a longer pause than the usage of the court licensed Charles was repeating to him snatches of his own poetry—could self-love receive a sweeter adulation—a more fragrant incense? The monarch paused, but still Davenant went not. The royal lip had lapped the poet in a fairer elysium than even his own poetry could conjure, and beguiled by the graciousness of the monarch into a belief of his unlimited indulgence, he presumed to throw himself at his feet, and to prefer a supplication—it was for the life of one whom he had called *friend*.

Every vestige of grace and favour vanished from the face of the king whilst he listened to the faltering poet, who, though he saw the gathering clouds, persevered in his entreaties with energetic earnestness.

"Do we hear thee rightly?" exclaimed the king. "Art thou pleading for the kinsman of Bradshawe?—for the hireling of the regicides?"

"Sire," said the poet, "I presume to plead for him whom you are pleased thus to designate, because when loyalty dared hardly rear her

head in your majesty's dominions, and they who remembered the name of a king placed their own lives in jeopardy, then he who now kneels at your feet, being accounted your servant, was numbered among the proscribed, and condemned to the death. It was this man who saved him, sire; we have now exchanged conditions, and I implore of a king what he asked of rebels. Shall it be? can it be? with less success!"

"They who love us," exclaimed the king, hastily and passionately, "could never ask us to spare the viper who has stung us!"

"But, sire, mercy is the prerogative of majesty."

"Thou art beside thyself, Davenant," said the king, in some measure resuming his good humour; "we know that thou art loyal to the core, and we love our poet's minstrelsy the better when the lays are jocund; so ask anything of us but this, good fellow. We will charter thee a playhouse—thou shalt be poet laureate—only give up this whimsy, and let us see thee gleesome again."

"Should a man smile, sire, when the gallows cord was hankled round the neck of a friend?"

"Thou wilt jeopardise thine own love for us if we see thee loving our enemies better than ourselves."

"But, sire, the lion preys not on the slain, the warrior fights not with the fallen."

"Tut, man, mere poetry. The viper must not be left to sting again."

"But, sire, for the honour of fair poesy, of letters, and of learning."

"Aye, though they be in a Roundhead's brain. Methinks, sir, these pleas had been as well forgotten altogether, since they bring to our remembrance the labours of a menial to regicides; he who fulminated their sublime behests, clothed in the mock majesty of the language that belonged to the masters of the world—the Latin secretary to the most puissant parliament."

"But blind, and old, and fallen—"

"Judgments! judgments! in their own cant."

"And if so, sire, are not the judgments of Heaven enough?"

"Sir William Davenant," said Charles, assuming more of the king as he spoke with a decision that almost sent despair to the heart of the poet, yet not untempered with personal kindness; "we think that in your wanderings and your travels in the service of a certain heedless prince, you have forgotten to keep your studies in pace with the times. If so, let us recommend to your perusal a certain work, entitled 'A Defence of the People of England, for Killing their King,' written by a man called Milton, and in those pages you shall find all that can be reasonably advanced in favour of this same Latin secretary, this clerk to the legitimate parliament—this servant of that incarnate evil, Oliver, old Noll. We beg pardon, since we speak to one who favours the regicides, it had been more courtly to have said the Lord Protector."

And Charles passed away from the kneeling poet, who, overcome with mortification, fell back into a recess, in the hope of escaping the unsympathising eyes that shone upon him as coldly as the stars on a frosty night.

But it was not in the nature of Charles to leave an old and faithful servant long in his disquiet. He took occasion to pass by where the poet stood hanging his head, sadly and moodily, and speaking with all his accustomed vivacity, said, "Cheer thee, man, cheer thee! think no more of these Roundhead knaves, but come and sup with us thyself to night. We are bent on merry doings, and we will not be content without our poet. So cheer thee, man, and come gladly." "

As the king had promised, so was that evening's wassail. We know that sorrow is infectious, but what contagion is so strong as a sovereign's gaiety? When a king smiles, who can choose but be mirthful. But his laugh—O, that is perfect inebriety!

Davenant had recovered his gaiety. He sang his own songs, and drank loyal toasts, until something like a poet's frenzy came over the poet's brain.

"This wine is liquid ruby," exclaimed the king. "By its brightness and its power, I vow that I scarcely know whether I am a true crowned king, or only a prince of vagabonds! I remember me, however, playing at hide and seek (i'faith, and *was* it play!) through these broad lands that we now so right royally call ours, much in the fashion of a king of the gaberlunzies. Then were we right glad of the corner of a brown loaf and a draught from some neighbouring stream, haply none of the clearest; and now, methinks, we are served on bended knee, and the wine flows like a cataract, and the board groans beneath its ponderous daintinesses and its lordly dishes. Here, thou Will Davenant, thou prince of rhymesters, thou heart of loyal poets, bite me my little finger, and let me feel whether I am awake or asleep."

"An we dream now, sire," said the poet, "then say I and pray I, may we never awaken!"

"And yet, we were not without our jovial days even in the land of our captivity," resumed the king. "The beggar may well laugh at the anxieties of the wealthy, who must needs always be fainting under the care of his bags. Good faith, we had no great trouble on that score—neither we nor our treasurer. He had a shameless sinecure. How we hate sinecures—of such a sort as that, at least. And now, if needs must that we confess ourselves, we will perforce own, that if our loyalty has a care, it is like the miser's care of his caskets. We are sorely troubled to keep our dignity. Here, when we would take some glee body by the hand, and break an idle jest or two, comes some formal ghost of our kingship, and frightens us from our purpose. In good truth, we are often tempted to let out a sigh for the care-for-nothing days of St. Germain's."

"Your majesty's treasurer could best tell whether an empty or a full treasury were the easiest charge," said Davenant.

"Doubtless he would not be long pondering the question," resumed the king; "but methinks I have contracted a love of liberty in my travels. It seems to me as if those reckless days had a sweeter liberty than this pompous luxury. The bird that lifts its pinions to meet the sun is happier than his whilome mate, who receives its rays

on the golden bars of a prison cage; and at this present I would rather be rambling through the dirty lanes and alleys of this heterogeneous city, and peeping into its sequestered nooks and privacies, than be sitting under this right royal canopy."

"And why not indulge the fancy?" said Davenant. "Kings are not known in the dark, though poets and flatterers might swear that their light betrayed themselves; I would rather say that, if so, glow-worm like, they can withdraw it at pleasure."

"Ay, well know we that," said the king. "We, who have donned fifty disguises in as many days, may scarcely be sure of any man's identity. Why, I can be countryman as well as king. Ask the Penderells whether, on an emergency, I am not 'hail fellow well met' with any loon; and for a waiting maid, I can mince it with the best of them, I see not why I might not steal an hour's short forgetfulness of the load of my princely dignity, since it is such a weight to carry. So now, Will Davenant, find me a cloak and a muffler, and come thou with me."

The king left the palace as an obscure individual, in company with Davenant. They walked on in silence after passing the precincts of the royal dwelling. The fresh air seemed to disperse some of the ambrosial fumes that had partially enfolded themselves round the royal brain, and Davenant, as a courtier, though himself a spoiled and petted poet, knew that it was as dangerous to obtrude on a king in his humours as to stir up a lion in his den.

They had thus walked on in silence for a considerable distance. The mood of the king seemed deepening from its usual apparently heedless gaiety into one of deeper, of sterner gloom.

"Davenant," he at length said, "I had an idle humour in me to see Smithfield once again."

"Sire," said Davenant, recoiling from the thought, "the place breathes of the executioner."

"So does Whitehall," replied the king.

The poet knew the dark feeling that was breathing itself over the mind of the king. He dared not pursue the train of his thoughts, and knew not how to divert them from their course. He remained silent.

"It breathes of the executioner," sayest thou, resumed the king—"ay, of the executioner. And more—the very air is loaded with the taint of sedition and blasphemy, and the breath of regicides is on it. Ay, foul as are the hangman's hands, methinks they must this day be fouler, for are they not tenfold more polluted by the task of committing to the flames the learned labours of thine immaculate friend, the immaculate secretary of the immaculate parliament? To slip the noose round the unhappy neck of some starving wretch, who, to satisfy his hunger, or even his brutal wants, has committed a petty theft, seems a task of purity not unworthy the white fingers of the ladye Justice herself, compared with the contamination of the touch of such polluted labours."

"Sire," said Davenant, with the deepest humility, "the unhappy man of whom you speak had no share in the martyr's death."

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"How! no share, Davenant, sayest thou? Thou art strangely at fault man. Bradshawe and the rest of them—faugh! the very utterance of their names is poison to my lips. These men, I tell thee, killed king Charles's body, but this, thy friend, as thou callest him, their paid hireling, their tool, their minion, did more—he blackened his high repute! He tasked his own powers to the utmost, the greater that they are the greater be his shame, to murder his good name. Who in public estimation polluted the pure spring of all my saintly father's conduct? polluted him with his own foul slime, and held him up disguised in his own mind's deformity? I tell thee it was this man, for whom thou pleadest so pertinaciously! The very air of this place has brought home upon us all this man's moral deformity. He who could sell the labours of his pen to justify to an astonished world the martyrdom of a king by the hands of the meanest scum of the earth—who, to excuse his sacrilegious murder, could blacken his purity in the eyes of his own subjects, and of foreign nations—tell me thyself, what doth this slave of slaves deserve?"

"Sire," said Davenant, "once more I seek not to justify, to extenuate—I cast myself on your hitherto unfailing kindness and mercy. This man is old—is infirm—is poor—is totally blind."

"He is old, sayest thou? why all men who live hope to be so. King Charles might have been old had wicked men allowed him. He is infirm—why he has studied too much: it had been better for the world as well as for himself had he spared his labours. He is poor—and who has been poorer than the monarch who talks with thee, Davenant? But he is blind too—aye, that is sad, but it was not wisely urged; rememberest thou not that when the gracious parliament chaffered for the services of this hireling scribe, how that the leech forwarned him if he undertook the mighty toil that blindness would be his inevitable portion, and rememberest thou not likewise the magnanimous reply, even of his willingness to incur the penalty. Shouldst not he, and thou, and all men, see the threatenings of Heaven kept in this man's blindness?"

"Once more"—said Davenant.

"And once more," interrupted the king, "I have reasoned with thee rather than have denied thee. Thou sayest that thou owest thine own life to the intercessions of this man, and thou art right in seeking to repay the debt; but I owe him a debt likewise, and I own the better power to requite him. For the sake of thine own tried loyalty our patience hath not yet failed thee, but try it no more—we warn thee—if thou hast love for our person, or care for our service, strain it no further. I tell thee, this man, this exculpator of regicides, this kinsman of Bradshawe's, this murderer of my sainted father's honour, shall die as he deserves; else were I the most ungrateful son, and the most unjust monarch that ever degraded Christendom by his existence!"

Davenant remained silent. He was overawed by the stern temper of the king, and the more because it was so unusual, his present rigour being widely at variance with his usual heedless gaiety of temper. He walked on in silence, almost in despair, for Davenant had nearly

at heart the deliverance of his brother poet. He silently proceeded, and as they passed away from the scene of many a saint's, as well as many a sinner's death, the kinder nature of the king seemed to resume its wonted empire, and the dark thoughts of his sterner mood to pass away.

"Whither art thou leading, Davenant?" said Charles; "time was when we could have threaded these labyrinths, but now our memory faileth, or we are beyond even our forgotten knowledge."

The poet hesitated—it was too dark to see the embarrassment of his countenance, but the embarrassment of his manner was evident.

The king's returning cheerfulness rose almost into gaiety. "Now, Davenant, thou art in the very court of love, and we are thy judge. I would swear, if a judge could be a witness, that thou art near some goddess of thy divinity. Nay, never deny it man—we noted thy hesitating step turning hither and thither, but still returning to this point. Thrice didst thou lead away and as often retrace the distance. Ah, those were not the doubts of a wanderer, who had lost his way, but the irresolution of a man hesitating to tread a well known path. Now own the truth, master poet, thou wert dubious whether thou shouldst come hither thyself because we were thy comrade."

"Sire," said the poet, "that I am fluctuating, doubting, fearing, in uncertainty, in suspense, in grief, I could not if I would hide from your penetration. That there tarrieth near where we stand a maiden for whom my heart acheth I will not gainsay, and I cannot even deny your second surmise."

"O, we are learned in such matters," said the king, mirthfully, "we think none the worse of thy taste for admiring bright eyes—we have studied astronomy that way ourselves erewhile. But now Davenant we will look upon this magnet of thine and see whether she be worthy of being a poet's mistress."

"Your majesty is pleased to jest," said Davenant.

"We do it every day," replied Charles, "it is the most agreeable way of being in earnest."

"But, sire, you will repent you —"

"All good Christians have daily need to do so. And yet tell us the why and the wherefore in this especial case?"

"None dwell in yon house but roundhead knaves."

"Psha! the thing is a gone by fashion, who remembers it now. Some cosmetic to make the hair grow into Cavalier curls would prove a fortune to the proprietor, so much do men dread being behind the mode, and for the girl, if she be a heretic we will convert her. In our hearts we have no objection to a puritan, provided she be pretty."

"But, sire, I shall incur your displeasure."

"We have guaranteed thee an immunity, so on, master poet, on!"

One solitary light was gleaming in a narrow chamber: let us see what its rays fell upon. We pause not to dwell upon the condition of that lonely tenement, the luxuries of life made no part of its garniture. Necessity seemed to have been cared for because it was necessity but nothing beyond it. The graces never entered in any shape or in anywise that lonely house in Bartholomew Close.

But we said that we would tell on what the rays of that solitary light were falling: even on the broad majestic brow of a blind old man, and on the smooth forehead of a fair young girl.

They were sitting on either side of a narrow table. The finely chiselled profile of the poet, for such he was, was raised as if in contemplation, and it was not a first glance that could have detected that those blue orbs no more conveyed pictures of external images to the inward mind. The brow was indented with many a careworn furrowing, and the white locks clustered round a head noble in all its developments.

And the poet's daughter—soft, timid, sweetly feminine: her hair, such as had been her father's in his youth, of the softest tint of the palest brown, parted over the brow, fell flowingly over her shoulders. Sorrow had not yet had time to indent on that gentle countenance its ineffaceable lines. Truly we might think it was the soft, the timid, the sensitive, who pass through the hour of fiery trial more scatheless than the higher minded, as the valley feels less of the storm than the mountain summit. However it may be, the daughter of the poet seemed shadowed rather than crushed by the sorrow to which she was submitting.

The sightless eyes of the poet were upturned, as if waiting to receive some higher inspiration. The long thin white fingers were clasped together, and their occasional convulsive motion bore touching witness to the internal emotions of the mind. The once fair complexion was now pale and cadaverous. The daughter's face was inclined over a ponderous volume, which she was evidently reading to her sightless parent. There was something indescribably melting in the scene of that quiet and solitary chamber. The majesty of the blind old man—the timid delicacy and grace of the girl.

"Read on—read on," said the old man, and the soft voice of the girl responded—

*"Luciferi primo cum sidere, frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ est."*

"Shall I never teach thee rightly to pronounce the Latin tongue?" said the poet somewhat reproachfully. "Turn thee to the Greek, thou art better at that."

And the timid girl turned from the Latin poet, and commenced reading an original Homer in the softest voice and gentlest intonation. A modern Blue might have envied the poet's daughter, for she read with equal fluency in four or five languages. The envy would be shortlived were we to tell that the maiden understood but one, and that her mother tongue, and that her erudite labours often lasted five or six hours in the day. Hear this, modern ladies and modern daughters! For ourselves we can hardly imagine a more intense self immolation, a more wearying martyrdom. In the best hours of summer and of youth to be poring over words that conveyed neither meaning to the mind, nor sentiment to the heart; and yet it was thus that the poet's daughter supplied the unspeakable loss of her father's sight,

and beguiled, as far as might be, the hours of his sickness and concealment.

The girl read on, and for a while the thoughts of the modern were fastened on the ancient poet; but gradually, as it seemed, they turned upon his own bereavement. The daughter felt herself unheeded, and, as she was wont on such occasions, suffered her voice to sink into silence. The gentle tones faded into a murmur, and finally fell into perfect stillness, unnoticed by the poet, from whose wounded feelings were engendered thoughts that broke into a gradual expression, first disjointedly, almost inarticulately, but progressively assuming coherency, and power, and energy. There sat he, half reclining in his chair, his blue eyes raised, his white hair flowing, his thin hands clasped, and all his feelings and faculties the while passing into a sense of his one vast affliction, shaped themselves into words—those words stamped with the signet of his soul and genius, and then born for immortality. As he thus sat, the daughter, who shared and softened his misfortunes, looked on him thus hiding from his enemies, afflicted both of God and man, in momentary danger of a prison that should be the portal of death; and as the sorrowing complaint shaped itself into the majestic numbers of sweet poesy, the tears coursed each other down her fair and gentle countenance until they fell upon the dead-letter verse which it had been her task to express without comprehending. Perhaps the most touching part of the daughter's grief was, that it was limited to perfect silence. Not a sob was permitted to wound the parent's ear, while in the plaint of the afflicted poet not a murmur mingled itself against the enmity of man: he sorrowed only under the visitations of Heaven, and these the words that broke through the grief of the mourner's soul.

“Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of e'en or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.”

The words died away—there was a sudden start—a pause—a listening. The girl rose with a faint shriek, a slight quiver passed over the poet's lip, but he moved not. “Hast thou found me, O mine enemy!” were all the words he uttered, and then gathered himself into the stern and dignified republican. They were no longer alone: from the dark embrasure of the room two figures emerged, clothed in long cloaks and closely muffled. No wonder if to the eyes of the young and to the ears of the old they seemed as enemies.

“Thou hast deceived us, Davenant!” exclaimed the king, for our reader will have recognized the intruders; “thou hast deceived us, Davenant!”

Davenant threw himself at the feet of the monarch.

"And thou art *Milton!*" exclaimed the king, as he turned to the poet.

The immortal poet, immortal though blind and old, infirm and cankered with disease, and possibly on the very confines of the grave, rose from his seat at the interjection of the king. "Even so; and who then art thou?"

"The son of a murdered monarch! I am King Charles!"

The poet and the king confronted each other. The eye of the monarch rested fixedly upon the old man, as if to penetrate his thoughts, and scan his soul; but he felt that it was beyond his measurement. On the other hand, the sightless orbs of the poet seemed distended with intense desire to look upon the king. Ah, what must be the longing of the blind to gather in the glorious rays of the sun, and behold what it shines upon! But in vain was the protruded vision. "Alas, that I could see thee!" burst from the lips of the old man.

"Oh, most gracious sovereign," murmured Davenant, "thou canst see, and does not this sight enter into thy soul? and will not our king have mercy!"

And Charles felt on his other hand the gentle fearful pressure of a lip mingled with showers of woman's tears, and a voice broken by sobs, inarticulate through fear and grief, murmuring in heart-touching accents, "Mercy! mercy!"

Not even a sense of justice to a martyred father's memory could longer enable Charles to steel himself against the kindlier impulses of his nature. He stooped to raise the suppliant girl. "Nay, not to us, fair one, not to us. We were less than man to suffer this. What wilt thou not rise? nay then, perforce,"—and the king lifted her from the floor with gentle violence, and led her to her seat: she sat not, however, but with clasped hands, and eyes of beseeching earnestness, still seemed to implore him.

"Nay, we must deny thee," said Charles; "we must deny thee, though those entreating eyes might melt us into giving thee a kingdom. But it shall never be said that the son forgave the direst enemy of his father because a woman's eyes, a woman's lips, a woman's tears besought him. Ask of us some other thing, poor girl, and we will give as a monarch should, with open hand. For thee, old man —"

"Sire," humbly, fearfully, and rapidly interposed Davenant, who trembled for the coming sentence. "Sire, pardon me; but remember what mercy is their portion, however black their sins, who have looked on a king's face."

"Ay," hastily flashed from the king, unable even then to control a witticism; "but hath he seen our face, Master Poet?"

Davenant was silent, for he saw there was more mercy in the king's mirth than in his sadness.

Once more the king resumed his dignity. "Old man," he said, not that a woman weeps, or because we have been tricked into thy presence, to found a claim upon our grace—not for these things do we extend our mercy towards thee; but because the hand of Heaven is on thee, and the jurisdiction of an earthly king may never cross

the judgment of the King of kings. The hangman hath this day committed thy poisonous works to the flames. We leave thee henceforth the memory of the past—be that thy punishment.”

“My pride!” said the poet, but the words were drowned in Davenant’s tumultuous joy and gratitude; and the daughter was once more at his feet, bedewing them with grateful tears.

And thus cometh our tale to an end. The king returned to his palace, and in its festivities forgot everything beyond it. The daughter of the poet after awhile did a very commonplace thing in a commonplace manner—she got married: and Milton, old and blind, infirm and decaying, retired into privacy, from all the cares and tumults of men, who quarrel for toys, though those toys be nations; and he was repaid for the privation of all earthly things by an enlarging treasury of intellect, and an expansion of soul, the halo of which hath secured to him undying fame. In other men too often the years of prime are the years of youth, and when we look for the fruit we find only the withered blossoms, and the seared and yellow leaf; but in Milton the autumn of his days bore the rich harvest of which he garnered up the treasures, and left as a rich legacy to posterity, in the pages of *Paradise Lost*.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

WOULD’ST thou divine the maiden’s love,
That ne’er has been confest,
Strive not by questionings to move
The silence of her breast;
For Love has many untaught ways
To make its secret known—
A side-long glance, a word of praise,
Bestow’d on thee alone.
If she, *thee* for another names,
Then sees the fond mistake;
While, o’er her cheek a thousand shames
In conscious blushes break,
She hurries to some idle theme
With well-assumed concern,
Be sure that thou art in her *dream*,
And seek no more to learn.—

Advice to Bachelors.

For prettily thy sense she'll cheat,
 To hide the truth from thee ;
 While, luckless youth ! there's no retreat
 From the sweet witchery,
 Bewild'ring thee in fond amaze,
 A captive to the spell
 That dwells in the enchanting gaze,
 But exercis'd too well.
 If she should start—then check surprise—
 Or laugh, yet lacking mirth—
 Then dart the lightnings of her eyes
 Prone to the senseless earth—
 Whenever thou approachest nigh,
 Be sure that thou art *dear* ;
 And in her bosom lurks a sigh
 Meant not for *thee* to hear.
 Compel her not, then, to disclose
 What shame would hide within,
 'Tis rudely ravishing the rose
 A gentler hand should win.
 The fairest flow'r that ever grew
 Soon loses its perfume
 When gather'd—while expires each hue
 Fond sunbeams kiss'd to bloom ;
 So Love, an exotic most rare,
 Thrives in the virgin's breast—
 In native beauty leave it there,
 Its genial place of rest.
 Let the soft veil of myst'ry still
 Envelope the coy thought,
 The first pure sparkle from the rill
 Of passion's fountain caught,
 Where Hope's bright iris tints appear,
 Reflected in the ray
 Of life's young morn, serenely clear,
 Swiftly to pass away.
 Then be content to let her eyes
 Her heart's sweet secret tell,
 For oh ! *they* never can disguise
 What's known *there* but too well !
 Nor force her lips reluctantly
 To syllable the sound
 That in the glances of her eye
 More truthful may be found.

TWO YEARS IN CHINA.*

When it is remembered that the existing population of China, at the present day, comprehends a number about equal to the whole accumulated population of Great Britain from the creation of the world, and that this myriad of people are so divided from us by religion, social habits, and all the external features of civilization, as to leave little of common semblance between us; and when, too, it is remembered that our little island is now sending forth her mere handfuls of brave spirits to cope with the swarming hordes of this vast continent, on their own soil, so full of resources to themselves, and so destitute of succour to ourselves, we cannot but feel that a work written by one all fresh from the localities of action, scarcely yet breathing from his toils, and with the scenes of warfare scarcely faded from his vision, must be to all parties and all classes one of the most welcome productions of literature.

Hitherto the policy of China has so far hidden her domestic constitution from our view, that occasional glimpses are all that have been attainable, and from this partial viewing it has been impossible to compact the parts into anything like the semblance of the whole. Thus our ideas of China have been incongruous and misshapen. Knowing as we do, that man is everywhere composed of the same passions, we have as yet scarcely perceived which has had the predominance, and this because our knowledge of the religion of the country has been limited and narrow. A clearer view of the theology of a people would necessarily unfold something of their practice, for however far the one may be behind the other, there is still an imitative hypocrisy, if not an honest adaptation. One of the happiest features of the present war is the tearing away the veil which has hitherto been suspended between us barbarians, and the celestial children of the sun; and, assuredly, Dr. Mc Pherson's work is the fullest and most satisfactory of these results. In it is comprehended all that an active, intelligent, enterprising, and energetic man could grasp and accumulate during his two years of duty on the medical staff. The newness of the matter, and the vivid interest of the scene, influence the reader powerfully. In perusing the work, we seem to be following the footsteps of a guide through cities of fresh aspects and unwonted architectures, full of strange devices and novel appearances, and to meet crowds of our fellow-beings clothed in the most grotesque attire, yet gay in their motley garbs, and full of odd contrasts; and while we read we seem to gain fresh insights into the national character. The dissimulation which so often baffled Captain Elliot's trustful temper is prominently conspicuous, being carried out in every species of crooked cunning that treachery could devise, though, at the same time, the doctrine of the fairness of the strategies of war is current

* Narrative of the Chinese Expedition from its formation in April 1840, till April 1842. By D. Mc PHERSON, M.D. Madras Army, &c.

in every camp; and while we join heartily in deprecating the violation of flags of truce, we must yet allow that some of these stigmatized actions of the Chinese might have been considered patriotic had they been performed on our side, and instead of making their actors the recipients of peacocks feathers and blue buttons, might, at home, have won for them stars and garters.

Did there exist none other than the single consideration, that at the moment in which this work on China is quitting the press, our countrymen are contending hand to hand, under every disadvantage of climate and position, with its overgrown population in its extensive empire, would be sufficient to induce in us an earnest curiosity to acquire more satisfactory and enlarged information than we have heretofore possessed. An empire containing an area, according to Sir George Staunton, of 1,297,999 square miles, and teeming with a people whose manners and customs are full of extraordinary contrasts and oppositions to those of any European nation, of whose religion we have but faint impressions, and whose literature is in a great measure locked up from us, presents a field replete with incentives to laudable curiosity. The jealous exclusiveness with which the very outposts of information have been guarded, have hitherto left us but faint glimpses of observation, but these have been amply sufficient to excite the liveliest interest. The self-love of home civilization has given an undervaluing bias to our minds in our consideration of this people; but that such is unjust, the remembrance of those extraordinary and inestimable inventions, the knowledge of which we have derived from them, might sufficiently prove. For our own part, we fully expect that if the day should arrive when we shall be familiarised among them, England will reap as many benefits in matters of art and invention as she will bestow. It will be found that our national self-love has been at work in depreciating, and of this fact the whole tone of Dr. M'Pherson's work is confirmatory. Unused to European warfare, numbers have fallen before our little bands, but the valour which rushes on destruction is greater than that which hurries on to victory; and we have no lack of such instances in our author. Had these traits of self-devotion, suicidal though they be, had a place in Roman history, they would have been accounted heroic, and they certainly prove that these men are not made wholly of base metal. Although it would be impossible not to be struck with the air of manly impartiality which characterises the whole of Dr. M'Pherson's most able work, yet the very absence of intention to bias us on either side, helps, often unconsciously, to stimulate our interest in this extraordinary people. That they have a strong love of science is manifested to us in the fact, that with all their intensely-bigotted prejudices against anything bearing the semblance of the domestication of Europeans among them, yet, for the sake of cultivating astronomical knowledge, they formerly tolerated the residence of Jesuit missionaries, amongst whom was Father le Comte, who, under the semblance of an observer of the celestial bodies, hid the higher purpose of christian efforts; and whose work on China is a curious document, which stimulates, though it cannot satisfy our curiosity. The existing war has been the medium of procuring us further valua-

ble information, but the present work, written by an eye-witness, and brought down to the latest possible period of time, possesses a value exactly commensurate with the national importance of the subject. The narrative is natural, unstudied, frank, and candid; the style so graphic and life-like, that in reading we seem to see, and take a share in every adventure, and the whole has the interest of a camp story, with the far higher value of important verity.

Dr. M'Pherson is temperately adverse to Captain Elliot's temporising policy. In the following forcibly-written narrative of disasters and land dangers, they were partners in toils and troubles. Having gone on board the cutter *Louisa* with the commodore, for the purpose of proceeding to Hong-Kong to rejoin the *Wellesley*, they were overtaken with most fearful weather.

"As day broke, the prospect was anything but cheering; it was blowing a gale from N.W. to N.N.W., and evidently increasing in violence every moment: a heavy sea was running, which the little cutter rode out beautifully, only now and then shipping a sea; every hatch was now battened down, and the increasing sea frequently broke over us; our anchors and cables being good, we held on well. About eight o'clock, A.M., it was manifest that we must slip, but it was determined to hold on till we could do so no longer; about nine o'clock, A.M., the heavy pitching carried away the jib-boom; and the gaff-topsail being still aloft, after much difficulty it was got down, and the head of the topmast twisted off, but the spar could not be got on deck; it was accordingly lashed, and we stood by to slip. About a quarter past ten o'clock the land was seen through the haze, close under our lee, and the cutter was driving down upon it: we immediately slipped, cut away our mizzen-mast, and put the vessel before it, shipping some very heavy seas in the attempt. The fore-staysail was hoisted, but instantly blown out of the boltrope; the peak of the mainsail was then ordered to be swayed up above the gunwale, in order that we might have her under command;—the men clapped on the throat-halyards, and the peak fell down and was jammed in the larboard gangway abaft; we were by this time within sixty yards of the shore, upon which the surf was breaking terrifically. Mr. Owen, the second master, incautiously went before the gangway, and attempted to lift the peak out clear, the men swaying on the halyards at the same time; it suddenly flew out, and jerked Mr. Owen into the sea, swung round, and was brought up by the fore rigging; the gaff went in two, and the sail, with part of the gaff, went forward, and was jammed before the rigging,—the foot of the sail towing overboard, thus leaving us an excellent little sail to scud under; it was instantly lashed and made secure. A tumbling sea, which broke over us, washed everything off the deck that was not lashed, and amongst other things a hen-coop, which poor Owen got hold of, after having taken off his pea-jacket in the water. Another heavy sea broke on board, washed away the man at the tiller, and unshipped it; we were within twenty yards of the surf, and our situation truly awful. Owen's fate now seemed but the precursor of ours, and our moments, we thought, were numbered; but the hand of Providence was stretched forth to save us. Lord Amelius Beauclerk caught hold of the tiller, and endeavoured to ship it, but a heavy lurch sent him to leeward; I picked it up, and, with the assistance of the men it was shipped, put hard a-port, and we passed clear of the end of the island, with the surf nearly breaking on board of us.

"We could do nothing but run before the gale, keeping a good lookout ahead, and thus we passed about an hour of anxiety and uncertainty, lest there should be other land to leeward. Our doubts on this

matter were soon over, for the cry of 'breakers right a-head' seemed again to warn us that our lives were but of short duration; the land appeared towering many hundred feet above us, and the roar of the breakers, as they dashed against a precipitous wall of granite, was heard above the fearful violence of the tempest. 'Hard a-port,'—and—'hard a-star-board!' were shouted out in quick succession by Captain Elliot, who was standing forward, holding on by the fore rigging; as the little vessel obeyed her helm, a blast, which seemed the concentration of all the winds, threw her nearly on her broadside, but she gallantly stood up again under it, and we passed within a few yards of a smooth granite precipice, on which the sea first broke, and to have touched which would have shivered the cutter into a thousand fragments. We ran along this frightful coast, the wind nearly a-beam, for not less than three hundred yards, expecting every moment to be our last; but God, in his infinite mercy, was pleased to have us in his special keeping, and we rounded the end of this land, with the feelings of men who had been delivered from a frightful, and, as we deemed, inevitable death, with not a chance (from the nature of the coast) of our lives being saved.

"We now had evidently (from the long following seas) got out of the immediate vicinity of the islands, and the wind abated a little; the sail was scarcely sufficient to steady the vessel, and to keep her before the seas, which frequently broke over us. We passed through a space of between two and a half and three miles, which was covered with floating fragments of wrecks of Chinese and foreign vessels, affording a melancholy proof of what devastation of property and loss of life must have been caused, and that, our lives being spared, we had much to be thankful for.

"It was now about three o'clock, P.M., and the wind had gradually veered round to E. and S.E., and continued shifting between those points, so that our course was from W. to N.W., but nearer the former than the latter. We concluded that we had passed to the southward of the Ladroneas, and if so, that we must, by steering that course, be running directly for the shore about Montanha. The water now became very much discoloured, so much so as to leave a sediment on the decks and on our clothes as the sea broke over us: two hand leads were lashed together, and we got sounding in seven fathoms. The gale was blowing with redoubled fury, and it was plain that, this time, as we were running on towards the main, (or rather the western islands,) there was only one chance of safety for us, and that was, to get into one of the many creeks or channels for boats which are rather numerous about that part of the coast; and failing this, to run her into shoaler water, let go the anchor, and put our trust in that all-seeing Providence who had already twice preserved us. 'High land right a-head!' again put to flight all our speculations; and we were once more to find ourselves saved from imminent peril. The wind literally howled and screamed through the rigging, and our little sail began to show symptoms of being no longer able to withstand the fearful conflict. Again the land towered above us, and a surf broke close on our larboard beam, about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore; we cleared this danger, and ran along the land. Suddenly, through the mist, a gap was seen in the outline, and high land trending away on both sides, which Captain Elliot instantly declared to be a creek: our hopes were fixed on rounding the point, where we should be, comparatively speaking, in shelter; but the thing seemed impossible. The wind and waves, as if determined not to be again robbed of their prey, raged with inconceivable fury; and the surf, breaking to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, gave us too sure intimation of what would be our fate should we but touch the iron-bound coast. We steered as high for clearing the point as possible; we gradually neared it; each surf broke closer,—we could only hold our course; we seemed bearing down upon the breakers: it was an awful moment!—we were looking

for and expecting the shock, beyond which all would be oblivion; a surf broke almost on board, and the cutter was hid in the spray—a terrific blast split our sail to shreds; ‘hard a-port!’—a moment of breathless suspense, and, thanks be to Almighty God, we passed clear. We felt directly that we were partially sheltered, and stood by the anchor, for we were drifting right upon the shore; it was accordingly let go, and held, checking her way for a moment, and nearly taking her under water. A heavy sea broke over us, and I fancied we were lifted over a rock, for I was quite sensible of a shock, which a person who has once been aground cannot easily mistake; the cable flew out of the hawse, and the anchor again brought us on our beam-ends; the water was up to the combings of the hatchways, but she rose very slowly; we were within thirty yards of the rocks, and embayed; the cable had checked her considerably, and we slowly drifted towards the shore, Captain Elliot conning her. The cable running out, she struck about fifteen or twenty yards from the precipitous coast, the next sea lifted her so that she bilged, and filled instantly, and her starboard bow touching a detached rock, and receding with the sea. Several people jumped overboard, others got on the rocks on the starboard bow, and threw themselves down to prevent being washed off by the surf, which now swept the vessel, and threatened her with almost instant annihilation. Great danger was apprehended from the fall of the mast, which would have come upon those who were on the rock. One of the boys swam over, and a rope being thrown him, he made it fast to the shore, and it was passed round a portion of our rock of refuge, by which means all hands got safely on shore. Captain Elliot and two of the men were washed off the rock, but fortunately succeeded in reaching the land, though much exhausted.

“There we stood,—out of all danger from the violence of the tempest,—and saw the gradual destruction of the gallant little vessel which had borne us along so well, through a storm hardly to be surpassed in violence, and through perils which men doubtless sometimes witness, but seldom live to recount; and I do not believe there was a man among our number, twenty-three in all, who (thoughtless though sailors be) did not offer up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God, who had so signally vouchsafed to stretch forth his hand and save us.

“Two or three of the men now went up the hill to look at the surrounding country, but nothing was seen of any human habitation; they returned and reported accordingly. About half-past five the tide had fallen so that we went down to the wreck to endeavour to save a small quantity of provisions, and to get some blankets and cloth clothing to shelter ourselves against the inclemency of the weather. We succeeded in procuring both, but not in such quantities as we could have wished; and as the vessel was going to pieces, it was not safe to make a very long stay on board. We got, besides a sail, or part of one, a tarpaulin, and eight bottles of gin, a small portion of which was instantly served out to all hands, upon which, with a small piece of raw beef or pork, we made our first meal after nearly twenty-four hours’ fasting.

“As many as could get them, put on cloth under thin trousers, and those who had flannel waistcoats were fortunate. We then began to make arrangements for passing the night. Having found a fissure in the side of a precipice, open at the top with a small space outside, we placed stones so as to cover a small mountain stream that ran through the centre of our comfortless abode, and strapped the tarpaulin up across the entrance, where it was exposed to the unabated fury of the typhoon. Having taken off our clothes and wrung them, and put them on again, the Commodore, Captain Elliot, and Lord A. Beauclerk, myself, the Commodore and Captain Elliot’s servants, and a little Portuguese boy, sat down in a circle, with our backs to the sides of the cavern and the tarpaulin, and had a large blanket thrown over all. As there was no room for more

inside, a wet sail was spread outside over the rocks. Mr. Fowler and Lena (second mate), and the men, rolled themselves up in blankets, and laid down exposed to the wind and rain. The latter descended in torrents all night, pouring down upon us in little cascades from all parts of the rock above, making a channel amongst the people on the sail; in fact, it was very like lying down to sleep in a running stream. Of course, few were fortunate enough to close their eyes in slumber, and the gradual breaking up of the little cutter continually called forth an exclamation from some of us, as crash after crash was heard above the noise of the wind and breakers. We who were within the cleft remained in a sitting posture all night, for there was no room to recline.

"At length, morning of the 22nd dawned, and we saw all that held together of the *Louisa*; her taffrail jammed between two rocks, and a few of the deck planks adhering, but all the rest was scattered along the coast in fragments. We stripped, wrung our clothes, and put them on again, and having served out a small quantity of spirits, several exploring parties went out to endeavour to find some Chinese.

"We were not very far from a sandy bay, on which were cast up many articles of wreck; along this bay a party was sent, whilst others went up the hills; some descended to our own wreck, and a few remained in or near the cavern. We had not been down long before we discovered under planks and timbers the bodies of three Chinese frightfully lacerated by the rocks; their vessel must have been driven on shore during the night. Suddenly I heard myself hailed, and looking up, saw two Chinese, each of them appropriating a blanket. All hands were instantly recalled, and we began to talk to them; one of them had a most benevolent countenance, and to him was the conversation principally addressed. This man gave Captain Elliot a paper, which was folded and quite saturated with water, but after some time we got two of the folds clear, and were delighted to see Captain Elliot's signature, and some of the cutter's men said that they recognised our friend as one of the boat people of Macao. He was instantly offered a thousand dollars if he would give us a fishing boat to take us thither; this he undertook to do very readily, and beckoned us to follow him, which we did, having first shouldered the beef and pork and gin, and put as many clothes on as we could get. On the top of the hill we were joined by the party which went round the sandy bay; they said that they had found the bodies of eleven Chinese, and the wreck of a large junk, and one of them had picked up the box containing the commodore's decorations, which we distributed amongst ourselves, and put in our pockets. We were very badly off for shoes; I had only one, and the consequence was, my feet were much cut; we walked along over two hills in single file, and as we topped the third, saw an extensive valley with a long sandy beach, on which the sea was breaking heavily. A creek ran up on the left side by a considerable village or hamlet, and the place seemed full of people. Scarcely had we appeared over the hill, when we were seen by the Chinese; the women and children ran away, screaming *Fanqui! Fanqui!* and the men, armed with bill-hooks, rushed up the path in hundreds, railing at and menacing us. However, our benevolent guide explained matters to them, and about sixty passed us to go and plunder the wreck. At length one of them stopped Captain Elliot, and commenced rifling his pockets; I was walking behind Captain Elliot, and the same fellow thrust his hand into my pockets, in which was the star of the Hanoverian Guelphic order; I squeezed my arm to my side to prevent his taking it, when he shook his bill-hook in my face, and another fellow jumped upon a large stone, and flourished his weapon over my head; still I held on, when the first man struck me a severe blow on the arm with the back of the bill-hook. Captain Elliot looked round just then, and said it was no use resisting, and that I had better give up every thing to them, they being twenty to one, and we wholly unarmed and in their power. I accordingly

resisted no longer, and repeated Captain Elliot's advice to those behind me. Having taken the contents of our packets, and eased the bearers of the beef, pork, and gin, of their loads, they returned and stripped us of clothing, just allowing a regard to common decency, after which they molested us no further. The only two amongst us who were struck were the commodore (who was knocked down) and myself.

"On our arrival before a little shed, one of the outermost houses of the village, our friend commenced preparing it for our reception, a proceeding we did not by any means admire, as we had understood that a boat would at once take us to Macao; but he said the wind was too high, which in truth it was, and we were therefore compelled to enter and wait the result. Our man, who was named Mingfong, made a fire, and gave us a breakfast of rice and salt fish, which we were too happy to get; having satisfied our appetites, we endeavoured to dry our clothes, and make ourselves as comfortable as men in our situation could do. We presently ascertained, with great satisfaction, that there were no officers in the place, so that if we could manage properly, there was every probability of our escaping a trip to Pekin. Captain Elliot increased the sum originally offered to 2000 dollars, if they would take us to Macao as soon as the wind moderated, and after some difficulty it was agreed to.

"We had the satisfaction of seeing the people passing and repassing with different articles of our property in their possession, many of which they brought to us to inquire the uses of. The bodies of three Chinese had been discovered almost on the spot where the *Louisa* was wrecked; and as they bore some frightful marks, caused by dashing against the rocks, it was supposed we had murdered them. This was a very awkward affair; but we could only deny it strenuously, with every expression of horror that such a crime should be imputed to us, who had so providentially been saved from the same fate as these poor men. However, they would not be persuaded to the contrary, or they did not understand our explanation, until Lena, by gestures, showed that in all probability the junk people had lashed themselves to spars, and in endeavouring to reach the land on them, had been dashed against the rocks, which accounted for their lacerated appearance, and the ropes found round their bodies. They went away apparently satisfied, but occasionally two or three would return and revive the matter, making demonstration of sharpening knives and cutting throats. When they found the cutter's arms, they were also very angry, and stormed and railed against us most violently.

"All the women and children in the place crowded round to look at us (particularly when eating), and many were the inquiries made as to the sex of old Joe, the commodore's black Gentoo servant, who wearing earrings, and having his hair turned back and twisted in a knot behind, did bear some resemblance to a female; but on closer inspection, his thick beard, whiskers, and mustachios, might have satisfied the most sceptical among them. They had, however, taken away his earrings, and one savage attempted to cut off his ear.

"We had another mess of rice towards evening, and that night slept around the fire, though not very soundly, for we were apprehensive the Chinese had some design upon us, but I believe no harm was intended. People were walking about all night, which kept us on the *qui vive*. Captain Elliot proposed to them to go that night; but they were afraid of the *Ladrones*, and though tempted by an additional 1000 dollars, they refused; their wives appeared to object to the proceeding, or I think they would have been induced to go. During the night, Captain Elliot made a final arrangement, by which we were to start at daylight on the morning of the 23rd, in two boats; in each boat there were to be but two people, the remainder to be sent for on our arrival at Macao, for which ser-

vice they were to receive 3000 dollars, and 100 dollars for each of the boats.

"At daylight on the 23rd we were prepared to start, but the Chinese tantalized us by making thole-pins, mending sails, &c.; at last, we had the satisfaction of seeing two boats come down the creek, and anchor abreast of our dwelling. The people to whom the boats belonged now refused to let them go unless 150 dollars were given for each, and this after some demur was agreed to, as every moment's delay increased the probability of our falling into the hands of the officers; but no sooner had the blackguards been promised the 150 dollars than they increased their demand to 200. Here our friend Mingfong took our part and abused his countrymen for their rapacity, and declared we should not be so imposed upon: he would sooner take but one boat. All was at length settled. We had chowchow (amongst which they gave us part of our own pork), and, having bid good bye to those who were to remain behind, at about eight A. M. the Commodore and Captain Elliot got into one boat, and myself and Captain Elliot's servant (who was sick) went in the other; they made us lay on our backs at the bottom of the boat, and covered us with mats. We got through the surf and out to sea without any mishap, as the weather was fine; further than that I knew nothing until two P. M., when they uncovered us and gave us some rice. We had just finished our light repast, when the man sitting above hit me a pretty hard blow on the head, and made signs for me to lie down again; this I did, and was covered with the mat; a few minutes after I heard a rush, as if some large boat were passing us, which was the case. They said nothing to us, but the other boat was hailed, and asked what was the news, and whether many vessels had been wrecked on their part of the coast; to which suitable replies were given, and we passed on. This was a Mandarin boat! they little thought what a prize was within their grasp—the two plenipotentiaries. Doubtless we were within these three days of adventure and peril in the especial keeping of Providence. In about two hours, I again ventured to look up, and to my great joy discovered two ships anchored at a considerable distance. I could not recognise the land, and was quite mystified as to our situation; at last I determined that it must be the Typa, and I was right; we passed to the left of Monkey island, and Macao opened to our view; glad, indeed, were we, and thankful for our deliverance. We saw a vessel not far behind working up for Macao, which Captain Elliot made out to be a lorch, and we could no longer remain under cover, but throwing off the mats, stood upon the thwarts and waved our hats to attract their attention, at the same time telling the Chinese to give way, which they did most lustily. My boat was a faster one than the other, and consequently got alongside first, when I met with an unexpected reception: all the Portuguese and Lascars were drawn up with swords, muskets, and pistols, so that I had nearly been shot at the moment of deliverance. However, Captain Elliot's servant explained who were in the other boat, and we went alongside instantly. They had mistaken us for Ladrões, hence the muskets, swords, and pistols. The Commodore and Captain Elliot were on board within a few minutes after us, and we were regaled with soft tack and pine-apple by the people on board, who seemed overjoyed at seeing us.

"We soon came to in the Inner Harbour, and were all landed safely at the Bar fort. The Commodore was in a blue worsted sailor's frock, a light pair of trowsers of four days wear, shoes, and a low crowned hat: Captain Elliot, in a Manila hat, a jacket, no shirt, a pair of striped trowsers, and shoes; I had shirt and trowsers, no hat, and a pair of red slippers, borrowed of a parsee on board the lorch. The commandant of the fort was most amiable, and particularly anxious to turn out the guard for the Commodore, who certainly did not look in a fit mood to appreciate such a

mark of respect, his appearance bearing a close resemblance to a highly respectable quarter-master who had been dissipating; consequently the turning out of the guard was strongly deprecated, and the idea abandoned by the gallant Portuguese. Steps were instantly taken to procure the liberation of those still left in the hands of the Chinese. A boat was despatched to the island, accompanied by Mr. Thom, and all the crew brought to Macao on the 25th instant."

We confess that, among the vast variety of interesting matter contained in this work, we have been puzzled by the very riches open to our selection, but the extract we have just transferred to our pages is worthy of observation on many points. The truth and nature so striking in the recital reminds us of De Foe, and while it brings before us a finely graphic view of the storm and tempest, like persecuting furies, besetting the buoyant vessel which bore our countrymen, we have Captain Elliot, of much canvassed political character, introduced to us under circumstances of much fearful danger, and see the native aspect in its least favourable light. On the whole, it cannot be denied, however much, here and there, self-interest or personal fear may veil the national antipathy, that the feeling of the people is strongly against the invading barbarians; and, as honest enemies, we must allow that there is patriotism in the antipathy. Numerous instances manifest this aversion, and instead of familiarity with British subjects tending to more friendly assimilation, we feel that the approximation is but making them more able foes. We are undoubtedly giving them lessons in the art of war, and the longer the struggle is protracted, the more formidable shall we render our antagonists. As a history of the war the work is most complete, both from the opportunities and capabilities of its author. The incidental notices of customs and manners are highly illustrative of this extraordinary people. As a narrative of the camp life of our countrymen, it is full of military anecdote and exploit, and even of humour. The elastic spirit which buoys up the mind of the real soldier imparts its tone to the work, which, for cheerful vigour, redundant information, recentness of observation, and comprehension of matter, deserves to be considered as the most attractive novelty of the present day, and to take its future stand among the most valuable of historical documents.

THE GOULSHEN ROZ.*

A PERSIAN SONATA.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Author of " Kathleen Marvourneen," " Dermot Astore," " Dermody," &c. &c.

TO A MELODY BY MEERZA ALI KOSROES.

THE bulbul woos his wedded rose
 In yon pomegranate tree ;
 So, " Rose of Shiraz," nightly flows
 Thy poet's song for thee.
 O Zelma ! turn those melting eyes
 Upon thy lover's face,
 For in their light a magic lies,
 A spirit-breathing grace.
 I fly the dull *Merdānah*,† where
 Those eyes are never seen,
 On that young brow, as Houri's fair,
 Displays its jewell'd sheen ;
 The praise of all the world is naught,
 To thy sweet love for me ;
 Thy Hafiz has no dearer thought,
 Than that which clings to thee,
 My Goulshen Roz ! My Goulshen Roz !
 My lovely Goulshen Roz !

Come, let us seek the flow'ry glades,
 Where silver fountains play,
 And deep as night, the cypress shades
 Shut out the rosy day ;
 Where glitt'ring on the orange boughs
 The trembling night-drops shine,
 Oh ! there we'll softly whisper vows,
 And loving hearts entwine.
 Thy jasmine hair,‡ that breathes perfume,
 Is dark as raven's wings,
 And o'er thy cheek of changeful bloom,
 Its tender shadow flings ;
 But, oh ! those eyes, like young gazelle's,
 So dark, so wildly bright,
 They weave a thousand witching spells
 Around my heart to night,
 My Goulshen Roz ! My Goulshen Roz !
 My lovely Goulshen Roz !

* " The light of the rose-garden."

† The men's apartment.

‡ Hafiz, the prince of Persian poets, says, in one of his beautiful odes to the maid of Shiraz,—

" If the odour of thy locks were to pass over the grave of Hafiz,
 From the dust of his finger an hundred thousand tunes would arise !"

" If Shiraz' beauteous maid, whose lovely charms
 Have seiz'd my soul, would take me to her arms ;
 I'd gladly give for that fair cheek's black mole
 Of Samarcand, and Bokhara the whole."

This distich, which for its beauty has so often been translated, roused the jealousy of Timour, who asked Hafiz how he dared to undervalue his provinces so, as to offer them for a black spot ; the poet answered, " What he gave away could not injure Timour." " He who has not, gives not." This reply satisfied the prince, and confounded the accusers of Hafiz.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art : comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles of every Branch of Human Knowledge ; with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in general use. Edited by W. T. BRANDE, F.R.S.L. and E. Of Her Majesty's Mint ; Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution of Great Britain ; Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica to the Apothecaries' Company, etc. etc. etc. Assisted by JOSEPH CAUVIN, Esq. The various Departments by eminent Literary and Scientific Gentlemen. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood.

It would be a work of perfect supererogation at the present day to enter either into assertion or demonstration of the utility of these encyclopædian tomes. Their value is too widely acknowledged and too generally felt to require anything in the shape of laudation. The usefulness of works of this class stands confessed, and it is therefore the execution alone that challenges investigation. The public are indeed largely indebted to the liberal policy and spirited energy of Messrs. Longman & Co., for that series of Dictionaries, of which the one before us forms a part. The credit of the publishers is in truth no slight guarantee for the value of those works which are issued on their own responsibility, and the liberal manner in which this extensive plan of serial Encyclopædias has been carried into effect, is the strongest argument that could be brought to vouch for their claim on our confidence, since such a system can alone be expected to command the time and talents of men standing at the head of their own respective professions and pursuits. In the formation of this work, it will at once be seen that each of its departments has been entrusted

to some individual of eminence in his own peculiar line, whose credit is thus pledged for its worthiness, and we are thus presented with a sort of committee of talent responsible for the perfectibility, as far as present means extend, of the whole. A work comprising so vast a mass of information could not pass under the ordinary perusal, even of a critic, and we do not therefore make pretension to having done more than dip into its columns. Its masses of valuable matter are the exact reverse of the light pages which we skim over with a sort of summer's-day pleasure, being in truth an exhaustless treasury of reference, of which we cannot know the value but by an accumulating process of constant appeal to its authority, when we shall feel a growing estimation of its worth as we draw more and more upon its resources. Until we have done this, we must rest our confidence in its capability and trustworthiness on the credit of its contributors. The general editor is too widely known to need more than the mention of his name to ensure our reliance on his acknowledged character as a man of science, and the feeling is greatly increased by the companionship of talent in which we find him associated; among whom are Gwilt, Lindley, Loudon, Merivale, McCulloch, Galloway, Raper, Owen, and Savage, the last of these gentlemen being himself the author of the "Dictionary of Printing," a work which, while it forms one of Messrs. Longmans' series, has already taken its place as the standard authority in typography, and which, for its deep research and extraordinary accumulation of rare and erudite matter, deserves equally to be accorded a station in every library.

The peculiar utility of this form of the Encyclopædia is so well stated in the preface that we are tempted to transcribe the passage.

"By far the greater number, or rather, perhaps we might say, all the Encyclopædias and Dictionaries of modern times, are either too voluminous or too special for ready reference and general use. The *Encyclopédie Française*, *Rees's Cyclopædia*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, are all works of vast extent, comprising many volumes, and embracing an infinite variety of articles, or rather treatises, which, if published separately, would each make a considerable work. Now it is obvious that such voluminous publications, whatever may be their merits in other respects, want that facility of reference and precision of statement which ought to be the distinguishing features of a useful Dictionary. No man can carry about with him any of the great modern Encyclopædias; while the extensive plan on which they are compiled renders them at once far too expensive for general circulation, and wholly unsuitable for ready consultation. The supply, indeed, of that concise and authentic information on the various subjects of science, literature, and art, which a book of reference should furnish with the utmost facility to all classes of readers, has been but a secondary object with the compilers of our great Encyclopædias; and though it had been otherwise, the length, theoretical character, and frequent obscurity of the articles in such works, must have effectually precluded their ever being used for mere purposes of reference. They are valuable as substitutes for libraries, as repositories of the various knowledge connected with the different departments of which they treat; and being so, they cannot be convenient manuals. Special Dictionaries, on the other hand, though they may exhaust some one branch or department of

science, literature, or art, and be invaluable to those engaged in its cultivation; and to those who wish to become acquainted with its details, are not intended to supply information on other branches. A work therefore like that now offered to the public, possessing the comprehensive character of a general encyclopædia without its amplitude, and affording in a convenient form an abstract of the principles of every branch of knowledge, and a definition and explanation of the various terms in science, literature, and art, which occur in reading and conversation, appears to be still wanting."

We subscribe most fully to the truth of these observations. In no age of the world did science ever make such giant strides as within the memory of our own days. A constant progression goes on around us: no dormant power is suffered to lie sleeping in our path; there is no waste of faculties, no waiting for time. Everything is on the alert; a stimulating energy pervades every walk of life, and we must travel on with the community with which we are associated, if we would not be left as marked laggards behind. To do this we know of no more efficient aid than these Dictionaries offer. By their means we may keep a parallel pace with all the intellect and all the ingenuity of our adventurous contemporaries. Without such helps no man, however vast his powers, or unlimited his memory, can do more than follow as a mere gleaner in the wide harvest field of knowledge, while with them he may be said to possess the whole garner. The range of subject comprised in these Encyclopædias, if not co-extensive with human knowledge, at least meets the exigencies of all those requisitions which forethought may be enabled to take within its scope, or daily deficiencies may seem to require. Individual experience makes us easy of conviction of the necessity of having some instructive authority to which we may appeal in those multitudes of cases at which even the best informed may demur. It is scarcely possible to exchange the fewest sentences in intelligent conversation, to glance over a newspaper, or to read half-a-dozen pages in almost any work, without feeling the necessity of reference, and with this admission the value of this series of Encyclopædias, as well collectively as individually, must also be at once confessed. Their utility undoubtedly deserves to stand in the highest estimation.

But there is still another view in which these Dictionaries ought to be regarded, and it is one of primary importance; we speak of that aspect of public benefit which is most peculiarly opposed to private advantage—of usefulness to a community rather than to an individual—as profit to futurity as well as to the present. These works will stand as the very landmarks of science. They will supply to our successors the boundary lines of discovery, and apportion to every man his just degree of merit. If honour accrue to the navigator who explores unknown seas, or to the adventurer who plants the standard of his country upon some newly discovered land, he who elevates his species by the triumphs of his intellect, and so raises his fellow men but the smallest fraction nearer to his Maker, assuredly deserves far higher commemoration. The names of scientific men, together with the extent of their achievements, deserve, nay claim, to be chronicled. The name of a Faraday ought to be enrolled with that of a Colum-

bus. In this large and comprehensive view, which seems to swallow up the nearer consideration of individual usefulness, these works assume a position of national importance. By their means we are put into possession of scientific history of the highest credit, and are at the same time bequeathing records for future ages; and because at no previous period were the triumphs of human intellect so marked, or industry so quickened into honourable exertion, or mental effort so stimulated into high achievements, so at no previous epoch would these compendiums of knowledge have been presented to the world possessed of the same value, interest, and importance.

The Expedition into Affghanistan: Notes and Sketches descriptive of the Country, contained in a Personal Narrative during the Campaign of 1839 and 1840, up to the surrender of Dost Muhomed Khan. By JAMES ATKINSON, Esq. Superintending Surgeon of the Army of the Indus, Bengal Establishment. Author of an Abridged Translation, in Prose and Verse, of "the Shahnameh of Firdousee;" "La Secchia Rapita," from the Italian of Tassoni; &c. &c.

The interest which the home country must ever take in the politics of her colonial possessions, is, in the case of Affghanistan, augmented in a very high degree by the importance of these vast provinces as considered in connexion with our dominion in the East. It might seem of little consequence to England, whether one prince or another of the native dynasties assumed the reins of government, was deposed, blinded, or butchered, where the sovereignty is elective, though the family be hereditary, and where such events as these are of such frequent occurrence as to seem but a mere domestic habit among brothers; but the importance of holding these frontier provinces, whether coercively or not, on terms of good behaviour, since they possess advantages of localities that might be wrested to our national detriment at any moment, is too prominent to need exposition. Had Dost Mahomed succeeded in propitiating, and entered into some compact with the English Government, it is more than probable that he might have retained his usurped throne, and that much warm blood and many valuable lives would have been spared. He miscalculated, however, and national honour, as well as political interest, obliged the drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard. Russian influence and Russian intrigue were not to be permitted to triumph, while Britain had eyes to see or hands to hinder; and stimulated by those motives, the deposed prince, Shah Shoojah, who had been quietly and hopelessly sojourning in the British cantonment of Loodianah, was suddenly recalled to hopes of once again being restored to the throne of his ancestors through the instrumentality of English influence. Sir John Keane assumed the command of troops from the Bombay and Bengal presidencies, and Shah Shoojah with his contingent, crossed the Indus in March 1839, en route to the scene of contested empire.

The author of the present work enters on his narrative with a clear

and succinct historical sketch of the rival factions, and a brief record of their contending pretensions. Having been possessed of a sort of auto-biography of Shah Shoojah, written in the true Oriental style by that prince during his adverse fortunes and scene-shifting warfare, he has drawn from it a memoir of the Shah, the authenticity of which thus rests upon his own credit. There is, of course, a degree of interest thus attaching to this species of biography, which would not attend any other, though at the same time there necessarily hangs a leaning to self exculpation and justification, if not to laudation, which personal partiality and self-love almost peremptorily involves. Mr. Atkinson, too, is somewhat a partizan of the prince, though by no means a bigoted one, and perhaps not one whit more partial than a man aiding in any cause ought to feel himself, if not in justice, at least for the sake of stimulating a sufficient zeal and zest in his service. Certainly we must admit that both in morality and humanity the Shah held the pre-eminence over his rival; and so far we think it well that justice was on the side of worth, which is not always the case, since misfortune quite as frequently befalls the unjust as the just. Howbeit, it seems that the Shah, in a great measure, deserved the friends his political position secured him, and it was well, as thus they would necessarily find more satisfaction in his service. After thus placing the rival claimants in their true relative positions, Mr. Atkinson enters on a sort of diary of his journey to join the army; a journey in which a great deal of privation was joined to some peril, but the pleasure of the classical associations of a cultivated mind seem to have preponderated over both. Traces and recollections of the Macedonian conqueror were continually recurring; and in reminiscences of the man who wept because nothing remained to conquer, we need scarcely wonder if our traveller was incited to triumph over the dangers and difficulties of his own way. Following on the line of march, after sustaining hardship, robbery, and wrong, our author at last joined the army of the Indus at Koree, and assumed his functional duties.

From this point of the narrative, Mr. Atkinson's personal share is somewhat merged in the greater interest of the campaign, of which we have a clear and succinct detail; and, in truth, the army of the Indus sustained the trials of no silken soldiery in the Affghanistan warfare. Surrounded by enmity and treachery, hindrance instead of aid on every hand, begirt by false enemies and still falser friends, depressed by the heat of the climate, often suffering from that worst of famines the want of water, disappointed of supplies and reduced for a length of time to half rations, having to make their way to the contested field through disaffected provinces, who permitting the passage only on compulsion, indemnified themselves by all covert injuries and retardments, harassed and begirt by wild bands of native hordes, who, skilled in the localities of the passes and fastnesses of the country, were continually hanging on their rear, and inflicting the most revolting cruelties, whenever by sudden effort they could accomplish the opportunity; begirt, we say, by these and other innumerable evils, the army of the Indus still made its way, attacked and captured the strong and important fortress of Ghizni, a place believed by the na-

tives to be impregnable, which for the thirty years preceding had been annually receiving some new accession of strength, containing a garrison of three thousand five hundred Affghan soldiers, and commanded in person by Dost Mahomed, abounding in ammunitions, and stores, and provisions, and thoroughly fitted for a regular siege; and while thus internally strengthened, externally guarded from alarms, by being "built on a scarped mound, about thirty-five feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a *fausse braye*, and a wet ditch, whilst the height of the citadel covered the interior from the commanding fire of the hills from the north, rendering it nugatory. In addition to this screen-walls had been built before the gates; the ditch was filled with water, and unfordable, and an out-work built on the right bank of the river, so as to command the bed of it." It was the opinion of the natives, that the walls of Ghizni were impregnable, and that the place could not be reduced under a year's siege: so thought Dost Mahomed, and his son, in command of the place and confident in its impregnability, never dreamed of capture, and yet British valour and British tactics reduced the garrison in a few hours.

Caubul, the capital, was the next crowning victory, and on its acquisition Shah Shoojah once again resumed the dominion of Affghanistan, at which point of time the narrative in fact closes. We have been much pleased with Mr. Atkinson's full and copious account of the aspect of this seat of empire. The details of domestic manners are peculiarly interesting, and the plain, unvarnished descriptions of the city have accuracy stamped upon them from the very absence of all fanciful adornment. We have no poetical city of palaces glittering in imaginative gorgeousness, and inhabited by beings of ideal beauty; but far more veracious statements of veritable habitations, many of them mud-built, and with occupants not over marvellously handsome. In short, we have a picture of Caubul as it is: its temples, its palaces, its bazars, its gardens, and its cottages, all as matter of fact, and as much to be depended upon, as though they were daguerrotyped. However politically interesting the war passages of Mr. Atkinson's work will be found, yet we hold that the picture he has drawn of Caubul is worthy of still higher estimation. It is at once pictorial and animated; and, in furnishing us with descriptive details of a place of which our previous information was defective, and which at this juncture is so peculiarly prominent before the public, we think that he has rendered that public most essential service. For our own part, we cannot sufficiently admire the energy and industry of mind that could, under all the toil, privation, exertion, and endurance consequent upon such a campaign, with such a round of duties to perform, and such a succession of hardships to endure—we cannot, we say, sufficiently admire the power of mind that, in the midst of engrossing labour, enervating heat, and wearying endurance, could still persevere in amassing the material for such a work as this. The engravings, which are designed as an illustrating and accompanying volume, while they manifest the taste and industry of the artist, do more towards identifying and realizing our ideas of objects, than any length of description, and altogether, the work is as valuable as it is interesting.

We give an Affghan *soirée*.

"Abdul Rusheed Khan, who had 'done the state some service,' when he joined our army and the Shah, on our approach to Ghizni, invited a party of us to an evening entertainment at his house. We were curious (Captains Outram, Macgregor, Hogg, and myself) to see an Affghan *soirée*, and left our own dinner in the chance of getting something, at least, to supply its place. Abdul Rusheed resides in the city, and we arrived at his domicile at dusk. The front door offered not a flattering presage of the interior decorations. It was like that of a stable, and not very suitable, I thought, for a Barukzye lord or chieftain. The passage through which we had to go was long, narrow, and dark as Erebus; and, having got to the end of it, we emerged into a square, open to the sky, in which there was a large heap or mound of dirt, offensive enough. Along the walls, pierced in several places for holding provender, stood his horses. A little low door was now before us, which led into another division of the premises, where the house was situated. Entering a further narrow door, we had to ascend a zig-zag and still narrower staircase, dangerous from projecting beams above, that threatened to break your head, or put out your eyes, if you did not take special care, at every step. There was no light to guide us. At last, we landed in a little balcony-place about ten feet square, beyond which was an inner room, a *sanctum sanctorum*, perhaps twice the length, laid out with rich carpets and pil-lows for the company. We were there cordially received by our host.

"He was now incessant in his attentions, with repeated *for-astees*, *khosh-astees*, 'are you strong? are you happy?' the invariable salutation after *salam aliekhûm*, and motioned us to our several places without loss of time. The only lights were in this inner room, and looking round we now discovered, at the further end, six long-bearded personages, whose province it was to perform the musical part of the entertainment. Presently, several trays of fruit were brought in and put down on the carpet before us. The band then struck up most vehemently; they not only played, but sung, with voices so shrill and barbarous as scarcely to be human. After a quarter of an hour of this all-absorbing discipline, they ceased, and a further quantity of fruit and sweetmeats was brought forward, though hardly any of the former supply had been touched. Every now and then a *kalyân* was presented by a domestic. When returned to him by the first smoker, after a few whiffs, according to custom, he took of the chillum of tobacco, and blew into the tube, to drive out all the smoke that might have collected on the surface of the water, so as to make the *kalyân* quite pure for the next smoker. He then replaced the the chillum, and handed it round to all in succession. The same *kalyân* was used indifferently by Abdul Rusheed, his Affghan friends, several of whom were present, and the fiddlers, as a thing of course; a remarkable instance, among many, of the practical footing on which individuals of unequal grades stand towards each other at a feast. But great familiarity is constantly displayed by the lower orders. They never hesitate on any appeal to a superior to seize hold of his leg or bridle, and stop him on the road, to make known their wants.

"After another hour, the sweetmeats and fruit were removed and pilaws were brought in, with a dozen large saucers of pickles and vegetables, mixed up with ghee and spices. In the pilaw were large lumps of mutton, and the accompaniment was some Caubul spirit, colourless, and nearly twice the strength of gin. The taste was so pungent, that comfits of sugar were used the moment after it was swallowed, to soften its effects on the mouth and throat. We had nothing but our fingers to help ourselves with at the repast, and the set-to was as amusing to ourselves as it appeared to be to those by whom we were surrounded. But I forgot to mention that, on the approach of the more substantial viands, a young lady and two old sybils, not of 'the light fantastic toe,' but of 'the jingling

toe,' were brought into the apartment, and seated on one side. Thus 'mine host,' his visitors, fiddlers, and dancing women, were placed on the same footing,—an Affghan Saturnalia. Great justice was done by the professional ladies and gentlemen to the various kinds of food before them, and they partook handsomely too of the exhilarating spirit above alluded to, but perfectly within the bounds of propriety, their taste and skill being only perhaps a little heightened by the libation.

"This part of the business being settled, the young lady rose up to dance; her face was tolerably fair, but round as the full moon—the *mah-roo* of the Persians; her eyes large, and smothered with *soorma*; she had a nose-ornament of pearls, and was dressed in a pink muslin *jama*, or loose gown, garnished with gilt brocade. The crown of her head was covered with a small gold embroidered cap; her hair behind was formed into numerous strings, platted, and of a considerable length. The hair on her temples appeared to be gummed down flat, upon which a square piece of gold-leaf was stuck, and another between her eyebrows; a pearl drop hung over her forehead, which was farther adorned with a lock in the form of the letter C. Her action in dancing was rather graceful; it was more gesticulation than dancing, and more than once reminded me of the opera and melodrama at home. There were some touches of hurried passion and marks of sentiment, that made one wonder how they came there. The action in her had nothing of the foolery, and something worse, of Hindoostanee nautching; not a single movement to bring it to recollection, except the jingle of the anklet-bells. She sung, too, the old '*Mootriba khoosh*,' but in that she completely failed. She had now gone through her part, and retired; and in ten minutes more, one of the old *aybils* came in, dressed in her clothes, but the character of her exhibition was inferior, though her voice was not deficient in melody. It had now become rather late, and, with Abdul Rusheed's good leave, we rose to depart, highly pleased at having seen the novelty, to us, of an Affghan *soirée*."

Forest Life. By the Author of "A New Home."

These two pleasing, pretty, prattling volumes have a value to us of the Old World, which perhaps those of the New might neither appreciate nor even "guess." Their lady-authoress, for lady she is in tone, taste, and sentiment, even though a dweller in a land where such a variety of the feminine species might be looked upon as some natural, or rather unnatural monstrosity, seems to us the very Mary Mitford of Michigan, with the additional advantage of being located in a sphere, where her descriptions cannot be too minute, or her details ever verge on the danger of being too trivial. It is possible that the States might turn away from our village-chronicler, and vote her gossiping as beneath the honour of its commendation; but the mother country will, on the contrary, find a charm in these minutiae of Backwood manners, increased from the very circumstance of their familiar domesticity. It is curious to trace the modifications and amalgamations of emigrated manners, if we may be allowed such a phrase, and while our authoress, in her most natural spirit and power of description, has perfectly transformed and transported us into bystanders in these backwood scenes to mark the leaven of the Old World character, glimmering through the dogmatism mistaken for independence of the New.

"Forest Life" should be regarded as a picture, rather than as a

book. A picture of country life crowded with the auxiliaries of its peculiar aspect. We pass over its individual parts with amused interest. Here we have a few scattered houses springing up in the recesses of some primeval forest, the giant denizens of which have groaned and fallen under the resounding strokes of the woodman's axe, awakening, perhaps for the first time, the echoes of the sleeping solitudes, to make an aperture amid the rich foliage of the forest trees, for the sunlight to penetrate to the lowly roof, and gladden the hearts of the domicile. We see a group of hardy back woodsmen assembled from the immediate neighbourhood of some twenty miles, (for twenty miles in these regions is immediate neighbourhood,) all busy in helping the new settler's *fixing*. The log wood house, with its mud plastering, springs up with almost the celerity of Jonah's gourd, the labour cheered by the wit of some rustic jester, while presently the blue smoke of its wood-fire curls up like an oblation to the household gods. Again, we see a happy cavalcade all joyously ensconced in a gorgeous waggon, with its well fed team winding its way under the umbrageous screen of the time-honoured trees, all bedecked for holiday enjoyment. Provisions and blankets, a musnud of cushions and buffalo skins, with luxurious umbrellas to serve as a panoply from the noon-day sun or the rainy deluge, whichever may chance, when they shall have emerged from the shadowy "timber land," and the sound of merrymaking breaks mirthfully out in the mingled music of gleeful childish voices, and the gambolling of domestic dogs, and the light laughter of the holiday folks, awakened, it may be, by some ludicrous disaster or forgotten requisites, which is of yet no further moment than to supply an amusing incident of travel. Again the scene changes, and we find our travellers seeking shelter in a lone log house, amusingly mingled up with some city aristocracy, the sharp angles of whose prejudices come somewhat in too rough a contact with the feelings of the secluded inhabitants of the "clearing." Again, in touching contrast, we look upon a sabbath assembly where internal devotion is called upon to recognise the presense of the Deity in the temporary appropriation of some rustic barn, around which gather the far-collected congregation, when suddenly in the midst, the widow of the last midnight brings in her dead, followed by the train of her bereaved children, and the voice of the minister in funereal oration draws instruction for the living from the sad text of the dead; and the melody of the funeral hymn arises, and they lay the dust, surely consecrated, since it once was man, in the lonely spot in the heart of the wilderness. And then again we are gladdened by a visit to the house of a minister, at what is called a "Donation party,"—a sort of party at which his Grace of Canterbury and the bench of bishops might well smile in their lawn sleeves, but which we doubt not would prove very agreeable parties to many a country curate, who is "passing rich at forty pounds a year," in some of their lordships' dioceses; for in this particular sort of visiting every guest brings a "Donation," and the whole entertainment is supplied by the visitor and not by the visited, who has no harder task to perform than to please by being pleased—very agreeable terms, we should say.

We cannot, however, trace on the various details of our picture, but we step back to look at the broad painting as a whole, rather than further to investigate its parts. As a whole, then, we have a vivid and interesting picture of Backwood life, of great interest to the English eye. America, even in her cities, where the collision of men does much to shape them, has not yet had time to grow into a national character, for we will not be so unjust as to fasten upon her the misshapen phases which the varied contortions of her energies has made her temporarily assume, any more than we would say that the writhing of a wrestler was his natural aspect. Our colonial child is yet too young to be gravely charged with her own errors, as if they were those of fixed maturity; and we have no more right to fasten upon her present bearing as being that of her fixed national character, than we should have in saying that one of our own wild-oat sowing youth would never grow into the great statesman or the erudite philosopher, because now he proved himself to be but a heedless Cantab or a wild Oxonian. If, then, America, in her cities, still wears an ungainly aspect, where some degree of artificialness must result from the commingling, the character of her forest children must be infinitely more marked. The view we here have of these men and their manners, gives the value to this work; for though it is unquestionably sparkling, spirited, and amusing, it has a higher worth and importance. We can never weary in the interest which we take in tracing out the various phases of our own humanity: we look on our fellow beings, and contemplate the developing of the very passions of which we too are made. The vast family of man supplies us with a gallery of pictures, in which we can know no tediousness while developing the resemblances, and marking the ascending scale of intellectual progression. The primeval red inhabitant of the forest wilds of America has given place to the white man's usurped dominion. The dignity of our humanity in the native Indian was attested by such a quickening and cultivation of the corporeal faculties, as made him rival the wild animals of the woods in the acuteness of his bodily senses, but it remains for society to contemplate the progress and ratio of success which their successors will accomplish in intellectual power. It is a curious and deeply interesting contemplation.

We think we cannot do better than present our readers with the "Donation Party" to which we have alluded.

"The fatigue of eye and ear,—the heat, the dust, the din of yesterday, and, after all, the sleepless night,—made repose really necessary; and we lounged away the morning, visiting several friends, and surveying, under their guidance, what was best worth notice in the village and its neighbourhood. The place stands on rising ground, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, then smiling in soft summer loveliness, and diversified everywhere with wood and water, though destitute of any striking features, if we except the one deep dell, whose full and rapid stream forms the wealth of the village.

"'Hard times' had made no impression on the sweet face of nature. Not a frown reproved the ungrateful grumbler, man; who, if he cannot find the superfluity which is required by an insatiable thirst for distinction, overlooks and contemns the kind care that richly provides for all his real wants. All was peace, industry, and abundance, and the heart could not

but dilate with pleasure at the sight of a multitude of objects, all typical of the overflowing goodness of God, and calling upon his rational creatures for 'the honour due unto his name.'

"We were most hospitably treated—for the spirit of hospitality is not confined to the cottages of the west—and our kind entertainers proposed several plans for a pleasant evening; but the one which proved most attractive was a visit at the house of a clergyman with whom we had some acquaintance, and who was to receive all the world within five miles of —, in the form of that relic of primitive puritanism known among us as a 'donation party.' We had heard of this custom—a general visit to the clergyman, each guest bringing something by way of offering,—and we were delighted with the opportunity of assisting at one—'assisting' à la Française, I mean.

"We presented ourselves, by special request, at an early hour; but, early as it was, dozens of good plain folks from the country had preceded us. Some, indeed, we were told, had been on the ground since breakfast time. We always do things in earnest here. When we say, 'Come and spend the day,' we should stare to see the invited guest come at two o'clock, just as we had put away the dinner dishes, and taken out our knitting-work or our patch-work for the afternoon. *Adieu au lecteur*, in case he ventures to invite a western friend without specifying the hour.

"But, as we were saying, some good ladies had taken time by the forelock, and here they were, beginning already to yawn (covertly) and to long for their tea. Two great baskets in the hall were already pretty well filled with bundles of yarn, woollen stockings of all sizes (sure to fit in a clergyman's family), rolls of home-made flannel, mysterious parcels enveloped in paper, and bags which looked as if they might contain a great many precious things. Flocks of company were arriving, and no one empty-handed; so that the 'removal of the deposits' became a measure of necessity, and the contents of the two baskets were transferred to some reservoir up stairs. Before the baskets had been restored to their places, there was some embarrassment among the new comers as to the proper bestowment of their contributions, etiquette requiring that an air of mysterious reserve should be preserved. But the difficulty was obviated by the arrival of a handsome tea-table, borne by two young men as the representatives of a little knot who had hit upon this pretty thought of a present for the minister's lady. Upon this the tasteful class of offerings were displayed to good advantage; and I observed a study-lamp, a richly-bound Shakspeare, and a bronze inkstand with proper appurtenances. Among the more magnificent were a standing fire-screen elegantly wrought, and a pair of footstools, on which the skill of the cabinet-maker had done its utmost in displaying to advantage very delicate embroidery. The variety, as well as the beauty of the gifts, was very ingenious; and nobody could find fault with a handsome purse filled with gold, bearing, in minute letters wrought into its bead-work, the inscription, 'To the Reverend Mr. —, from the young men of his church.'

"When so many people, young and old, were collected with a kind purpose, and under circumstances which levelled, for the time, all distinctions, conversation was not likely to flag. In truth, the general complacency evinced itself in a ceaseless stream of talk, with only a moderate infusion of scandal, for every body was present. The old ladies chatted soberly among themselves, and their husbands talked politics in corners. The young ladies fluttered about busily, as in duty bound; for on them devolved, by inviolable usage, all the ministering necessary on the occasion; all the reception of the company, and bestowing of their offerings; all care of tea affairs, and distribution of refreshments in order due. Such a dodging of pretty heads—such dancing of ringlets—such gleam-

ing of white teeth as there was among them! I scarcely wondered that the young men became a little bewildered, and forgot where they ought to stand, and had to be ordered about or turned out into the hall to make room for the more dignified or bulky part of the assembly, only to slip back again upon the first opportunity. So much youthful beauty is not collected every day, and especially beauty endowed with such a pretty little coquetish station of command. I cannot doubt that much execution was done, and, in truth, there were some very obvious symptoms—but I shall not betray.

"The clergyman's lady occupies rather an equivocal station on these occasions. She is not exactly in the position of hostess; for every article set before the company is furnished by themselves, and all the ordinary attentions are rendered by the young stewardesses of the hour; so the dominie's lady has only to smile and look happy, and to show by her manner that she is gratified by the interest evinced; and if to this she superadd good talking powers, and can entertain those of her guests that are not particularly easy to entertain, she has accomplished all that is expected of her. And all this the fair and lady-like heroine of the present occasion did very sweetly.

"The tea hour drew on, and now the *mêlée* began to assume a business-like air. The scampering reminded me of 'Puss in the corner,' such was the sudden chase for seats. The old ladies put away their knitting, and their spouses began to spread their handkerchiefs on their knees, at the first rattle of the tea-spoons. Those who were not so fortunate as to secure seats insinuated themselves as near as possible to tables and mantel-pieces which might serve to hold the anticipated good cheer.

"The younger gentlemen officiated as footmen; and they had an arduous task. Over and above the bearing of great trays of tea and coffee, and bounteous salvers of cake, biscuits, sandwiches, cheese, tongue, and all that belongs both to city and country tea-table, they had, in addition, to attend to the contradictory directions of a host of capricious mistresses of the ceremonies, who delighted in perplexing them, and who gave orders and counter-orders for the very purpose of seeing them go on bootless errands and get laughed at for their pains. But they bore all very good-humouredly, and managed to render something like a return to their fair tyrants, by persuading the old ladies to drink as much tea as possible, and commending and urging the excellence of the coffee to the gentlemen in such sort that an extra supply was required, and the damsels' elbows were fain to sue for quarter. After all were served, the attendants were at liberty to provide for themselves, and, whatever may have been left for them to eat and drink, I can testify that they had abundance of talking and laughing.

"I ought sooner to have mentioned that the pastor in whose behalf such general interest was shown was a person accustomed to society, and an adept in the best power of hospitality—that of making every one feel welcome and at ease. Mr. ——— was every where, and in every body's thoughts. Grave with the old, gay with the young, and cheerful with all, he was in every respect the life and soul of the occasion, and each felt the time spent in conversation with him to have been the sweet 'of the night.' An enviable power! and one possessed in its perfection only by those whose hearts are full of kindly sympathies,—who are what others only try to appear.

"After the bustle attendant upon serving the tea had subsided, the conversation gradually, and as if spontaneously, took a more serious turn, and, before we were aware, the sweet and solemn notes of a hymn, well supported in all its parts, stole upon the ear, and hushed all lighter sounds. When several stanzas had been sung, the clergyman, after a short

address, invited all present to unite in prayer and thanksgiving to the bounteous giver of all good; and thus seriously closed a very cheerful evening, without any violent transition or unpleasant contrast."

Letters from Hofwyl by a Parent, on the Educational Institutions of Dr. Fellenberg. With an Appendix, containing Woodbridge's Sketches of Hofwyl. Reprinted from the Annals of Education.

The subject of education has a parallel importance with that of the destiny of our race. The impressions of youth most generally deepen, and deepen until they are perfectly imbedded in the heart of age, eating themselves into the very granite of our nature, in ever deepening lines, and becoming daily less and less erasable. Education is, in fact, the mould in which the ductility of youth may be cast, and age but the hardening process. It is, therefore, in early life alone, while all is plastic and amenable, that the stamp and superscription can be given. The tendencies which mark the beginning of our life usually decide its issues, as the arrow receives the impulse of its aim when it first leaves the bow. It is the beginning of a thing that decides its end; the bent of the twig which inclines the tree. It may almost be said that the training of the child fixes the fate of the man, and in the same way that it influences individual character, it likewise affects national character, since the most stupendous total is composed of single units. In this great sense the importance of education is indeed vast, but there is still a greater; if it influences the interests of time, it also influences the interests of eternity.

The subject then is one of such importance that its consequences extend throughout eternity. We may well pause and ponder, for the responsibility of our parental and national positions are indeed immeasurable.

It would be impossible for the most partial among us to deny the defectiveness of our home educational institutions. Our public seminaries of learning for the higher classes are degraded by vices, over which those in authority can exercise but little control; and though native energy of talent, and the pious enthusiasm of virtue, may elevate a few from among the ranks of their inhabitants, the mass do us but little national honour. The system of fagging, a brutalizing sufferance, worthy of the darkest, we had almost said the blackest ages, disgraces our more juvenile public schools. In short, we are compelled to believe that instead of inspiring virtue, there is much more to be found of incitements to vice in these institutions.

Turning from these to private schools, we are struck at once with the dominant motive of their establishment—we do not speak of it with censure, since it is the natural spring of the exertions of most of us—personal profit. It is for this that men are content to labour in the open fields of education, and it is a labour doubled and tripled indeed, on those who thus delve for hire. Let a man once lose sight of the loftiness of his task in training minds up to their elevated heritage,

and we at once say that the negro in the cane-field, or the miner shut out from the light of day, have easy and idle toils in comparison with his own. In sooth, there is but little delightful in the "task to rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to shoot," when once the mind is divested or loses sight of the persuasion that "souls are his charge, to him is given to train them for their native heaven." The motive of mere pecuniary recompense is far too personal and business-like, ever to sustain him. Hence the weariness and discontent of the office, unquestionably resulting from the substituting a lower motive for a lofty one.

We turn from these to the contemplation of Dr. Fellenberg, as a Christian philosopher, warm with the interests of humanity, overflowing with love for his species, with rare and high mental endowments, singularly fitted for the task, and full of the philanthropic spirit of seeking to regenerate those faulty and defective systems of education, which having emanated from narrow views and puerile perceptions, are fitted only to perpetuate the errors from which they spring.

The "Letters from Hofwyl," which have led us into these remarks, profess to have been written from the spot, with the whole system of which they treat in full operation. English parents, feeling the difficulties and responsibilities of education, and pondering between the advantages and disadvantages of public and private tuition, were at last tempted to send their eldest boys to Hofwyl, and being anxious to investigate Dr. Fellenberg's plans and their results, themselves visited the establishment. In these letters the Christian philosophy which pervades the working of the whole process is very fairly investigated, and if there be no leaning of partiality in the statements, which we have no cause to suspect, profound indeed must have been the mind, and rich the benevolence, that could put such a machinery into operation. These plans are far too comprehensive to allow of anything like compression in our pages. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Fellenberg has been spending his life, not in seeking personal profit, but in making a grand experiment on man. He has been investigating the capabilities of human nature, and proportioning means to a proposed end—even that of elevating the happiness and the dignity of his fellow-beings. At Hofwyl, near Berne, in Switzerland, he has instituted three establishments, or schools, for the three classes of life—the higher, the middle, and the working classes; and while presiding over the operation of his projects, the virtue which he endeavours to foster seems to be reflecting back the highest and purest species of satisfaction on his own life. We cannot, of course, enter into these voluminous plans, which prove great scope of mind as well as being the result of long experience, but we cordially recommend this volume to our readers, and urge them to the consideration of the subject which it presents.

We subjoin a few of Dr. Fellenberg's sentiments, culled from this work.

"He has a firm confidence in the possibility of amending human character by means of a more complete system of education, so that it shall be brought into a condition to harmonise with the precepts of the Gospel:

his faith in all that is good, in all that carries out the spirit of that Gospel, as coinciding with the will of God, has ever been, and still is, his great support. This faith brings with it the most perfect submission. I cannot recall his precise words, but I remember him to have said, 'It is our duty to endeavour by every right means to effect any good object, and to relax no effort which may lead to success; but if, after repeated endeavours, we cannot succeed, we are bound to consider our failure as indicative of the will of God, and wait his pleasure. We may turn our strength elsewhere, neither despairing of the final accomplishment of what is good, nor complaining of our failure, but still hoping, believing, and submitting.' "

"His great rule of conduct is to respect the individuality of his pupils. Adopting the principle, that Providence indicates the destination of a child by the faculties it has bestowed upon him, he considers the educator ought not to presume to change, according to his own narrow views, that which the Creator has in his supreme wisdom designed.' In order to carry out this principle, the evidences of that individuality must be obtained, by a careful observation of the traits which are elicited in daily life; and the pupil must be allowed the fair and honest freedom which will secure him from hypocrisy or opposition. There must be no subserviency to systems or theories, since there can be no infallible and unique method of governing and forming a creation of such variety and delicacy as the human mind. But while a slavish subjection to system is repudiated at Hofwyl, the advantages of experience are not excluded; whatever is good in modern methods is adopted, whenever and wherever advantage can accrue from its application. M. de Fellenberg is in constant correspondence with persons engaged or interested in education; and he has at this time efficient persons travelling in various parts of Europe at his expense, for the sole purpose of ascertaining what is going on elsewhere, and of securing for the service of Hofwyl any professors or individuals otherwise devoted to science, literature, or ethics, who are likely to advance the efficiency of the institution.

"The more we consider the character of the educator, the deeper grows the conviction that it should take for its example the providential care of the Universal Father: the trials and temptations of children should be tempered like the wind to the shorn lamb; the repetition of errors borne with the patience of him who long suffered the rebellions of those who did not know his ways; while virtue should be fostered with the faith inspired by the declaration, that 'man was made in the image of God.' It should cheer the arduous duties of the educator to reflect, that He who came to *save*, also came to *teach*."

"M. de Fellenberg has established an educational institution which has successfully carried out the greatest principles, and he has done this with attention to the pecuniary and economical results, or he would have failed; but he sought no *profit*, he devoted the inheritance of a Swiss nobleman to the object, together with his time, ability, and energy; all pecuniary emolument which might accrue has been expended in increasing the educational advantages of the institution, not in adding to the income of the founder. Neither was it his object to leave a large property to his family, for he offered to make Hofwyl the property of the government. He had but *one design*,—to *raise the condition of his fellow men*. He nourishes the hope that his example will be followed: the seed is scattered abroad, but there is still but *one Hofwyl*; there is yet no other seminary including the three orders of society, bestowing on each the instruction fitted to their stations, and an education which shall make

that instruction profitable (I use the term in its widest sense) to the individual and to society. Pecuniary speculation will never accomplish what is effected at Hofwyl; but ability, disinterestedness, and benevolence, united to capital, may. We have in England wealth and talent equal to the accomplishment of great enterprises; their application has already placed us first among the nations: we have benevolence and energy which have broken the bonds of the slave. 'You have accomplished the emancipation of millions of your fellow-creatures,' said M. de Fellenberg to me, yesterday: 'have you no minds amongst you equal to the task of emancipating mankind from that worst of bondage, ignorance? The condition of your working classes, the demands of those calling themselves Chartists, the thoughtless dissipation of the rich and powerful, the restless discontent of some, the selfish money-getting spirit of others, betoken a state of things needing a deep and searching amendment.'"

English Surnames. Essays on Family Nomenclature, Historical, Etymological, and Humorous. By MARK ANTONY LOWER.

This is a curious work, and will afford much information and amusement to those who delight in tracing the origin of those designations which distinguish individuals and families.

"Surnames," the author observes, "differed originally from surnames. Mac-Allan Fitz-Harding, ap Tudor, and Stephenson, are properly sir or sire names, and are equivalent to the son of Allan of Harding, or Tudor of Stephen. A surname is, therefore, a name superadded to the first or christian name, to indicate the family to which the individual bearing it belongs, as Edmund Spenser, John Milton, Alexander Pope. Hence it is evident that although every sirname is a surname, every surname is not a sirname—a distinction which is now scarcely recognized, and the two words are used indiscriminately by our best writers."

These remarks the author proceeds to exemplify in a number of apposite examples from ancient usage. He then gives a history of English surnames, which will repay the reader's attention. These are divided under the several heads of Local Surnames, Names derived from Occupations and Pursuits, from Dignities and Offices, from Personal and Mental Qualities, &c. &c., all accompanied by illustrations which indicate considerable learning and research. It will be obviously impossible here to pursue so multifarious a subject, though, did our limits permit, we might quote many ingenious remarks, which would tend to show the attractive character of the volume. As, however, the work is one which will commend itself to the attention of those who feel a pleasure in possessing a key to what they every day see and hear, it will be only necessary for us briefly to describe it as we have done, and to recommend it, as we feel a pleasure in doing, to the attention of our readers.

London.

This very agreeable work goes on improvingly. As its numbers succeed each other, we are growing more and more pleased with the acquaintanceship. "The Royal Academy" is a very interesting memoir, affording us not only its own history, but a succession of brief but admirably well written biographies of its successive presidents, and a sprinkling of anecdote of those marked men who gathered round the nucleus of the art, themselves the "observed of all observers." The Royal Academy deserved the honour of a peculiar sitting, since, as a collective body, its existence has been strongly marked. Genius has ever been, and will ever be, eccentric in all its movements, rebelling very vigorously against most of the cold proprieties of life, and we find this energetic waywardness nowhere more strongly developed than in the disciples of, we must not say the imitative, but the creative art. Disproportioned, overbalanced, and over-excited feelings, while they are wofully destructive of peace, serve admirably to animate the scene of life, and make strongly interesting pictures, in the same way that a natural tempest gives us a more exciting and absorbing view of nature than her unruffled features can present. Unquestionably, a storm is more imposing than a calm. The irritability, the reverses, and the vicissitudes of genius, are absorbingly interesting, and the outbreaks of passion and the feverishness of excitement supply us with the material of curious speculation, as well as of present amusement. Much of this characteristic heat of temperament is displayed in this very amusing history of the Academy. It is traced from its very infancy through all its phases—from a mere fortuitous existence up to its present palmy days of Trafalgar-square glory. The days of Burke, of Johnson, of Fuseli, of West, and of Peter Pindar, were rich and racy, and the collision of these opposite spirits produced many a flash of wit, and many a spark of fire. Altogether, "London" has supplied us with an admirable memoir of the Academy.

"It appears from Hogarth's memoirs of himself that the first attempt to form a kind of artists' academy was made about the beginning of the eighteenth century 'by some gentlemen-painters of the first rank, who in their general forms imitated the plan of that in France, but conducted their business with far less fuss and solemnity; yet the little that there was, in a very short time became an object of ridicule.' The single object then desired was a school for drawing from the living model; and it is curious, and an unanswerable evidence of the low state of the arts, that in so important a matter nothing should have been done previously, or more effectively when undertaken. But the public had an idea that some of these meetings were for immoral purposes, and the artists had not a little difficulty to overcome on that score. The Duke of Richmond had the credit, later in the century, of establishing the first school in this country for the study of the antique, having fitted up a gallery with a number of casts, busts, and bas-reliefs, 'moulded from the most select antique and modern figures at that time in Rome and Florence. Cipriani was one of the teachers here for a few months. Other associations, of the kind before referred to, sprang into existence from time to time. Vertue in 1711 was drawing in one, of which Kneller was at the head. Sir James Thornhill

also founded one at the back of his house in St. Martin's Lane, which, Hogarth says, sunk into insignificance; and after his death, Hogarth, becoming possessed of the apparatus, himself caused the establishment of another, ultimately known as the Society of Incorporated Artists, from which the Royal Academy, which Hogarth so strenuously opposed on the ground of the deleterious influence he conceived such establishments would have on art, may have said to have arisen. This is by no means the most noticeable feature of the contrast between Hogarth's intended opposition and actual support. A new advantage was soon discovered by the artists in the combination they devised, the advantage of exhibition, and it is one that has since kept the body firmly together by its potent influence. For this, also, the Academy is indebted chiefly to Hogarth. On the erection of the Foundling Hospital, it was desired, in accordance with the taste of the day—and an admirable taste, too, if better use had been made of it—to decorate the walls, &c. But the charity was too poor to pay the artists for so doing, some of whom accordingly offered to do it gratuitously. Hogarth was the chief of these benefactors. The fame of the different works spreading abroad, people began to desire to see them; their desires were gratified, the exhibition took amazingly; and thus did the painters of the day first derive their idea of the advantages that might accrue from exhibitions of their collected works. An opportunity for making the experiment soon offered. In 1754 a Society was formed for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, which, among its other good deeds, expended in twenty years nearly 8,000*l.*, together with ten gold medals, six silver, seventeen gold palettes, and eighty-four large and small of silver, in rewards to youthful competitors in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The great room of this Society was thrown open for the first public English exhibition of art, April 21, 1760; the admission was free, and the price of the catalogue sixpence. The scheme was successful, and therefore repeated the next year in the great room of Spring Gardens, when the price of their catalogue was raised to a shilling, and admission was only to be obtained either by an individual or a party by the purchase of a catalogue. Johnson, writing to Baretti, notices this exhibition, and says, 'They (the artists) please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. . . . This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art.' And then follows a bit of what too many at that time thought philosophy, but of which it is truly surprising to find Johnson the utterer. 'Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return.' Johnson's friend Reynolds taught him better, a few years later, in those immortal discourses, which the doctor among others had the credit with some credulous or envious people of having in a great measure written. He may, perhaps, even have received a more direct reproof if he were in the habit of expressing such opinions in Reynolds's presence. The latter esteemed his art too highly to allow such remarks from such a quarter to pass unnoticed. His admirable comment upon an observation made by the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael, is here in point. 'That,' said Reynolds, 'is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences,' &c. The friendship of these remarkable men commenced in an interesting manner. Reynolds, whilst on a visit in Devonshire, took up Johnson's *Life of Savage*. He was stand-

ing at the time leaning against the chimney-piece. He read, and read on, without moving, till he had finished the book, and then, on trying to move his arm, found it benumbed and useless. From that time he eagerly sought an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the writer, and one soon offered, which resulted in a lasting and cordial friendship. It was perhaps through this connexion that Johnson was induced to write the advertisement of the third exhibition, when the artists ventured on the bold experiment of charging one shilling for the admittance of each person, but at the same time thought a kind of apology or explanation necessary. The concluding sentences, which are Johnsonian all over, contain the pith of the whole. 'The purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art: the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt: whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit.' This exhibition, too, being successful, the custom was firmly established, and the associated company began to grow rich and influential. In 1765 they obtained a charter of incorporation under the title before mentioned. But their very success bred dissension: there was no deciding what to do with the money. The architects wanted a house, the sculptors wanted statues, and the painters wanted a gallery for historical paintings, whilst some wanted nothing but the money itself, and to grow rich. Another cause of division existed in the very heterogeneous composition of the Society. It consisted at one period of 149 members, many of whom were artists only in name; and that was not the worst of the evil, for the bad and indifferent portions of the Society were so numerous as entirely to overpower the good, and to give tone and influence to the whole. This, of course, was not to be endured, and some of the best members seceded, among whom were Reynolds; and West, then known as a young American artist of promise, and a Quaker, whom the King, George III., had taken under his especial patronage. The Presidency of the Incorporated Artists being vacant about that time, Kirby, teacher of perspective to the King, was elected, and in his inaugural address assured the members that His Majesty would not support the dissenters. West was then painting his picture of 'Regulus' for the King in the palace, where Kirby, was one day announced, and, by the King's orders, admitted, and introduced to West, whom he had never seen before. Kirby looked at the picture, commended both it and the artist, then turning to George III., observed, 'Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder.' 'Kirby,' was the quiet reply, 'whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame.' 'I hope, Mr. West,' added Kirby, 'that you intend to exhibit this picture?' 'It is painted for the palace,' was the reply, 'and its exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure.' 'Assuredly,' remarked the King, 'I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public.' 'Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?' 'No!' interrupted the King, 'it must go to my exhibition—that of the Royal Academy.'

England in the Nineteenth Century.

The description of the county of Lancashire is now brought to a close, and we think can hardly fail of satisfying the reader with its amplitude, research, and capability. To foreigners who may desire to become acquainted with the aspect of our provinces, we know of no means so efficient as the possession of this work. We must indeed

pronounce it to be more satisfactory than personal investigation, inasmuch as to a stranger the surface only can be seen, while most of the important matter altogether escapes his cognizance. In short, it is only an intelligent observer, used to the localities of a place, who can hope to command its dependencies. We look upon this species of county history to be highly valuable, and we think that when this extensive and admirably well-conceived work shall be completed, that we shall possess a most ample and faithful picture of our own country. Of magnitude as a whole, it will yet be perfect in its parts, each county comprising completeness in itself. Vestiges of the past, as well as the aspect of the present, will be found to increase its interest, while its clear and succinct statements of our manufacturing interests are faithfully and fairly represented.

Practical Introduction to the Study of the German Language. According to the views of Dr. Becker, the Discoverer of the Natural System of Language, and Founder of an Improved Method of Instruction. By HEINRICH APEL, late Assistant Master in King's College, London.

The author of this work having had six years' practice in teaching at King's College, in addition to other experience, may well be allowed to speak practically rather than theoretically, and consequently comes to us with claims of authority which we are very willing to allow. Though Euclid said, long ago, that there was no royal road to learning, it is unquestionably true that, though the path may not be shortened, it is smoothed and levelled, and the distance pleasantly beguiled. When learning can be stripped of its old-fashioned and cumbrous paraphernalia, and reduced to something like simplicity of form, it must necessarily be much more easy of transfer, and the system which Mr. Apel has here laid down is certainly much less abstruse than those which have heretofore prevailed. Dr. Becker and Baron Humboldt, in their inquiries into the principles of language, arrived at the same results, and we believe that their views have been acted upon with highly favourable effects. Mr. Apel, in the preface of this "Practical Introduction," says, "All grammars hitherto written for Englishmen, from Wendeborn and Nöhden down to Ollendorf and Wittich, adhere to the antiquated method of Adelung, which is now entirely superseded in the colleges and universities throughout Germany, Switzerland, and the North, by grammars founded on a more philosophical principle. This is among the important results derived from the thorough investigation of the etymology and comparative history of all Germanic languages, both ancient and modern, by Jacob Grimm, and from the new and original views and subsequent successful elucidation of the principles of general or philosophical grammar, by Dr. Becker and Baron W. von Humboldt." In the grammars of the old school, the external forms and inflexions are the principal objects of consideration, occupying the attention of the learner chiefly with words, and, in some instances, even with mere syllables and letters, instead of the

ideas which they are designed to express. In modern grammar, on the contrary, pursuing an entirely different principle, the origin and signification of those forms and inflexions, and the operations of the human mind which they are intended to define and express, are inquired into, and grammar thus has for its base a system connected in all its parts, at once simple and natural, explaining the phenomena of language in a manner intelligible to all."

Some idea of the aim of the system may be gathered from this extract; and we can only say, that these attempts to lighten mental toil, by simplifying the abstruseness of the aspirant's labour, ought to be thankfully appreciated. We look upon this "Practical Introduction to the Study of the German Language" as well and ably executed.

Facts and Figures; A Periodical Record of Statistics, applied to Current Questions.

This work will be found a useful and able reference to the statician, containing a great number of facts in statistics, population, births, marriages, deaths, &c. &c., all derived from the first authority, namely, parliamentary documents. To those interested in the condition of the country, and contemplating the various workings of the legislation, as well as the natural bearings of society in its different localities, this work will be found of sterling utility.

Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Holy Bible, beautifully Embellished by at least Sixty highly-finished Steel Engravings, drawn from Nature by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. Carefully examined and corrected.

This is a re-issue for the people, at a cheap rate, of this old-established commentary. It is in octavo, well and neatly executed, and the engravings good. The circulation ought to be extensive, and will be so, we doubt not.

The Canadian Scenery illustrated. Uniform with American Scenery, Switzerland, Scotland, &c. From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT, Engraved in the first style of the Art, by R. WALLIS, J. COUSEN, WILLMORE, BRANDARD, BENTLEY, RICHARDSON, &c. The Literary Department, by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventures," &c., Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland, &c.

These admirable productions of art continue to charm as much as ever. The views of Ballina and Killiney Bay in our sister country, are sweet and felicitous, while Lake Massawhippy in the Canadian department displays a scene of quiet beauty singularly expressive, and

contrasting well with a "Forest Scene," of impressive loneliness and deep seclusion. The human beings in the foreground of this picture mark the loftiness of the trees which compose this primeval forest. As a whole they are admirable.

Museum of Mankind.

The term requires some little explanation, and while we are tempted to smile at the enthusiasm of the projector, we are inclined to recommend his project to attention and consideration, because we think it deserves to come fairly before the public. After all, a little enthusiasm, though it may look like an *ignis fatuus*, is yet the light that guides men to great things, and it is no sign of a cool judgment always to throw cold water upon it. Our projector then proposes to the world a Museum of Mankind. A great undertaking, doubtless, but one which is elevated above the class of mere sight-seeing amusement. We refer our readers to the pamphlet containing details of this curious, novel, and comprehensive plan.

Chinese Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner.

The idea of this exhibition is a happy one. The world cannot visit China, but here China visits the world. An inspection of this vast assemblage of curious objects will do more to convey an adequate idea of the habits and customs of one of the most ancient and populous nations of the earth than the reading of many volumes; indeed, so complete is the impression conveyed, that it seems scarcely possible to believe we are, while viewing it, only a few steps removed from the high road to our own mighty Babylon. To describe it we should not only require the pen of a *Morier*, but all the colours of the rainbow. We shall, therefore, only advise our readers to see it, convinced that nothing short of ocular demonstration can afford anything like an adequate conception of the effect which such a collection of extraordinary objects is calculated to convey.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Life of a Sportman.* By Nimrod. 36 coloured plates. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
Kabares, or the Warriors of the West. By Mrs. Snelling. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Ivo and Verena. By the Author of "Cousin Rachel." 18mo. 2s.
Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Part I. 1s.
Atkinson's Expedition into Afghanistan. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Blackwood's Standard Novels. Vol. IX. 'Pen Owen.' 6s.
Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. II. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
A Complete Guide to the Lakes, with illustrations and maps. New Edition. 12mo. 5s.
Massenello. An Historical Romance. Edited by Horace Smith, Esq. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Forest Life. By the Author of "A New Home." 2 vols. Fcap. 12s.
Torrent of Portugal. An English Metrical Romance. Edited by J. O. Halliwell. Post 8vo. 5s.
Autobiography of Joseph Lister of Bradford, York. Edited by Thomas Wright. 8vo. 4s.
Chronological Pictures of English History. By John Gilbert. Part II., containing five reigns. 4to. 7s. 6d.
Notes of a Tour in the Distressed Manufacturing Districts of Lancashire. By Dr. W. Cooke Taylor. 12mo. 5s.

Norway and her Laplanders in 1841. By John Milford. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Life in the West, Backwood Leaves and Prairie Flowers. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 The Deformed, Jessy Bell, and other Poems. By Mary St. Aubyn. Fcap. 6s.
 Rhymes for an Hour, Poems on several occasions. By Clara Coulthard. 18mo. 6s.
 A Summer Trip to Weymouth and Dorchester, from the Note Book of an Old Traveller. 12mo. 4s.
 The Fall of Leicester. A Dramatic Poem. By George Warrington. Second Edition, 3s.
 Excursions in Newfoundland during 1839 and 1840. By J. B. Jukes, Esq. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.
 Newfoundland in 1842. A Sequel to "The Canadas in 1841," with a Map of Newfoundland, and Five Illustrations. By Lieut.-Col. Sir Richard Bonnycastle. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 (Chambers's People's Edition) Travels in Iceland. By Sir G. S. Mackenzie. 8vo. 1s. 4d.
 The Works of Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., edited by Jacob Ide, D.D. 6 vols. 8vo. 14s. per vol.
 The Millennium. A Poem, with copious Notes. By a Millennarian. 4to. 5s.
 Narrative of Various Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab. By Charles Masson. 3 vols. Demy 8vo. 42s.
 Russia and the Russians in 1842. By J. G. Kohl, Esq. Vol. I. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. Vol. V. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The concluding portion of Mr. James's "LIFE AND TIMES OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION" is now in the press, and may be expected speedily. The completion of this work will put the public in possession of one of the most interesting pieces of British Biography which have hitherto proceeded from the pen of its distinguished author.

Mrs. Jameson's "HAND-BOOK TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES" is progressing. Also, the new novel which we lately announced, entitled "EVELYN, OR, MISTAKEN POLICY."

Mr. Moulton's New Poem will be ready for delivery early in the present month.

The Viscountess St. Jean's "SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL" is nearly completed.

The friends and admirers of the late Rev. Dr. Arnold will be gratified to learn, that at the time of his decease he had just completed the third volume of his "HISTORY OF ROME," and that his friend, Archdeacon Hare, will superintend its progress through the press. Dr. Arnold's executors intend shortly to publish a new volume of his Sermons. A Memoir of his Life, with selections from his extensive Correspondence, will also be given to the public.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our ports are animated by the arrivals of vessels loaded with corn, seed, and wood, and the operation of the Tariff seems to advance prosperously. It is a curious fact, however, that some of its schedules having been acted upon by anticipation, the result has been an advance on the very articles which were being reduced, through the expenses consequent upon the too hasty availment of the measure. In mahogany this

has been peculiarly the case. The aspect of the abundant harvest has also given a sort of spirit and hopefulness to commercial transactions, and helped to renew the public confidence, notwithstanding the unhappy outbreaks of the manufacturing districts. These, however, are happily subsiding, and we trust that a reaction in trade, manifesting itself in a new demand, is already taking place. Although in consequence of these disturbances the Manchester market has been irregular, yet on the whole, prices have been sustained in every description of cloth. The wool and the flannel markets have undergone but little change. In West India sugar some heaviness has prevailed, and the transactions have been limited. In Bengal sugar prices remain the same, but the market quiet. Tea has realized full prices, the holders manifesting firmness, while in coffee the prices are well sustained. In wheat the supply is ample, and the prices beneficially reduced. We are glad also to see that some improvement has taken place in the hosiery and lace trades. On the whole our commercial interests certainly wear an improving aspect.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 167 one-half, 168 one-half.—Consols, Acct. 92.—Three per Cent. Reduced, 93 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 101 three-fourths.—Exchequer Bills New, 1000*l.*, 2*l.*, 5*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*—India Bonds, 24*s.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 1834, 20 one-fourth.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 one-half.—Spanish, Acct., 20 seven-eighths.—Dutch 5 per Cent., 102 three-fourths.—Mexican, Acct., 24 one-half.

MONEY MARKET.—We rejoice to see that city confidence is founded on too stable a foundation for its balance to be affected by the unhappy outbreaks in our manufacturing districts. The provincial riots have had little or no effect upon commercial interests. The augmentation of the circulation by the Bank of England has had a favourable effect on the aspect of city affairs, and notwithstanding the heavy remittances which have been made in specie to India and China, money is easy in the market. The Report of the Commission of the forged Exchequer Bills has at last been made, and the question of who is to sustain the ultimate loss set at rest. The unconscious holders of the forged bills will, no doubt, be indemnified, but some disappointment has arisen among them at the delay. In other matters, no changes have arisen that deserve recording.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 26, 1842, TO AUG. 19, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

July 26.—G. Chapman, Pullin's-place, Islington, cowkeeper.—T. H. Munday, Fore-street, Cripplegate, bookseller.—S. and T. Metcalfe, Cambridge, upholsterers.—J. Cotton, Sheepshead, Leicestershire, hosier.—A. Leighton, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Scott, Birmingham, gun maker.—D. Hodgson, Sandwich, Kent, banker.—J. Lang, S. Armitage, R. Redfearn, and J. Sykes, Liversedge, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturers.—Elizabeth Fairclough Richardson, Manchester, publican.—J. Dickins, Northampton, upholsterer.—E. Wilkins, Swansea, Glamorganshire, linen draper.

July 29.—R. C. and H. T. Gray, Grosvenor-place, Commercial-road East, rope makers.—T. H. Wood, Ranelagh-road, Pimlico, engineer.—W. Wood, Picket-street chambers, Strand, bill broker.—T. Chapman, Tottenham-court-road, dairyman.—C. and D. H. King and J. Sandell, Berners-street, Oxford-street, paper stainers.—H. Westwood, Wolverhampton, steelyard maker.—S. Sedgely, Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer.—T. Clarke, Rugby, Warwickshire, mercer.—W. Stone and R. Blake, Bristol, tailors.—J. Fitton, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, smallware dealer.—C. L. Wren-

shall, Liverpool, dealer in music.—J. and J. Watson, sen. and jun., Wath-upon-Deane, Yorkshire, common brewers.—J. Skelton, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, miller.—F. and E. Arthur, Birmingham, coachmakers.

Aug. 2.—J. Ivery, High Wycombe, carpenter.—H. J. Watkinson, Hightown, Yorkshire, card maker.—C. Bindley and F. Copland, Birmingham, coachmakers.—H. Hiltens, Over Darwen, Lancashire, bleacher.—H. Rogers, Dartmouth, wine merchant.—T. Collett and J. Smith, Oseott, Wakefield, cotton spinners.—W. Ward, Manchester, plumber.

Aug. 5.—T. Armstrong, Conduit street, Paddington, merchant.—R. Rollo, Durham-street, Vauxhall-road, merchant.—S. Knight, West Hoathley, Sussex, cattle dealer.—E. Lyon, High Holborn, cabinet-maker.—J. Early, jun., Witney, Oxfordshire, girls web manufacturer.—J. M. Gabey, Liverpool, printer.—J. Haldock, Warrington, Lancashire, bookseller.—R. Loomore, Tiverton, scrivener.

Aug. 9.—R. F. Watkinson and W. Heigh, Huddersfield.—R. Busby, Wood street, Bolton green, dairyman.—F. Clark, Portman-street, Portman-square, auctioneer.—J. T. King

and J. Groombridge, Crimscoth-street, Bermondsey, carpenters.—T. Hooper, Hay, Breconshire, chemist and druggist.—G. Jones, Nevin, Carnarvonshire, draper.—W. Scott, Earl's Heaton, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturer.—E. Arrowsmith, Burnley, Lancashire, tailor.—W. Reay, Walker, Northumberland, ship builder.—H. C. Jeffreys, Much Wenlock, Salop, miller.—J. Bent, Dudley, Worcester-shire, grocer.—H. G. Kellock and A. D. Kellock, Liverpool, brokers.

Aug. 12.—G. G. Nicol, Adam-street, Adelphi, merchant.—J. Tilt, Shirley-mill, Hamp-shire, brewer.—J. Litchfield, Bethnal-green, builder.—J. T. Ring and J. Groombridge, Crimscoth-street, Bermondsey, carpenters.—W. Cooper, Belfast, Manchester warehouseman.—J. Raleigh, Manchester, merchant.—P. Seidon, Middle Hulton, Lancashire, coal-dealer.—M. Buckley, Oldham, draper.

Aug. 16.—W. Freeman, Acton-street, Bag-nidge-wells-road, builder.—H. Oglan, Holy-well-street, Shoreditch, victualler.—T. J. Febr, Birmingham, draper.—G. Boyd and W. Boyd,

Kingston-upon-Hull, millwrights.—R. N. Mun-ton, Jun., Greatford, Lincolnshire, miller.—J. Baker and E. Swinburne, Birmingham, timber merchants.—W. Trubridge, Swindon, Wiltshire, grocer.—H. Harwood, Beverley, linen draper.—W. Daniell, Abercarne, Mon-mouthshire, pyroligneous acid manufacturer.—J. Bottomley, Delph, Yorkshire, woollen ma-nufacturer.

Aug. 19.—W. G. Dodds, Howford-buildings, Feuchurch-street, merchant.—F. Gantler, Gould square, Crutched-friars, merchant.—J. Adams, George-street, Spitalfields, furniture dealer.—T. Bomford, Elmstone, Hardwick, Gloucester-shire, hay-dealer.—F. Nurse, Stonehouse, Glou-cestershire, coal merchant.—J. Jones, Carnar-von, woollen draper.—E. Roberts, Oswestry, draper.—W. Nash, Oldbury, Shropshire, grocer.—T. Mennell, Leeds, cloth merchant.—F. Baker, Birmingham, victualler.—R. Ganton, Dorchester, licensed victualler.—T. Carter, Stafford, builder.—R. J. Wrangham, Great Driffeld, Yorkshire, grocer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 33" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and ther-mometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
22	52-66	30.12-30.14	N. b. E. & N.		Clear.
24	43-73	30.06-29.96	S. W. & N. E.		Clear.
25	53-69	30.30-29.89	N. E.		Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
26	46-68	29.91-30.05	N. and N. E.		Clear.
27	49-64	30.13-30.10	E. b. N. & S.	.00	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
28	54-70	30.04-29.90	S. W. & N. W.	.31	Generally clear.
29	51-61	29.92-29.88	N.	.035	Rain in the morning, otherwise generally clear.
30	41-62	29.98-30.02	N. by W.	.02	Clear.
31	59-65	30.06-30.15	N. E. and W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
Aug.					
1	48-67	30.31-30.23	N. b. E. & E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear.
2	45-70	30.14-30.00	S. E.		Clear, except the morning.
3	54-76	29.93-29.91	N.		Generally cloudy, distant thunder in the aftern.
4	54-78	29.82-29.85	N. and S. W.		Generally clear.
5	59-75	29.89-29.91	S. and S. W.		Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
6	60-68	29.87-29.90	S. W. & W. N.		Generally cloudy, rain at times.
7	54-72	29.92-29.93	S. by W.	.06	Morning and evening generally clear.
8	50-73	29.97-29.99	S. by W.		Clear.
9	53-77	30.00-29.92	S. b. E. & S.		Clear.
10	55-84	29.78-29.64	S. E. & N. W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy, a storm in even.
11	58-68	29.81-30.00	S. W.	.84	Generally clear.
12	59-73	30.20-30.26	S. by W.		Clear.
13	56-74	30.22-30.37	S. by W.		Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
14	56-78	30.37-30.30	N. E. & E. b. S.		Clear.
15	54-80	30.30-30.14	N. E. and E.		Clear.
16	52-80	30.14-30.16	N. E. and E.		Clear.
17	56-79	30.11-30.02	N. E. and E.		Clear.
18	58-83	29.95-29.92	N. E. & S. E.		Clear, except the evening, when a few drops of
19	63-73	29.92-29.86	S. W.	.018	Cloudy, afternoon showery. (rain fell.
20	60-69	29.94-29.95	S. W.	.05	Generally cloudy.
21	58-71	29.95-29.94	S. W.		Many clouds.
22	53-76	29.92-29.93	N. & N. b. E.		Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Sept. 1842.—VOL. XXXV.—NO. CXXXVII.

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NEW PATENTS.

J. H. Scott, of Somer's Town, Engineer, for certain improvements in metal pipes, and in the manufacture thereof. July 6th, 6 months.

Lady A. Vavasour, of Melbourne Hall, York, for improvements in machinery for tilling land. July 7th, 6 months.

R. Hodgson, of Montague Place, Gentleman, for improvements in obtaining images on metallic and other surfaces. July 7th, 6 months.

J. T. Chance, of Birmingham, Glass Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of glass. July 7th, 6 months.

C. A. Preller, of Eastcheap, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for preparing, combing, and drawing wool and goats' hair. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 7th, 6 months.

G. E. Donisthorpe, of Bradford, York, Top Manufacturer, for improvements in combing and drawing wool and certain descriptions of hair. July 7th, 6 months.

W. Fairbairn, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of metal ships, boats, and other vessels, and in the preparation of metal plates to be used therein. July 7th, 6 months.

J. Hall, of Cambridge, Agricultural Implement Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for tilling land. July 7th, 6 months.

J. Perring, of Cecil House, Strand, Hat Manufacturer, for improvements in wood paving. July 7th, 6 months.

J. Bird, of Manchester, Machinist, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for raising or forcing water and other fluids, which said improvements are also applicable as an engine to be worked by steam, for propelling vessels, and other purposes. July 7th, 6 months.

W. Prichard, the Elder, of Burley Mills, Leeds, Manufacturer, for an improved method of consuming or preventing smoke, and in economizing fuel in steam-engines and other furnaces. July 7th, 6 months.

W. R. Vigers, of Russell Square, Esquire, for a mode of keeping the air in confined places, or in a pure or respirable state, to enable persons to remain or work under water and other places without a constant supply of fresh atmospheric air. July 7th, 6 months.

J. P. Booth, of the City of Cork, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery and apparatus for working in mines, which are applicable to raising, lowering, and transporting of heavy bodies, and also affording assistance in promoting a more perfect ventilation of the mine. July 9th, 6 months.

J. B. F. Jonannin, of Upper Ebury Street, Pimlico, Mechanic, for certain improvements in apparatus for regulating the speed of steam, air, or water engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 9th, 6 months.

J. Crutchett, of William Street, Regent's Park, Engineer, for improvements in manufacturing gas and in apparatus for consuming gas. July 12th, 6 months.

T. Deakin, of Sheffield, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of parts of harness and saddlery furniture. July 12th, 6 months.

J. L. Clement, of Saint Martin's lane, Engineer, for improvements in apparatus for ascertaining the temperature of fluids, and also the pressure of steam. July 12th, 6 months.

W. H. Stuky, of Saint Petersburg, now of Upper North Place, Esquire, for a pneumatic engine for producing motive power. July 12th, 6 months.

J. Schlesinger, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in ink-stands, and in instruments for filing or holding papers and other articles. July 16th, 6 months.

R. Benton, of Birmingham, Land Agent, for certain improvements in propelling, retarding, and stopping carriages on railroads. July 16th, 6 months.

J. Barling, of High Street, Maidstone, Watch Maker, for certain improvements for producing rotary motion in machinery worked by manual labour. July 16th, 6 months.

J. Chatwin, of Birmingham, Button Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons. July 16th, 6 months.

C. R. Ayers, of John Street, Berkeley Square, Architect, for improvements in ornamenting and colouring glass, earthenware, porcelain, and metals. July 23rd, 6 months.

J. Partridge, of Bewbridge, near Stroud, Gloucester, Dyer, for certain improvements in cleansing wool. July 23, 6 months.

E. de Varroc, of Bryanstone Street, Portman Square, Gentleman, for apparatus to be applied to chimneys to prevent their taking fire, and for rendering sweeping of chimneys unnecessary. July 23rd, 6 months.

A. Johnston, of Hill House, Edinburgh, Esquire, for certain improvements on carriages, which may also be applied to ships, boats, and other purposes, where locomotion is required. July 23rd, 6 months.

E. Cobbold, of Melford, Suffolk, Master of Arts, Clerk, for certain improvements in the means of supporting, sustaining, and propelling human and other bodies on the water. July 28th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS—July 25.—Some conversation took place respecting National Education.—The Earl of Devon moved the re-commitment of the Mines and Collieries Bill. The Marquis of Lansdowne proposed as an amendment, a select committee of inquiry, and the deferring the bill until the next Sessions, on which the House divided, when there appeared, for the committee, 49; against it, 33; and their Lordships went into committee. Lord Skelmerdale moved that women above forty years of age at present working in the Collieries, should still be permitted to do so; but his motion was negatived by 29 to 15. The Earl of Mouncahal moved that it should not be lawful to employ children in the mines under twelve years of age, the bill providing that the limit should be ten years, but the amendment was negatived without a division. The Marquis of Londonderry proposed an amendment limiting the power of inspectors to report to cases which they had examined, and to the fact of the provisions of the act having been attended to or otherwise in each distinct case; which was agreed to, as were also the remaining clauses of the bill, and the house having resumed, the report was read.

July 26.—The Duke of Wellington after commending the operation of the Poor Laws, though allowing some partial drawbacks, moved the second reading for their continuance in their existing form for five years longer. Lord Stanhope moved that the bill should be read a second time that day six months, but his amendment was negatived without division, and the bill was read a second time.—The Earl of Aberdeen, by command of her Majesty, laid on the table certain papers relative to the Slave Trade.—The County Courts Bill was read a third time and passed.—Several bills were advanced a stage.

July 27.—No House.

July 28.—The Exchequer Bills Preparation Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Customs Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Poor Law Amendment Bill passed through committee.—Lord Campbell moved that no one, being a member of the House of Commons, should be heard by counsel at the bar of that House, with reference to any bill pending the decision of Parliament; but his motion was negatived without division.—The Limitation of Actions (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—Several bills forwarded a stage.

July 29.—The Poor Law Amendment Bill, the South Australian Bill, and the Wide Streets (Dublin) Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—The Earl of Radnor laid on the table a bill to repeal the duties on the importation of corn, which was read a first time.—The Marquis of Clanricarde gave notice of his intention to withdraw the second reading of the Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill, and moved their Lordships that the order of the day be discharged, on account of the near termination of the Session.—Lord Wharnccliffe moved the third reading of the Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill. The Manchester, Birmingham, and Bolton Police Bill, and the Insolvent Debtors' Bill, were read a second time.

July 30.—No House.

August 1.—The Bonded Corn Bill was read a second time.—On the motion of Lord Wharnccliffe, a clause was added to the Mines and Collieries Bill to the effect that "The owners and occupiers of such mines and collieries, or their agents, are hereby required to furnish the means necessary for such person or persons so ap-

pointed, to visit and inspect such mines, collieries, buildings, works," &c. &c. The bill was then read a third time and passed.

August 2.—On the motion of Lord Aberdeen, a Bill to suspend the Slave Trade Suppression Act, the working of which has been so ill received in Portugal, and the necessity for which is superseded by our treaty with that power, was read a first time. Lord Brougham entered into some important statements respecting the evasions, by means of which the Slave Trade is still perpetrated, at the close of which he expressed his intention of bringing forward a new bill early in the next session.

August 3.—No House.

August 4.—Lord Beaumont presented a petition from the Rajah of Satara, complaining that he had been unjustly dethroned.—The Earl of Radnor moved the second reading of his bill for the free importation of foreign corn. The motion for the second reading was negatived without a division.—The Bonded Corn Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 5.—The Bribery of Elections Bill was read a second time.

August 6.—The Exchequer Bills Bill, the Consolidated Fund Appropriation Bill, the Canada Loan Bill, the Ecclesiastical Leasing Bill, the East India Bishops' Bill, and the Lunatic Asylums (Ireland) Bill, were all brought up from the Commons, and read a first time.—A message also brought up the Bonded Corn Bill and the Court of Chancery Offices Bill, stating that the House of Commons had agreed to the amendments of their Lordships.

August 8.—Lord Fortescue moved for a return of all the outrages in Ireland reported by the constabulary in the last month, which was agreed to.—The Marriages (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

August 9.—The East India Slavery Bill and the Copyright Designs Bill were severally read a third time.—The Earl of Aberdeen laid on the table two treaties entered into between her Majesty and the Queen of Portugal—one referring to the Slave Trade, the other to Commerce. His lordship also brought in a bill to repeal an act passed in the present sessions for suspending the operation of the Slave Suppression Bill, as related to Portugal, which was read a first time.—The Manchester, Birmingham, and Bolton Police Bill passed through committee, and was ordered to be read a third time.—The Consolidated Fund Bill, the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Canadian Loan Bill, the Lunatic Asylum (Ireland) Bill, and the Ecclesiastical Corporations Leasings Bill, and the Presbyterian Marriages (Ireland) Bill, passed through committee.—The Newfoundland Bill was read a second time.—The Coventry Boundaries Bill was brought up from the Commons and read a first time.

August 10.—The royal assent given by commission to the Bonded Corn Bill, the Bribery at Elections (No. 2) Bill, the Militia Pay Bill, the Prisons Bill, the Mines and Collieries Bill, the Tobacco Regulation Bill, the Municipal Corporations Bill, the Double Costs Bill, the Copyright of Designs Bill, the Ordnance Services Bill, the Court of Chancery Offices Abolition Bill, the Slave Trade Suppression Bill, the East India Slavery Bill, the Rivers (Ireland) Bill, the Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, the Dublin Boundaries Bill, the Four Courts Marshalsea (Dublin) Bill, the Imperial Bank of England Bill, Street's Divorce Bill, Sewell's Divorce Bill, and some private estate bills.—The Colonial Passengers' Bill, the Bankruptcy Law Amendment Bill, and some others, were agreed to.—The Ecclesiastical Corporations Leases Bill, the Dissenters' Marriages (Ireland) Bill, the East India Bishops' Bill, the Lunatic Asylum's Bill, and the Canada Loan Bill, were read a third time and passed.

August 11.—The Exchequer Bills Bill, the Consolidated Fund Bill, the Slave Trade (Portuguese Vessels) Bill, the Borough Incorporations Bill, the Coventry Boundaries Bill, and the Manchester, Birmingham, and Bolton Police Bill, were read a third time and passed. On the order of the day for the third reading of the Newfoundland Bill, counsel was called, as had been previously agreed to, and heard on the sixth clause of the bill, the effect of which was to make the Legislative Council and the House of Representatives one assembly, giving to the Crown the power of appointing two-fifths of the whole. Lord Campbell moved that the sixth clause be omitted, but he was negatived, and the bill was read a third time and passed.

August 12.—The Usher of the Black Rod having summoned the Commons, her Majesty gave the royal assent to the bills presented by the Speaker, and then read the following speech,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The state of public business enables me to release you from further attendance in Parliament.

"I cannot take leave of you without expressing my grateful sense of the assiduity and zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the discharge of your public duties during the whole course of a long and laborious session.

"You have had under your consideration measures of the greatest importance connected with the financial and commercial interests of the country, calculated to maintain the public credit, to improve the national resources, by extending trade, and stimulating the demand for labour, to promote the general and permanent welfare of all classes of my subjects.

"Although measures of this description have occasionally occupied much of your attention, you have at the same time, effected great improvements in several branches of jurisprudence, and in laws connected with the administration of domestic affairs.

"I return you my especial acknowledgments for the renewed proof which you afforded me of your loyalty and affectionate attachment, by your ready and unanimous concurrence in an act for the increased security and protection of my person.

"I continue to receive from all foreign powers assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

"Although I have deeply to lament the reverses which have befallen a division of the army to the westward of the Indus, yet I have the satisfaction of reflecting that the gallant defence of Jellalabad, crowned by a decisive victory in the field, has eminently proved the courage and discipline of the European and native troops, and the skill and fortitude of their distinguished commander.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The liberality with which you have granted the supplies, to meet the exigencies of the public service, demands my warm acknowledgments.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"You will concur with me in the expression of humble gratitude to Almighty God for the favourable season which his bounty has vouchsafed to us, and for the prospects of a harvest more abundant than those of recent years.

"There are, I trust, indications of gradual recovery from that depression which has affected many branches of manufacturing industry, and has exposed large classes of my people to privations and sufferings which have caused me the deepest concern.

"You will, I am confident, be actuated on your return to your several counties by the same enlightened zeal for the public interests which you have manifested during the discharge of your parliamentary duties, and will do your utmost to encourage, by your example and active exertions, that spirit of order and submission to the law, which is essential to the public happiness, and without which there can be no enjoyment of the fruits of peaceful industry, and no advance in the career of social improvement."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—July 25.—J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. took the oaths and his seat for the Borough of Newcastle-under-Line, in the stead of T. A. Harris, Esq., unseated by the report of the committee.—Sir R. Peel, by command of her Majesty, laid on the table the papers relating to the commercial treaty between this country and Portugal.—Mr. Duncombe moved for the depositions in the case of Mason the chartist, who had been arrested and tried at Stafford for sedition, but his motion was lost by 116 to 32.—The House went into a committee of supply, and the following votes were agreed to: 10,900*l.* for the Irish Society for two years, 23,463*l.* for the expenses of the chief secretary of Ireland's office, 12,434*l.* for the household expenses of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 4,819*l.* for expenses of the office of Paymaster of Civil Services in Ireland, 3,950*l.* for printing and publishing proclamations in Ireland, 35,630*l.* for Nonconformist Dissenters in Ireland, 90,000*l.* for criminal prosecutions and other law charges in Ireland. Lord Eliot stated that in future the law officers of the crown in Ireland would receive salaries in lieu of fees, by which a considerable saving to the public would be effected. There were also votes for 35,000*l.* for defraying the expenses of the public metropolitan police offices in Dublin, 2,714*l.* for the Board of Public Works in Ireland, 5,000*l.* for the survey of towns in Ireland, 13,000*l.* for charges of the improvement of the River Shannon, 3,500*l.* to defray the charges connected with the taking of the census in Ireland, 50,000*l.* for carrying on the improvements of the Caledonian Canal, 22,000*l.* for the expenses of the coinage, 60,000*l.* to enable her Majesty to grant gratuities to the officers, seamen, and marines, lately employed on the coast of Syria, 1,600*l.* was

voted to Mr. Gurney for fighting the Houses of Parliament.—The Bankruptcy Amendment Bill was read a first time. The Stamp Duties Bill, the Game Certificates (Ireland) Bill, and the Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill, were read a third time, and passed.

July 26.—Mr. Litton moved for a return of the several instances in which new benefices and district curies have been erected in Ireland, which was ordered.—On the third reading of the Colonial Passengers Bill, Mr. Hawes moved the omission of the clause relating to the transportation of labourers into those colonies, but his amendment was negatived by 118 to 24, and the bill was read a third time and passed.—The report on the Parish Constables Bill was brought up.—The Bonded Corn Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 27.—The House went into committee on the Bribery at Elections Bill. The first clause, declaring head money to be bribery, after long discussion, was postponed for further consideration. The Attorney-general proposed to add the words, "subject to the ordinary rules of evidence," which was agreed to. The third and fourth clauses were agreed to, as also, after division, was the fifth. Clauses up to the fourteenth were agreed to. Clause fourteen to twenty-five inclusive were struck out. The twenty-sixth clause was also rejected on a division by 80 to 39. The House also divided on the twenty-seventh clause, which was also rejected by 70 to 28, and the bill thus curtailed was carried through committee.

July 28.—The Court of Exchequer (England) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Law Courts (Ireland) Bill was postponed till next session.—Mr. Roebuck brought under the consideration of the House the report from the select committee on election proceedings, and moved the following resolution: "That the compromises of election petitions, as brought to the knowledge of this House by the report of the committee on election proceedings, must, if for the future they be allowed to pass without punishment and censure, tend to bring this House into contempt with the people, and thereby seriously to diminish its power and authority. That all such practices are hereby declared to be a violation of the liberties of the people, and a breach of the privileges of this House, which it will in all future cases strictly inquire into and punish. That whereas in the late elections for Harwich, Nottingham, Lewes, Reading, Falmouth and Pearyn, and Bridport, the present laws have been found insufficient to protect the voters from the mischievous temptations of bribery, it be ordered that Mr. Speaker do issue no writ for any election of members for the said towns till farther legislative enactments have been adopted to protect the purity of elections." The motion was lost by 136 to 47.—Captain Pechell moved for the returns of the several sums of money paid into the Registry by the High Court of Admiralty on account of alive vessels and their cargoes captured under the act 2nd and 3rd of Victoria, c. 73, and the dates when such sums had been paid in, and if any, and what instructions had been issued to the officers of the Vice-Admiralty Courts relative to the remittance of such sums, which was agreed to.—Mr. Hume moved for a return of the number of days in which the House of Commons sat in this session of Parliament, which was agreed to.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved for a return of the names of the persons who have been appointed since the 1st of September, 1841, up to the present day, to any office or situation under the Board of Stamps and Taxes at Somerset House. Agreed to.

July 29.—The House resolved itself into a committee of supply, and 272,951*l.* was voted for defraying the war in China, 500,000*l.* for making up the deficiencies in former years, and 533,177*l.* for defraying the expenses of the various works ordered by the Board of Ordnance.—On the motion that the report of the Canada Loan Bill be brought up, Mr. Hume divided the House, when there appeared for it 89, against it 9, and the report was agreed to.

July 30.—The report of the committee of supply was brought up and agreed to.

August 1.—Mr. Mackinnon moved that the writ for Southampton should be issued, which was accordingly ordered.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved for a select committee to investigate the conduct of certain of the police who had taken a Dr. M'Donnell into custody while addressing the populace of Deptford. The motion gave rise to a long discussion, but was eventually lost by 80 to 30.—The House went into committee of ways and means, and votes for the Exchequer Bills, &c., were agreed to.—Mr. T. Duncombe proposed an amendment on the Tobacco Regulations Bill, that it should be recommitted until that day three months, but his motion was lost by 53 to 9.—The House then went into committee on the bill, which

was considered, amended, and ordered to be reported on Wednesday.—The report of the Ecclesiastical Corporations Leasing Bill was brought up.

August 2.—Sir John Easthope moved for the modified returns of the church rates, which were ordered.—On the motion of Mr. C. Buller, the Bribery at Elections Bill was read a third time, with the addition of two new clauses, and passed.—A long discussion arose on the Designs Copyright Bill, Mr. Williams moving that it should be recommitted in order to its amendment, but the proposition was negatived by 73 to 14, and ultimately the bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.

August 3.—Numerous petitions were received.—On the order of the day being read for resuming the discussion of the Newfoundland Bill, Mr. V. Smith suggested that the operation of the bill should be limited to four years, and that the clause should be omitted altering the qualification of electors.—Mr. Wyse opposed the bill, but on a division the amendment was negatived by 68 to 15. After some further discussion the House divided, and the motion was carried by 82 to 21. The House then went into committee on the bill, when an amendment, moved by Mr. O'Connell, to reduce the qualification from 100*l.* to 50*l.* was negatived by 98 to 13.—The Designs Copyright Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 4.—Sir F. Bardett moved for a select committee to inquire into the negotiations of government concerning Mr. Warner's invention of an instrument of war, but was defeated by 72 to 2.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer laid on the table the report of the Exchequer Bills Commissioners.—On the motion of Lord Ashley, an address was voted to her Majesty, praying that the commissioners for inquiring into the employment of mining apprentices should be directed to report, and to make further inquiry if necessary.—Sir James Graham brought in a bill to confirm the incorporation of certain boroughs, and to indemnify such persons as had sustained loss; the standing order for which was suspended, and the bill read a first and second time.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved an address to the Crown, soliciting a merciful consideration of the chartist Mason and the other persons convicted at the Staffordshire sessions of assembling unlawfully, but was defeated by 53 to 30.

August 5.—The House went into committee on the Newfoundland Bill.—Mr. O'Connell entered his protest against the bill on the sixth clause being read, and the House divided upon it, when there appeared, for the clause 80, against it 18.—Mr. O'Connell moved that the number of members of the legislative council nominated by the Crown be five instead of ten, but the amendment was negatived by 82 to 21.—Lord C. Fitzroy moved a proviso, that those members should not vote on any question of supply, finance, or taxation, but was negatived by 79 to 22.—On the question that the clause do pass, the House again divided, when there appeared for it 79, against it 25.—Mr. O'Connell moved for copies of any correspondence that had taken place between the government, the magistrates, and the police, respecting the late trials for Ribbonism in Armagh. On a division there appeared, for the motion 24, against it 72.—The Ecclesiastical Corporations Leasing Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House went into committee on the Bankruptcy Bill, and discussed various of its clauses.

August 6.—The Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Exchequer Bills (9,193,000*l.*) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Slave Trade (Portuguese vessels) Bill was read a second time.—The order of the day for bringing up the report of the Newfoundland Bill was read, and on the motion that the bill be engrossed, Mr. B. Ball moved that it should be so that day three months, on which the House divided, when there appeared, for the amendment 21, against it 64.—On the order of the day being read for taking into consideration the amendments proposed by the Lords on the Mines and Collieries Bill, Lord Ashley moved the adoption of those amendments, which was agreed to.—Lord Palmerston moved for "copies of any correspondence which had taken place since the first day of July last, between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and any member of this house, upon the subject of the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which was agreed to.

August 8.—Lord Stanley moved the third reading of the Newfoundland Bill.—Mr. Howard moved the third reading that day three months, on which the House divided, when there appeared, for the third reading 55, against it 12. The bill was then read a third time and passed.—Mr. Walter took the oaths and his seat for Nottingham.—The House resolved itself into committee on the Bankruptcy Bill, which, after various amendments had been proposed and rejected, was agreed to,

and the House resumed.—Mr. Lefroy moved the issue of a new writ for Ipswich, which was agreed to.—Sir Robert Peel brought in a bill, which was read a first time, to repeal so much of the act as respected the slave trade carried on under the flag of Portugal.

August 9.—The Speaker informed the House that he had received a petition against Mr. Walter's return for Nottingham.—The Bankruptcy Law Amendment Bill being brought up, the Solicitor-General proposed a clause providing that a return should be laid before parliament every year of the moneys paid into the Bank of England by official assignees, up to the 31st of December in each year; also, the total amount paid for and on account of bankrupts' estates, and of the balance in hand of such assignees; which clause was added by way of rider, together with some other verbal amendments, and the report was received and ordered to be engrossed.—The House resolved itself into committee upon the County Courts Bill *pro forma*, and certain clauses were brought up.—The House then resumed, and the report was ordered to be taken into consideration that day two months.—The Insolvent Debtors' Bill was reported.—Sir R. Peel moved the erection of monuments to Sir S. Smith, Lord de Saumarez, and Lord Exmouth, which was agreed to.—Sir J. Graham moved the third reading of the Coventry Boundary Bill.—Sir C. Douglas moved that it be read that day three months, which was negatived by a majority of 47 to 3, and the bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord Eliot moved that the Report on the Limitations of Actions Bill be received.—Mr. Hawes moved that it be received that day three months, and after some discussion the House divided, and there appeared, for the motion 41, against it 15, and the report was received.

August 10.—Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Hope took the oaths and their seats for the borough of Southampton.—Mr. Brotherton moved for a continuation of the returns specifying the number of days and hours during which the House had sat in the present session; also the number of hours during which it sat after midnight, which were ordered.—Mr. Hawes moved for the returns of the quantities and average price, for each six weeks, of all corn sold in places included in 5 Victoria, c. 14, from the commencement of the operation of that act to the latest period; also a return of the quantities and average price, for each six weeks, calculated according to the provisions of 9 Geo. IV. c. 60, of all corn sold in the towns specified in section 8 of the said act, for the same period, which were ordered.—The Bankruptcy law Amendment Bill was read a third time, and, on the question of its passing, Mr. Hawes moved the addition of the following clause, as a rider to the bill:—"That fourteen days before a final dividend shall be advertised under any bankrupt's estate, a debtor and creditor account between the official assignees and such estate, showing also the moneys remaining uncollected under such estate, and the cause of such moneys remaining uncollected, a copy of which account shall be delivered to any creditor who shall apply for the same, and have proved and claimed a debt under such fiat, upon his applying for the same to the official assignee, and paying such sum, not exceeding one shilling, as shall be settled by the court authorized to act in the prosecution of such fiat." This clause, with an amendment suggested by Sir T. Wilde, to the effect that every person who was not a creditor should have to pay for the account, but that creditors should not, and that the price of the writ be 2s. 6d. instead of 1s.—the clause thus amended was passed.—The Lords' amendments to the Colonial Passengers' Bill were read and agreed to.—The Insolvent Debtors' Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Report on the address to her Majesty respecting the public monuments was brought up and agreed to.—Lord Palmerston moved for the returns of the number of bills brought into parliament during the present session, with the dates at which the said bills passed through their various stages, which were ordered.

August 11.—No House.

August 12.—A message from the Lords brought down the Newfoundland Bill and some others with amendments.—Mr. Hume moved for returns of divisions of the House, &c., with a view to bring forward a motion, next session, to reduce the number of members of the House from 658 to 300, which was agreed to.—The Usher of the Black Rod summoned the members to the House of Lords, where parliament was prorogued by her Majesty in person.

THE METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Russia and the Russians in 1842. By J. G. KOHL, Esq.

We have here as complete a picture and as perfect a view of the modern and rapidly erected city of Petersburg as could fairly be desired or naturally expected to be executed. This work is not the result of hasty memoranda of travel, but of continued sojourn in the country, to the description of which it is devoted. The author is a German, and naturally wrote in his own language, but we have before us a faithful rendering, in which little of the vigour, and, we may say, none of the purpose, is lost. In the preface the author adverts to the effect of a residence among the people whom he depicts: on the one hand, he deprecates the probable attributing of unfriendly feeling to be generated by a faithful portraiture of those things which naturally strike a stranger as being repugnant to his previous habits and preformed sentiments, and which being spoken of with reprobation, occasion accusations of ingratitude from those whose friendship and hospitality have been extended to him; and on the other, of the necessity of a just and true exposition of the blots upon the national character which he is portraying, if he would be looked upon as a faithful historian. For our own part, we hold that our author has steered fairly through the Scylla and Charybdis of these dangers. If he have noted errors, he has done it with the candour of a friend, and not with the rejoicing *gusto* of a spleenful enemy, while he has pleasurably and willingly accorded all ready and open commendation, whenever justice enabled him to do so; and in truth the occasions for the latter are so much more frequent than those of the former—there appears so much more of creditorship for praise than exaction for blame, that the work might almost be considered an eulogium on “Russia and the Russians,” the few noticeable blemishes being little more than the specks on the sun.

We like the arrangement of this work, for there is in it method without formality. It opens with a descriptive view of the city, and

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we are at once struck with the advantage of a town built upon a pre-conceived arrangement, as lordly Babylon in its vast grandeur, and yet its most perfect proportions, must have been, to the straggling infancy of a few houses thrown heedlessly together, and growing up untrained and promiscuously in after ages into undignified and ill-proportioned extent and continuity. Petersburg, of rapid growth and preordained plan, is a beautiful modern city, enjoying all the advantages of architectural skill and geographical arrangement. The lines of buildings which in our parlance we call streets, are there denominated "Perspectives," and many of them, together with the public buildings, boast of fine proportion and real splendour. Our author delineates the city with so capable a pen, that the reader seems at once to be located there. In fact, there is a sort of realization in his descriptions which deserves to be accounted a great merit. After commenting on the beauty of Petersburg, we ought not to pass over his observations on the peril of its position. The site of the city is extremely low and flat. The highest part, and that most thickly inhabited, does not rise more than fourteen feet above the level of the sea, and the lowest shelves gradually down even below its mark. Our author thus reckons that a rise of fifteen feet of water would inundate the city, while one of thirty or forty feet would engulf it utterly. Five hundred thousand six hundred people are thus living in constant possibility of destruction, and the danger, though at first sight it may appear a visionary one, is not altogether so improbable as might be accounted. If in the spring, when the tides are highest, and the ice is breaking up, there should happen a strong west wind, the huge masses of sea ice would be driven landward, and thus meeting the disgorging river, the catastrophe would be inevitable. It is, however, devoutly to be hoped, that this junction of the three dangers, which singly are innocuous, may never take place, and that Petersburg may survive to be ancient among nations.

We said that we liked the arrangement of this work. It is divided into departments, each of which is complete in itself, and yet each of which forms a necessary part to the perfect whole. It commences with a description of the aspect of the city, its geography, its proportions, its arrangements, its divisions, and its public buildings. Many of the streets take their names from the commodities which are vended in them. The markets are graphically described, the churches, too, are prominently noticed; and in speaking of the cemeteries and funerals, a touching picture of the parting of the living from the dead is painted—it is a farewell kiss of the hand and foot before the veil is drawn between the twain for all time. The monuments, the arsenals, the imperial palace, the far-famed hermitage, have all their share of notice, as have also the libraries and the collections. The hospitals, too, are well described; the exchange, and the important tea-shops; but our attention has been most drawn to the Lunatic Asylum and the Foundling Hospital. Insanity, perhaps the deepest affliction of our corporeal state, must ever engage the saddest sympathy of the philanthropist, and we may well pause over the consideration of those various modes of treatment which are put in practice for its amelioration or cure. Among those which have

come under our notice, the kind and humane treatment adopted at the Petersburg Lunatic Hospital seems well worthy of consideration. The patients are tried with many forms of harmless occupation, tempted to take an interest in them, and lured to do so by promised indulgences : if refractory, they are placed in a room wadded over its whole surface, so that personal injury is next to impossible, and left in the dark until their paroxysm abates, after which they are reconducted to the scene of cheerful occupation, and once again persuaded to occupy themselves. Most generally, even insanity can find the difference between society and amusement, and vacuity and solitude, and the result is often happy. The Foundling Hospital is now to a great extent what ours formerly was. It is unlimited in its receptions, and a work of benevolence on a large and comprehensive scale.

Such is the outline of this work, which, with the filling up, forms, as we said at the outset, a most complete picture of this interesting part of the Russian dominions. The incidental notices of the emperor place him in a fair point of view, and depict the great autocrat as a very amiable man. Altogether, the work is one that ought to be really welcome to the English reader. Our extract gives a pretty picture of holiday courtship.

"The most brilliant day in the year for the Summer Garden is Whit-Monday. On that day the Russian tradesmen assemble there for the famous ceremony of choosing wives. This is a spectacle so unique in its kind, that it would have been well worth the while of the Englishman to whom I have elsewhere alluded, to make a journey hither expressly to see that also. According to an ancient Petersburg and a still more ancient Russian custom, which reminds one of the markets for young women in Hungary, all tradesmen's grown-up sons and daughters meet here on that day, the former to gaze, the latter to be gazed at. The girls, pranked out in their finest clothes, are drawn up in a row along the parterres. Their mothers are stationed behind them. They have rummaged their own and their grandmothers' wardrobes for everything showy and brilliant, to bedizen their daughters, attaching it to hair, ears, and arms, round neck and waist, to fingers and feet, wherever there is a possibility of fastening it ; and many are, in fact, so covered with gold and jewels, that little, if anything, of their natural charms is visible. It is related that on one occasion a mother, not knowing what more to add to the decorations of her daughter, fastened six dozen gilt teaspoons to a gold chain, and hung them in a double row about her neck, in addition to the pearl necklaces, and that she surrounded her waist in like manner with three dozen table-spoons and two large punch-ladles placed crosswise before and behind.

"The young men, with their fathers, in long kaftans of fine cloth, and their beards smartly curled, walk along the file of blushing, silent damsels, who, at the same time, are desirous enough to please ; and Cupid, who is sure to attend, points out to them the children of the Graces, but is prudent enough, before he speeds his arrow, to ascertain the genuineness of the gold and precious stones. The young men and the mothers and fathers here and there try to get up a conversation, in the course of which glances and sentiments are interchanged. Eight days after this exhibition, a second meeting takes place, in which the affair is more pointedly discussed, and, by the aid of officious relatives and female go-betweens, all the preliminaries are settled ; on which the company return home coupled and mated. Similar customs at marriages prevail among all the Slavonic tribes. But it is extraordinary that, in gorgeous

Petersburg, where a numerous portion of the public never fails to ridicule the practice, such a singularity should maintain its ground to the present day. It is only of late years that this custom has gradually declined; and, if on Whit-Monday many pretty girls and young men meet in the Summer Garden, and many a match is begun there, still the whole proceeding is not so formal, stiff, and old-fashioned, as it was ten years ago."

And here the emperor appears on the scene.

"It was in the year 1832, when the cholera raged here, and the common people, who hold their 'Change every day in the Haymarket, infatuated, like those of some other European capitals with the notion that it was not God but the medical men who afflicted them with this disease and kept it up by poison, rose in open insurrection against the authorities. The mad idea which had long been current among these people at length set them one morning in a flame; aged greybeards ran frantically and riotously through the neighbouring streets, seized the cholera carriages, made the patients whom they were conveying to the hospitals alight, unharnessed the horses, shattered the vehicles to shivers, which they carried to the neighbouring Fontanka, where they flung them into the water, and then, to prevent the interference of the police, entrenched themselves in the Haymarket by barricading all the avenues to it with hay-carts. The end of the broad Ssadowaja, in particular, was fortified by a pile of carts as high as a hill, behind which the thousand rioters bivouacked during the night, fully determined on the morrow to take as severe vengeance on the doctors as they had already done on the carriages for the patients. Next morning, they actually stormed the great cholera-hospital near the Haymarket, flung one of the most active of the German physicians out of the window, and tore him in pieces, and turned all the patients out of the house, with the intention of releasing them from the clutches of their supposed tormentors. Presently, the emperor arrived from Zarskoje-Sselo, whither intelligence of what was passing had been sent to him, and drove, wholly unattended, in an open calèche, to the Haymarket, where the barricades vanished before him. He proceeded directly to the door of the church situated on the edge of the market, ordered it to be opened, crossed himself, prayed, and then addressed a few words to the crowd, which were repeated at the time in all the newspapers, admonishing them to pay due reverence to God and the church, and commanding them to fall on their knees, to implore forgiveness of the Almighty for the sin which they had committed, and to beseech him, in his mercy, soon to remove the fatal disorder from the city. 'Na kalenije! na kalenije!'—on your knees! on your knees!—cried the emperor in a loud voice, standing up in his calèche, and the mob, just before so furious, dropped submissively upon their knees, penitent, sobbing, praying, and quietly suffered the ringleaders to be apprehended and taken off by the police, who meanwhile were not inactive."

The Sepulchre of Lazarus, Recollections of Scotland, and other Poems. By SARAH H. MOULTON.

The choice of the subject of this poem argues the judgment of the poetess, as well as her feeling. The more the mind is brought to contemplate this piece of scriptural history, the more does its sublimity expand, its grandeur become unveiled, the mysterious development of divine power amaze the mind, and the deep, the intense, the unspeakable pathos absorb the heart. We read the simple detail of a narrative that fills our finite faculties with awe and admiration, and while the spirit bows down in adoration, the entire indwelling feelings

of our nature are all engrossed by the pathetic sympathies which seize upon them. Were the whole wealth of the Bible spread out before us, its rich treasures expanded, its lofty grandeur displayed, its spiritual life-giving power and its unexplored mines of wisdom opened out to us, the single text which enfolds our griefs in the heart of the Saviour, associates our sorrows with his sympathies, and embalms our troubles in his tears, the two solitary, simple words, "*Jeus wept*," must still be dearer to the heart of our humanity than all the glories of spiritual empire, or the sublimity of creative intellect.

Here, then, is the theme of matchless pathos—pathos even in itself poetry, which this lady has chosen for her poem. It was truly a woman's choice, the chords of whose own heart were all awakened to responsive echoes. Sublimity and pathos are the two grand features of the narrative; and where, in the whole range of chronicled history or imaginative conception, can we find its parallel?

It is with regret we learn that domestic sorrows influenced Mrs. Moulton's choice in the subject of her poetic effort. The guide might be sadness, but the effect should surely be gladness. Nevertheless, the consequence was the bringing to her heart-chosen subject a plaintive tenderness of feeling that assuredly has beautifully blended and assimilated with it. The whole tone of the poem is one of sweet sympathy with its feeling, and this, perhaps unconsciously, is a high poetic merit.

We are pleased, too, with the softened dignity of the recital. We are brought more intimately acquainted with the careful Martha and the single-minded Mary than we are in Scripture history, yet nothing of familiarity associates with the description of their domestication. Mount Olivet, sanctified with the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows, the little village of Bethany, the Castle of Lazarus, the rocky heights of Arabia, rise up before us, and we pause to see Lazarus, the beloved of the Lord, the twice living and twice dying man, stretched on his couch in his first death-struggle. We seem to watch by the side of that troubled bed with Martha and Mary as our companions, we listen to the words with which Mary charges a messenger to seek the aid of him who had already made Judea ring with his power to make the deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk, and to cure all manner of diseases. We seem to feel the anxious incertitude after his departure. We experience the conflict between fear and faith, between seeing and believing. There is a sad struggle in the heart between the fact of beholding the beloved one stretched before our eyes in the clammy hues of death, and the trust in the absent One. We seem to watch—to wake—to watch—and still he comes not—he comes not! and what though He send a message of comfort, *ye! Lazarus dies!*

Could poetry have a finer field than this? The distraction between hope and fear, the agonies of incertitude during the procrastination, the unredeemed assurances of him on whom their faith for eternity as well as for time was built, the trembling dread that in the fallacy of the last the verity of the first must be involved, the torture of their natural affections—all these are almost unequalled in the elements of poetry.

And then turning to him, the Shepherd, whose flock was thus afflicted, he who knew and yet did not hasten to aid, who was restrained from imparting succour which yet was so immediate and ready, as but to depend upon his word and will, and with that will swelling with loving eagerness, yet restrained by the good of all, future as well as present,—we the living at this day as well as untold generations yet to come,—he, restrained, by the ultimate good of millions of future happy spirits from hastening to the aid of this one beloved one—what did he? “*Jesus wept.*”

But the time came when the work of death having been certified but too sadly, by the mouldering of the mortal frame, the Saviour, followed by the little band of his apostles, turned his steps to Bethany, to the sorrowful abode of the mourning sisters. The days of lamentation were now holding, and Martha and Mary wept, surrounded by a circle of sympathising, though unbelieving, kinsmen and companions.

We cannot follow this recital to its grand consummation. We leave the poem with our readers. The pure and truthful feeling with which our poetess has echoed the divine strain, is far more touching to the heart, and consonant with its sympathies on such a subject, than the richest outlay of metaphor or the most gorgeous embellishment of style could have proved.

The touching beauty of the following requires no comment.

“She meets her Lord. On his calm brow
A shade of sorrow gathereth now,
And there is pity in his gaze,
Unknown for brighter, happier days;
The memory of his holy love,
His boundless power, de cease above,
Flits suddenly o’er Martha’s thought.
Her voice deep sorrow’s tone hath caught:—
‘Hadst thou been here my brother had not died!
Whate’er of God thou askest now,
In heaven above, or earth below,
I know, my Lord, it will not be denied.’
‘Thy brother shall arise again!’
‘Master, I oft have striven in vain
To vision forth the small, the great,
Before that judgment throne of state;
If, for a moment’s space, a joy
Revisited, my thoughts employ,
’Twould instant fade, so dimly seen,
The distant future years between.’
See in thy Lord the resurrection’s power
The life how near thee is the troublous hour;
‘Whoso in me believeth liveth,
Even though he die, my power giveth
The life eternal, ceasing never,—
Life in His life, in death, for ever;
Believest thou?’ How firm her tone;—
‘Thou art the Father’s only Son;
Thou art the Christ, earth’s promised One!’

The sorrow that o’ercast her brow,
Converse with Christ hath lighten’d now;

And there is fleetness in her step
 Passing adown the vale beneath.
 'Mary, the Master bids thee come !'
 How hurriedly she leaves her home ;
 There were, who said she pass'd away
 To visit where the entomb'd one lay
 His spirit might be hovering by,
 And 'twere a joy to feel it nigh ;
 Then to the lowly sepulchre,
 They follow on to weep with her.

She is kneeling low at Jesu's feet ;
 She who hath been glad to meet
 His coming footstep, tears are now
 On her cheek, and her young brow
 Sadly sorrowful is bent,
 And her tone in anguish sent ;
 'Hadst thou been here my brother had not died,'
 And then she started with the thought—
 How dread a change the days had brought ;
 And then she wept, and could not tell
 The name whereon her thoughts did dwell,
 And weeping was around on every side.
 Thou, who with light canst like a garment shroud thee,
 Stretch the blue heavens, even as a curtain round thee ;
 Make clouds thy royal chariot, walk on wings
 Of mighty winds in thy swift wanderings ;
 Bind the deep ocean with the lightest sand,
 Send rills and fountains into every land ;
 Immanuel—God with us ; can human woe
 Cause thee to groan in spirit thus below ?
 Troubling thyself, and in how sad a tone,
 Question, 'Where have ye laid the entombed one ?'
 Lord, come and see : and 'Jesus wept !'
 Ye angel guardians, that have kept
 Kind watch o'er the bereaved one's grief,
 Whispering blest words that bring relief ;
 Say ye, the tears that mortals shed
 O'er their long loved, their buried dead,
 Seem holier for remembrance given
 That 'Jesus wept !' The Lord of Heaven."

The Duty of the Free States. Parts First and Second. By WILLIAM
 E. CHANNING, D.D.

Dr. Channing's name must ever command the respectful attention of all thinking men. We may differ from him in creeds, but we must ever cordially agree with him in all the broad principles of humanity. We do not enter fully into the questions, to the merits of which these two pamphlets are devoted, because their subjects having been already set at rest by international arrangement, at least as far as regards our own country, we consider the time past for such consideration. Dr. Channing is the champion of humanity, and it is as much a feeling as a duty to render to him the tribute of our respect.

The first of these tracts is devoted to the consideration of the case of the Creole, and in this he does honourable justice to the conduct

of the English nation; and we cannot but admire the moral preacher who, overcoming the relationships of country, considers only the claims of truth. The tone of indignant, and yet of affectionate expostulation, becomes the teacher, and must touch the taught, while that country, whose honour he was so ably justifying, must needs be proud of her voluntary vindicator.

The second of these tracts takes a wider field; not an individual instance of the right of a slave to assert his freedom, but the broad question of slavery. "Duties," says Dr. Channing, "rank higher than interest;" and on this position he founds a course of argument in which the power of intellect, and the glowing impulses of unadulterated feeling, bear equal part. Respect for the rights of the individual man is the groundwork of his appeal, and this plea is urged with peculiar energy, because it appears to Dr. Channing that it is the basis of the nationality of his country, in contradistinction to all other lands; the individual under other governments being merged in the state to which he belongs. We do not stay to argue that the man whose heart is the warmest, and whose sympathies are the widest, is not that being whose individuality is his all, but rather the man whose existence is bound up in that of all the endearing relationships of a well-regulated community. Selfishness is a poor basis for nationality. But why should we find fault with the road which, though we traverse another, conducts to where we meet in perfect union? England has proved her abhorrence of slavery—so has Dr. Channing—and it would be needless labour to re-traverse the ground which has led us to the same amicable position. We can well afford to pass over the few spots in our national shield which Dr. Channing has noted, for the sake of that warm unanimity which we feel with him in the one great subject of his consideration, even though they might not have been counterbalanced by the courtesy of accompanying commendation. Passing thus over the one, we give a pleasing sample of the other, not so much for the sake of any gratification, but because it ushers in a contrasting view of Dr. Channing's appreciation of his own country, and in some measure her justification.

"I have spoken freely of England; yet I do not forget our debt or the debt of the world to her. She was the mother of our freedom. She has been the bulwark of Protestantism. What nation has been more fruitful in great men, in men of genius? What nation can compare with her in munificence? What nation but must now acknowledge her unrivalled greatness? That little Island sways a wider empire than the Roman, and has a power of blessing mankind never before conferred on a people. Would to God she could learn, what nation never yet learned, so to use power as to inspire confidence, not fear; so as to awaken a world's gratitude, not its jealousy and revenge!

"But, whatever be the claims of England or of any other state, I must cling to my own country with strong preference, and cling to it even now, in this dark day, this day of her humiliation, when she stands before the world branded, beyond the truth, with dishonesty, and, too truly, with the crime of resisting the progress of freedom on the earth. After all, she has her glory. After all, in these Free States, a man is still a Man. He knows his rights, he respects himself, and acknowledges the equal

claim of his brother. We have order without the display of force. We have government without soldiers, spies, or the constant presence of coercion. The rights of thought, of speech, of the press, of conscience, of worship, are enjoyed to the full without violence or dangerous excess. We are even distinguished by kindness and good temper amidst this unbounded freedom. The individual is not lost in the mass, but has a consciousness of self-subsistence, and stands erect. That character which we call Manliness, is stamped on the multitude here as nowhere else. No aristocracy interferes with the natural relations of men to one another. No hierarchy weighs down the intellect, and makes the church a prison to the soul from which it ought to break every chain. I make no boast of my country's progress, marvellous as it has been. I feel deeply her defects. But in the language of Cowper, I can say to her,

" ' Yet being free I love thee ; for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Dignified as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.' "

" Our country is free : this is its glory. How deeply to be lamented is it, that this glory is obscured by the presence of slavery in any part of our territory. The distant foreigner, to whom America is a point, and who communicates the taint of a part to the whole, hears with derision our boast of liberty, and points with a sneer to our ministers in London not ashamed to plead the rights of slavery before the civilised world. He ought to learn, that America, which shrinks in his mind into a narrow unity, is a league of sovereignties, stretching from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, and destined, unless disunited, to spread from ocean to ocean ; that a great majority of its citizens hold no slaves ; that a vast proportion of its wealth, commerce, manufactures, and arts, belongs to the wide region not blighted by this evil ; that we of the Free States cannot touch slavery, where it exists, with one of our fingers ; that it exists without and against our will ; and that our necessity is not our choice and crime."

Poetry. BY MRS. ABDY. Third Series.

This volume deserves its title—it is "Poetry." Poetry, warm, gushing, glowing, feeling, and affectionate—poetry just such as should flow from a woman's pen, having the welling spring full and fresh in her own heart.

The high moral merit of this lady's poetry consists in the purity of the influence which she exercises over her readers. She guides our feelings in the *right way*. Poetry too often, like an *ignis fatuus*, leads us into the mire ; exciting our feelings, warming our imaginations, and by their help blinding our understanding and misleading our judgment. Unhappily misapplied poesy is a sadly treacherous and bewildering guide. It is not so with our ladye-poetess. We may yield our whole hearts safely to her keeping, secure that every emotion she awakens will be on virtue's side, and every step she leads us conduct us to a higher eminence of truth, and a nearer contemplation of its beauty. Here we have the united advantages of a cool head and a warm heart—a clear intellect and rightly-directed feelings. These, a lively imagination, a playful fancy, and a musical versification, comprise the most striking of the characteristics of Mrs. Abdy's poetry.

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The subjects of her verse are various, but all such as fairly come within the scope of a woman's feelings. The tender, the loving, the mournful, the reflective moods, all occupy her spirit by turns—and yet not to the exclusion of the sprightly. We have been peculiarly charmed with the felicity of some of Mrs. Abdy's more cheering poems: the "Marrying Man," "Harry Kerr," "The Match of Affection," "The Single Man," are happy instances of this pleasing buoyancy of spirit. To be innocently gay is one of the rarest as well as most delightful moods of genius; for genius is too often repelling and despairing, and throwing the gloom of its mountain-teared, cloud-capped head over all who come beneath its shadow. Mrs. Abdy, however, only softens the feelings to refine and impress them, while in their ductile state, with a stamp of higher value; in the same spirit that she cheers but to strengthen the moral faculties, to fit them for harder enterprise.

If this lady leaves us anything to regret in this little work, it is that she has restricted its dissemination. We find the words "For private circulation," on the title-page. The public have a loss in this, though we hope but a partial one, as our pages have so often been the medium of disseminating some of the gems of genuine poetry, which have here been accumulated together, and that to no narrow circle of admirers.

There is a tone of genuine and sweet feeling prevalent through the following, to which we have subjoined a "Charade," for the sake of the contrast with its sparkling cheerfulness. The two poems possess equal but opposite claims of merit.

THE RUINED CHURCH.

Beneath thy roof, no eager throng
List to Salvation's word;
It only echoes to the song
Of the wild forest bird;
Around thy doors a mournful wreath
Of shrouding ivy falls,
And flowers a fleeting fragrance breathe
Amid thy crumbling walls.

I never grieve at the decline
Of palaces and towers,
Where dames and knights were wont to shine
In gay and festal hours;
The waving plumes, the gems of pride,
The dance, the banquet rare,—
These o'er my fancy lightly glide,
But do not linger there.

Yet when thy ruined walls I view,
How easy it appears
Each peaceful image to renew
Of long departed years!
Thy silvery bells are heard around,
As once they used to be,
Filling the soft air with the sound
Of Sabbath melody.

The villagers pursue their way
Along the primrose glade ;
The lisping child, the patriarch grey,
The matron and the maid ;—
They enter at the open door,
They meekly take their place,
And God's assistance they implore,
To bless the words of grace.

Long years have passed—that rustic train
Now lie in Death's cold thrall,
And few, or none, perchance, remain
To sorrow for thy fall ;
Yet are the truths of little worth
They heard and treasured here ?
No, no—they raised their souls from earth
To reach a holier sphere.

And I am wrong to gaze in gloom
Upon thy dull decay,
Knowing thou art no common dome
To pass with time away ;
And though to thee it be not given
Through future years to last,
The spirits of the just in Heaven
Bear witness of the past.

CHARADE.

The good old Knight left his country seat
To lodge in a crowded London street ;
He was choked with fog, oppressed by vapours,
And smothered in parchments, deeds, and papers :
But on legal matters to town he came,
'To a fair estate he laid a claim ;
Well, of all the follies of life, the worst
Is surely to meddle with my First !

The Knight had a daughter young and fair,
Two suitors woo'd her their lot to share :
The one was cheerful, and frank, and kind,
With an honest heart, and an upright mind ;
He spoke of the duties and joys of life,
In store for his gentle faithful wife ;
But he seldom mentioned her beauteous looks,
And he never quoted from high-flown books.
'The other was versed in tender lore,
And had read Lord Byron o'er and o'er :

He swore that the maiden's lustrous eyes
Made earth to him a paradise,
And should she refuse to be his bride,
He slightly hinted at suicide ;
Both youths my second at once preferred,
But the flattering swain was most kindly heard.

At length came an anxious day for all;—
 The lawyers met in Westminster Hall,
 The old Knight's counsel spoke long and loud,
 And conviction burst on the listening crowd,
 Till the rival counsel won their ear
 With arguments twice as good and clear;
 Alas! for the trouble, the time, the cost,
 The Knight was baffled—the cause was lost!

What said the hero of high romance?
 He went forthwith on a trip to France:
 What said the lover sincere and plain?
 He proffered his hand and heart again;
 And the maiden deemed in calm content
 The loss of my whole a glad event,
 Since it proved to her a magic clue
 To distinguish her false love from her true."

***The History of the British Empire in India.* By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq., author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. &c.**

In watching the progress of this valuable work we cannot but allow that the research and the ability exercised in its production are worthy of the highest appreciation. The public wanted such a history, and Mr. Thornton is well fitted for the task. The vastness and splendour of eastern empire, its importance, and those eventful changes consequent on the position of its native princes, and our implanted power there, furnish a field which, while it rivets the eye and absorbs the mind of the contemplator, required a pen of no ordinary power for the depicting. Mr. Thornton is a calm and dignified historian, and we are anxious to do full justice to his powers. Nevertheless, being mortal, we are fallible, and the impression after our perusal of this work, so far as it has advanced, is, that we must needs subscribe to the opinion that we can have no really unbiassed history in less than a century from the circumstances of its enactment. Our feelings will have a tendency to exculpation on the one hand or the other, in the same way that we cannot avoid having a feeling of partiality while bystanders in a game of chance, and giving our good wishes to one of the twain opponents, and this absolutely with nothing of voluntary participation in the act. Mr. Thornton's tone of mind is peculiarly calm and unimpassioned: he is clear, lucid, quicksighted, comprehensive, and yet, with all this, as his work gradually approaches the *present*, after travelling over the course of the *past*, we feel a growing leaning of, it may be, nationality, influencing his views of actions, their motives and consequences. It is possible that an English feeling leads him, imperceptibly to himself, to think that the "hero of a hundred fields," who is now reposing on his own laurels in the rich sunset of his life, surrounded by his nation's honouring, together with his highly talented and highly-stationed relative, then in office, could do no wrong; and however much we may participate in this national sympathy, we are still bound to protest that an historian should be bent by no feeling, bound by no affection, biassed by no nationality.

He who takes the pen of history in his hand assumes a sceptre, the grand title to which is strict impartiality, and the splendour of no man's actions should dazzle his eyes away from this singleness of purpose.

In tracing Mr. Thornton's history down from the last to the present century, we have been constrained to pause over the contrasted characters of Lord Cornwallis and the Marquis Wellesley; and we respect the scruples of the one, as much as we admire the courageous energy of the other. Lord Cornwallis recognized and respected the rights of the native princes, so as frequently to surrender the interests of the body he represented to a principle of justice. He did not consider that *might* constituted *right*. Witness his forbearing to seize on Seringapatam, when it was all but in English possession, to the great discontent of the army, and the palpable loss of the British Empire—to the forfeiture of personal aggrandisement and so-called glory, and the missing of immense pecuniary profit. We honour Lord Cornwallis for this noble self-denial, but our author more than implies pusillanimity as its motive. In opposition to this principle of action we turn to the decision of the Marquis Wellesley on a similar occasion. He, holding himself bound to advance the interests committed to his charge as his first object, and possibly considering that English predominancy was but advancing the happiness and prospects of doubtless a much-abused and misgoverned people, embraced the first opportunity of adding the empire of Tippoo Sultan to the English possessions. Seringapatam, from which Lord Cornwallis had unclasped his grasp, was seized, and the sultan slain in its defence. The two men acted on different principles, and the result was as different. The one looked tenderly on the rights of the people; on whose empire the British government was making such encroachments: the other regarded the glory of the country which he represented. The one retired from his high office with the secret whisperings of peace: the other with the loud applause of a conqueror. The one looked on the rights of the native princes as paramount: the other might consider the happiness of the people whom he was rescuing from their misrule.

But, even admitting to the full extent the justification of opposite views on the same subject, Mr. Thornton's sense of justice makes him honourably admit that the principle of grasping the largest extent of empire was carried beyond the verge of exculpation. For instance—what can be said of the seizure and appropriation of Furruckabad? Here a prince had been murdered—his successor was an infant—the British Government supported and protected the deputy, who was appointed as manager of public affairs, until the heir should attain his majority: just before this event took place the manager and the young nabob had some dissension—the one wanted to assume power, the other either desired, or feigned to desire, its surrender: so far there seemed little difficulty. The English government conceived itself to be pressed to make some arrangement. What was the result? Simply, as the shortest mode, to take Furruckabad from both, and incorporate it into the British empire. Here it could not be pre-

tended that the nabob had misgoverned or oppressed his people, since he had never ruled, and yet so it was.

Still we are bound, in all candour, to allow, that while contemplating the grievous effects of mal-administrations, and the degrading operations of revolting superstitions, and the sorrows and sufferings consequent upon both, humanity itself might prompt the desire to transfer provinces so afflicted to share in the benefits of the mild and beneficent rule of a christian administration, though, for ourselves, we think that *right* can never be begun by preparatory *wrong*.

Our extract will display Mr. Thornton's powers of descriptive writing.

"In the city of Delhi, which was forthwith evacuated by the French, the battle had been an object of much interest. There, at the ancient seat of the power which Baber had reared—where Akbar had placed on record the length and breadth of the provinces which owned its sway—where Aurungzebe had assembled mighty armies to chastise his enemies, and reduce to subjection tributary kings—there dwelt the living representative of the house of 'Timour in the person of a miserable man, old, blind, and decrepid—without power, without pomp or state or retinue—almost without the means of commanding the common necessities of life. This was Shah Allum, once the gallant Shazada, whose military energy had alarmed and annoyed the British government, but for many years the suffering captive of those who secured his person for the sake of abusing his name to purposes of selfish aggrandizement. He had allied himself with the Mahrattas, and through their assistance had obtained possession of Delhi. This is not the place to pursue the troubled history of his life. It must suffice to say that thenceforward it was an almost unbroken series of calamity."

* * * *

"The triumph of the British arms under General Lake opened a new scene. Immediately after the battle, the emperor had dispatched a message to the victorious commander, offering the monarch's congratulations and soliciting protection. An appropriate answer was returned; and on the 16th of September the heir of Timour, so long the victim of adverse fortune, seated in the capital of his ancestors, gave audience to the English general. In that place his predecessors, clothed in the most gorgeous productions of the loom, had sate upon thrones formed of gold, and made radiant by a dazzling profusion of the most costly jewels. Around them had stood hundreds of obsequious guards and dependents, waiting in mute and watchful attention the expression of the sovereign's will, and ready to give it effect as soon as uttered; while vassals from distant countries, or their representatives, tendered respectful homage to the lord of the faithful throughout India, and wooed his favour by presents worthy of his rank. Far different was the scene which met the eye of the British general and his attendants. Beneath a small and ragged canopy, the appearance of which seemed a mockery of regal state, sate one whose age exceeded that usually attained by man, but in whose appearance the operation of time was less apparent than that of long and hopeless misery. Eighty-three years had passed over his head, and they had been filled with trouble and sorrow. While his name was held in reverence throughout India, his life had been passed amid poverty, danger, and suffering, and all around him at this moment indicated the most wretched destitution. But there was one element of misery greater than all. The light of heaven, the common source of enjoyment to the prosperous and the wretched, shone not for him—the face of nature was to

him a blank. The miserable satisfaction of contrasting the appearance of all things around him then with former scenes was denied him. Strangers from a far distant country stood before him—in their hands was his fate—they addressed to him words of sympathy, and kindness, and comfort, but he could not read in their countenances a confirmation of the friendly language which fell on his ear. Poor, dependent, aged, infirm, and sightless, the head of the empire illustrated in his person the wide-spread ruin which had overwhelmed the empire itself."

Phonography; or the Writing of Sounds. In two parts, viz. Logography, or Universal Writing of Speech; and Musicography, or Symbolical Writing of Music. with a Short Hand for both. By V. D. DE STAINS, Graduate of the University of Paris.

There are two qualities which are continually operating upon the public mind, and pulling contrary ways—the love of novelty and the power of habit. The love of novelty makes us gladly hearken to the voice of the projector—the power of habit chains us down in our old immovability; both are powerful, both dominant, and thus they contrive to divide the world between them, and keep the moieties in a sort of balance of power. In the present instance, however, the old habits of spelling-books, grammars, and dictionaries, the laws of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, are very formidable opponents to novelty, and we fear, besides, that this world of ours is too bigoted and obstinate for our author to make any impression upon it in the way of novel improvement. And yet he promises great things—promises largely—magnificently; he promises to teach his system of reading and writing to the wholly illiterate perfectly well within a week!

If this system of our author could indeed be installed, what an Atlas load of the world's labour would at once be taken off its shoulders! What seminaries would be shut up, what establishments be scattered, what charity schools be rendered useless, what books and paper and printing might be spared, and what regiments of tutors and governesses sent roaming into the world, "their occupation gone!" But then, to do this, the world must not only learn, but it must unlearn, and the last is a greater task than the first. The gray-headed veteran of literature must condescend to his alphabet again, and return to the initiation of his copy-book; and then, too, our libraries, those vast storehouses of mental treasure, must pass into dead-letter stock. In short, the world must tread back its steps, and begin its own course anew. We said the world was an obstinate world, and we should greatly wonder to see it contradict in this instance our estimate of its intractability.

Nevertheless, we will do our part towards laying before it something of the plan of our author—a plan which, if impracticable, is still strikingly ingenious.

The work before us is an enlargement of a former one of much slighter pretensions. The plans which were then offered to the world are here amplified and matured. These plans are nothing less than the expulsion of the signs of language, and the adoption of a universal alphabet. But our author shall speak for himself. He says that

"He has aimed at nothing less than the total renovation of the writing and orthography of all the languages of the civilized world, by substituting for the confused, ill-contrived, would-be etymological Roman characters a series of signs simple, yet distinct and elegant in their forms, and equal in their number to the few elementary sounds of the human voice; thereby enabling the writer to follow with the greatest preciseness, by means of those figures, joined or combined, all the simple or complex sounds of the human speech.

"The importance of such a reformation is here made obvious: firstly, to the classical scholar; secondly, to the student of modern languages; thirdly and lastly, to the nation, the world at large, viz. the illiterate.

"Firstly, the classical scholar, keeping in mind the incalculable difference that must exist between the modern tongues, incessantly waving in their accent, and the dead languages, now understood not through the living organ of speech, but by means only of dead letters, bleached skeletons of gigantic beings whose articulations will remain for ever unknown, cannot but feel deeply afflicted by the ungrateful barbarity with which the modern languages, in their progressive formation successively renounce and cast aside as useless trash all letters whose only purpose, like that of armorial bearings, was to testify their noble and antiquated origin.

"With what joyfulness, therefore, will he not hail the introduction of a modern character, whose only pretension is to express accurately the spoken sounds, without interfering in any possible manner with the etymologies of the words; thereby leaving him the undisturbed possession of the classical letter.

"For, the classic, to whom time is no object, would doubtless continue the use of the ancient characters, and indulge in writing his own language with all the luxuriancy of the most accurate etymology. And as the toiling part of the nation, from the minister of state to the common informer, from the banker to the grocer, from the guinea-a-liner to the penny-a-one, would all immediately avail themselves of a character which enabled them to write as fluently nearly as they spoke, and that without so much as a single chance of error, thus adding not a little to the comforts of all statesmen, authors, and every one whose hand-writing is subjected to fall under the unmerciful glance of the public; the Roman characters would gradually become an *unknown tongue*, entirely reserved for the use of the *classical aristocracy*. How gratifying to their vanity! And why does a reasonable being consecrate so much of his youthful years to the study of the classics, if it is not to satisfy his vanity?

"Secondly, the student of modern languages, having followed through their progressive formation the various living languages of civilized Europe, raised simultaneously and as children of one family, cannot help noticing the numerous quantity of words they continually borrow from each other, and which forms such a conspicuous part of their vocabularies, that, were each nation reduced to its own indigenous productions, their intellectual wants would be as miserably satisfied with such allowances as their animal ones with the few acorns, crab-apples, and such like fruits, the almost only spontaneous produce of their rich soils.

"And having made this curious remark, viz. that the living languages, so easily read by the means of their almost universal characters, are nevertheless most difficultly spoken by foreigners, and it may be added, *never perfectly articulated by those who have begun the study of the written tongue before that of the spoken one*, he will easily perceive that these contradictions and difficulties are owing to the Roman letters, insufficient in number and confused in the extreme, having been adapted to the modern languages, to each one separately by its own classics, without having any knowledge of the primitive sounds of those letters, without taking the

least care for the accurate representation of the natural sounds of their own language, and without paying the remotest attention to the sounds already ascribed to the same letters in other languages.

"Thus he will rest satisfied that the Roman letters, whilst they linked the written languages together by an apparent similarity of phonetic characters, effectually prevented the natural and progressive *rapprochement* of the spoken tongues, by forcing every new word on its introduction on a foreign soil to be disfigured either in its spelling or its pronunciation, and more often in both.

"But let him suppose for one moment that the Roman letters (with a few additions, making their number equal to all the sounds of speech) had been judiciously ascribed each to one single sound, and he will agree that the same alphabet, once adopted by all civilized nations, would have united their various languages into one universal tongue.

"The English language has but two sounds that are not common to all European nations, viz. the two *th*. The Spanish has the same two sounds in common with the English, and a peculiar aspirated pronunciation of *j*. The French has six, amongst which are the four nasals. All the other sounds are equally familiar to all European nations, although written in many different ways. This once ascertained, it is obvious that a complete and rational alphabet once adopted for these sounds, their pronunciation would be invariably fixed, and remain ever after pure and unalterable, since no written character could be read but with one and the same sound every where. How much would civilization and peace be promoted by such an harmonization!

"Lastly, the illiterate. This numerous tribe is divided into two families; those who can read and write any how, and those who can do neither.

"As to the first, they know too well the almost insurmountable difficulties of orthography not to adopt with eagerness a system of writing, which would deliver them from all the miseries of that science, enabling them at once to write their own language with perfect correctness and facility.

"With regard to the second, the author has only a few words to say to convince them; viz. HE WILL TEACH THEM TO READ AND WRITE PERFECTLY WELL WITHIN A WEEK."

But our author is not content with this radical reform in our Babel world. He proposes also a plan for the simplification of musical characters. Unquestionably there is a large amount of inventive power in the mind of this gentleman, and we wish his projects had been more feasible. As it is, we can only admire their extent, and the ability which they have called into exercise. The Logography comprehends the entire creation of a newly-invented army of all signs for all words, and required no small amount of inventive genius for its formation and marshalling. The second, Musicography, is ingenious, and marked by capability, while the short hands which are here laid open to the world, while they may be in reality the really useful part of the work, because being the most practical, deserve the best attention of those whose pursuits require the practice of this art. In conclusion, we would recommend this production to the notice of our readers. As a speculation it is curious, and it may present available and improving hints among the plenitude of its suggestions and the wide range of its plans. The short-hand of musicography alone, separated from the material accompanying it, might, we think, be found useful in no ordinary degree to the musical world.

A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises. By RICHARD J. CLEVELAND.

This is a seaman's narrative of peril and adventure, comprising a biography of the most active and enterprising of the years of his life. Richard Cleveland, an American youth, while yet in the counting house of a Salem merchant, growing weary of the thralldom of pains-taking, desk-chaining business, emancipated himself from the close durance, and embraced the sea as a profession. The same ardour of character which had rendered irksome the drudgery of business, also prevented the young sailor from the "slow and sure" way by which he might have safely amassed competency. His impulses were all for hazard and enterprise, and in the very outset of his career we find him embarking in a hazardous adventure, from which all the well-judging and soberly of the bystanders would fain have dissuaded him. Dangers and difficulties beset him on every hand, but success crowned the event. While yet little more than a youth, the adventurous sailor had acquired comparative independence; and here, as lookers-on, we cannot but be struck with the chances of this game of life. Young Cleveland was impatient at the thought of waiting the slow process of careful prudence, the rearing the mountain by the accumulation of single grains, but must needs play the venturous game of bold strokes for great stakes. He wins the first round; but what is the result? just a gamester's fate—winning and losing, winning and losing—and, to prove the truth of the parallel, ultimately loss—ultimately wreck and ruin, just as all who rest on hazard rather than industry must ever expect to experience.

We do not mean to say that our adventurous sailor was deficient in zeal or sparing of personal labour: far from it. We only mean, that, instead of making these his means, he did but add them as a part of his stakes, making them second to his love of adventurous dealing, and so losing their just and due fruit, when losing the stakes to which they were added.

It would be impossible not to sympathise with the wearying struggles which our maritime author has here recorded. So much toil, so much danger, so much privation, so much disappointment, are painful to contemplate, and prosperity would far likelier have ensued to patient toil than to so much wasted energy.

The work is rather a narrative of facts than of feelings, certainly not barren of expressions of strong disappointment and indignant emotion, but still characteristic of a man whose spirit was buoyant and whose energies were ever rekindling. The hopefulness that is so vital as constantly to re-illumine itself, has something so noble in its quality that we can never behold its spontaneous lustre with any but admiring eyes; and when we see a young adventurer thus tempest-tossed, figuratively as well as literally, we cannot but feel an interest in the issue of his troubles, while we behold him perpetually rallying and reviving under every depression. The autobiography which he has here given to the world narrates his successive voyages; de-

scribes the speculations which brought him wealth, and the reverses which entailed poverty : sorry are we to see that ultimately the gains of his hazardous life were small, and the remembrance of hardships and perils sweetened by the feeling that overcoming has converted each of them into a triumph, alone remains.

The style of this recital is not quite so much in the fashion of a sailor's yarn, as perhaps we might have chosen. It is smooth and even, but not flavoured with the raciness of the genuine unadulterated marine spirit. Still it is more polished than we might have anticipated from its authorship. Had there been a little more of gossiping quaintness, we should have likened the narrative to one of De Foe's, since the course of events bears some resemblance to his histories, but we must confess that we are reminded of our old favourite more in matter than in manner. Nevertheless, the book is interesting, and contains many incidental notices of countries and their inhabitants, which help to enhance its value.

We give an account of the introduction of the first horses that ever trod the soil of Owwhyhee to Tamaahmaah, the king.

"We left Karakakooa Bay on the 23rd, and the next morning anchored in Tooayah Bay, for the purpose of landing the mare with foal, for which Young was very urgent ; professing to have a knowledge of the treatment of horses, and promising to take all possible care of the animal. In the expectation, that the chance of their increase would be better secured, by placing the horses in the care of different persons, we acceded to his request, and landed the mare in safety near his place. This was the first horse that ever trod the soil of Owwhyhee, and caused, amongst the natives, incessant exclamations of astonishment. Leaving this bay the same evening, we steered for Mowee ; off which island we lay becalmed a part of the next day. When the breeze sprang up, though at a long distance from the village of Lahina, we were boarded by Isaac Davis, the European, who, with John Young, was captured many years since, in Captain Metcalf's vessel. Soon after, a double canoe was seen coming towards us ; and, on arriving alongside, a large, athletic man, nearly naked, jumped on board, who was introduced, by Davis, as Tamaahmaah, the Great King.

"Desirous of conciliating the good opinion of a person whose power was so great, we omitted no attention which we supposed would be agreeable to him. But, whether he had left some duty unperformed on shore, or whether he had met with something to disturb his serenity of mind, we know not ; certain it was, that he did not reciprocate our civilities. He appeared to be absent ; and, after walking round the deck of the vessel, and taking only a very careless look of the horses, he got into his canoe, and went on shore. Davies remained on board all night, to pilot us to the best anchorage, which we gained early the following morning, and, soon after, had our decks crowded with visitors to see the horses. The people showed none of that indifference on seeing them, which had been manifested by the King, and which I believe to have been affectation, but, on the contrary, expressed such wonder and admiration, as were very natural on beholding, for the first time, this noble animal. The horses were landed safely, and in perfect health, the same day, and gave evidence, by their gambols, of their satisfaction at again being on *terra firma*. They were then presented to the King, who was told that one had been also left at Owwhyhee for him. He expressed his thanks, but did not seem to comprehend their value.

"While the crowd were apparently wondering what use they could be put to, a sailor from our ship jumped upon the back of one and galloped off amid the shouts of the natives, who, with alacrity, opened a way to let him pass. There existed strong apprehensions in the minds of all for the safety of the man; but when, by going back and forth, they perceived the docility of the animal, his subjection and his fleetness, they seemed to form some little conception of his utility. The King was among the number, who witnessed the temerity of the sailor; but, with all the sagacity for which he has been justly praised, remarked, that he could not perceive the ability to transport a person from one place to another, in less time than he could run, would be adequate compensation for the food he would consume and the care he would require. As a dray or a dragon's horse, there was no prospect of his being wanted, and hence our present was not very highly appreciated. In this we were much disappointed, but hoped, nevertheless, that the King would be influenced by our advice to have them well taken care of; that they would increase, and eventually that their value would be justly estimated.

"Our supplies were received from the King; for all which we paid the full price, and though he offered us a small present as an offset for the horses, we declined its acceptance. Being apprehensive that our stock of bread would not last till we reached China, we hoped, as a substitute, to procure a good supply of yams; but in this expectation we were disappointed, as they were at this time unusually scarce, and therefore we determined to touch at the other islands for this purpose. Accordingly, on the 2nd of July, we left Mowee, and the next morning anchored in Whyteete Bay, island of Woahoo."

Torrent of Portugal. An English Metrical Romance. Now first published from an Unique Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century, preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester. Edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., etc., Secretary of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, and of the Historical Society of Science.

"The manuscript from which the following early English metrical romance is now for the first time printed, is a folio volume on paper of the fifteenth century, formerly in the possession of Dr. Farmer, and now preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester." Such a work must needs be a literary curiosity, and one both welcome and valuable to the lovers of black-letter lore. The romance is composed of just those marvellous incidents which mark the character of its own times: a valiant knight, who for the love of a fair ladye overcomes giants, counts nothing of perils that might have frightened away all ordinary mortals, delivers captive knights and kings from durance vile, and finally accomplishes every desire of his heart. The work is, in fact, a literary curiosity, and though the obsolescence of the style may occasion sad stumbling to a modern reader, yet the class to whom it in right belongs will value it accordingly, both because it is curious in its details, and possesses philological importance.

To the general reader this book presents one feature of interest

which perhaps may tempt him into encountering the uncouth phraseology. We speak of the reference to Wayland Smith, whom Sir Walter Scott has invested with so much interest, and whose individuality may be fairly traced to Veland, one of the heroes of the northern mythology. Mr. Halliwell, in his preface, gives us the brief history which appears to belong to this personage.

"The Berkshire local tradition of Wayland Smith, is derived from the Scandinavian legend of Veland, a fact not generally known. Wayland Smith is said to have taken up his abode in the Valley of the White Horse, in the midst of a number of upright, but, rude and misshapen stones. There he is said to shoe all horses brought thither, provided a piece of money be left upon one of the stones. Sir Walter Scott has transferred this legend to the sixteenth century, in his novel of 'Kenilworth,' and this circumstance rendering the subject more generally interesting, I am tempted to give here a brief account of the Scandinavian version of the history of this redoubtable artificer.

"The giant Vade, or Selande, had a son named Velant, who, at the age of nine years, was placed with a famous smith of Hunaland, called Mimit, in order to learn the art of forging iron. After leaving him three winters in Hunaland, Vade took him to a mountain called Kallona, the interior of which was inhabited by two dwarfs, who had the reputation of being more skilful in the working of iron than any other dwarfs, or ordinary mortals. They manufactured swords, casques, and cuirasses, and were great adepts in the working of gold and silver, of which they made numberless trinkets. Vade agreed with the dwarfs that they should teach his son Velant, in the space of twelve months, all the arts of which they were masters; and for which they were to receive as a recompense a golden mark. Velant soon learnt all that the dwarfs thought proper to teach him; and when his father returned, at the expiration of the appointed time, to take him away, the dwarfs offered to give him back the golden mark, and teach his son as much again as he had already learned, if he should be allowed to remain under their care another year. Vade consented; but the dwarfs, quickly repenting the bad bargain they had made, added this condition, that if, upon the appointed day, Vade did not appear to take away his son, they should be at liberty to kill him. To this Vade also gave his assent; but, before his departure, he took his son aside, showed him a sword, which he concealed in a certain spot at the foot of the mountain, and said to him, 'If I should not arrive on the appointed day, sooner than allow yourself to be killed by those dwarfs, take this sword and put an end to your own existence, in order that my friends may say, I gave to the world a man, not a girl.' Velant promised to do so, and re-entered the mountain, where he soon became so skilful in the art of working metals, that the dwarfs became jealous of his superiority. Towards the close of the twelve months, Vade the giant set out for the mountain, where he arrived three days before the expiration of the time. But finding the entrance to the interior of the mountain not yet open, and being very much fatigued with his long journey, he fell asleep. During his slumber a violent storm arose, a part of the mountain gave way, and buried poor Vade under its fragments.

"The day fixed upon for his appearance being come, the dwarfs issued from the mountain, but could perceive no traces of Vade the giant. His son Velant, after in vain searching for him, ran to where the sword was concealed, took it, and hiding it under his garments, followed the dwarfs into the mountain. He there killed them, instead of himself, took possession of their tools, loaded a horse with as much gold and silver as he could carry, and set out on his return to Denmark. Being stopped in his

progress by a river, he cut down a tree, hollowed out its trunk, stowed his treasures into it, made a cover for it which made it impervious to the water, and getting into it himself, closed the lid, and committed himself to the mercy of the waves.

"One day that the King of Jutland and his court were out on a fishing party, on the nets being drawn, there was found in one of them a singularly shaped trunk of a tree. In order to find out what it contained, they were going to break it to pieces, when suddenly a voice issued from the trunk, commanding the workmen to desist. On hearing which, the workmen ran away precipitately, crying out that there was a sorcerer hid in the pieces of timber. In the meantime Velant opened the door of his prison; and on coming out, told the king that he was no sorcerer, and that if he would spare his life and his treasure, he would render the king the most signal services. The king assented. Velant entered the royal service, and his charge was to take great care of the knives, which were every day placed before the king at table. One day, while he was washing these knives in the river, one of them fell out of his hands, and sunk to the bottom. Fearing to lose the royal favour, he went secretly to the forge belonging to the king's smith, and made a knife exactly similar to the one that had been lost. The first time that the king made use of this knife at dinner, it not only cut the bread, but went clean through the wood of the table! After this, and more wonderful feats with weapons of his construction, Velant passed for the most skilful workman in the kingdom, and manufactured for the king many precious articles in gold and silver."

Poems, Moral and Miscellaneous, with a few Songs. By a JOURNEY-MAN MECHANIC.

We have always a pleasure in marking the upspringing of the mind in any situation, more especially when it emanates from that useful portion of the community to whom society is so largely indebted for their comforts. There is something gratifying in noticing the intellectual faculties expanding while the hands are performing their useful task, since it is the proof that labour does not necessarily cramp their exercise. The poems now before us call less upon us for criticism, because they have most of them in different modes appeared before the tribunal of the public. They are equal and fairly sustained, and manifest a poetic feeling, although they may not be characterized by peculiar fire or énergy. Possibly there may be a little gall in the ink which has traced their characters, which we might almost say manifests itself in a sort of disaffection against the wise government of Providence. Our author would do well to remember that every man has his own burden to bear, that no man can feel the weight of another's, and that so sweet a gift as poesy, should out-flavour whatever bitterness he may find in the draught of life.

We give a specimen of our author's powers.

SPRING.

"Spirit of love and beauty
That breathest o'er the earth,

Where'er thou roamest, lovely flowers
Are springing into birth;
The daisy's crimson curtains,
The violet's starry eyes
Are opening up in silent joy,
And gazing on the skies!

Old winter flies before thee
With surly down cast looks,
As from his icy barriers
Thou freest the murmuring brooks:
The feather'd tribe from hedge and grove
Pour forth their grateful lays;
And lambkins on a thousand hills
Are bleating in thy praise!

And still to hail thine advent,
Far from the noisy town
The toil worn artizan goes forth,
Ere health and strength are flown;
In the silence of the evening
A lonely hour to pass,
Where the yellow frogs are leaping
Among the dewy grass.

Sweet as the precious treasure
Within the honey comb,
And fresh and sparkling as the dews
From morning's fruitful womb,
O'er hill and plain thou fliest
With gladness on thy wing:—
O, tarry with us yet awhile
Sweet spirit! gentle spring."

Gas Meters; their unfairness demonstrated, and the loss arising to consumers of Gas by their use pointed out. With Instructions for proving their Deficiency of Measure, and Directions for Keeping a Meter in order. By HENRY FLOWER.

Believing that Mr. Flower can best express his own object, we have thought it fairest justice to him to transcribe his own words, contenting ourselves with saying that the subject is important.

"My object, in writing this small treatise, is to direct the attention of the consumers of gas to a very serious loss they are sustaining by the use of meters. The present system, adopted by the Gas Companies, of compelling their customers to burn the gas they require by measure, is generally complained of. In almost every instance, it is found that the cost by meters over the old plan of "contract" is increased from twenty to fifty per cent. The consumers find that, though they have only the same number of burners, of the same size as under the contract regulation, burning for the same space of time, and at rather a diminished illuminating power than heretofore, that the price of the gas is enormously out of proportion. By the application of Dockree's burners, Scotch burners, elon-

gated gas glasses, &c. &c., they endeavour to diminish the expenditure, but in vain. I shall, therefore, endeavour to point out, in a plain straightforward way, the cause of this increased expense."

And to this purpose is Mr. Flower's pamphlet appropriated, to which we refer our readers.

Elements of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters. By the Rev. ROBERT BLAND.

The words "the sixteenth edition," which we find in the title-page of this little book, sufficiently bespeak its value. Criticism may well hold its peace before such an argument, for it can say no more in favour, and if it were disposed to object, would find the refutation already recorded. All that we can say is, that the work has undergone a careful and strict revision, which has both confirmed and increased its utility, and therefore, that the present edition possesses even greater merit than its predecessors, on whose reputation it is established.

Græcæ Grammatices Rudimenta, in usum Regiæ scholæ Etonensis. The Rudiments of Greek Grammar, as used in the College of Eton; with the quantity of the Latin and Greek Penultimate vowels, on which the pronunciation depends; and Explanatory Notes in English, intended to combine the advantages of Modern Grammars with the justly-esteemed and well-established Eton Plan. Edited by the Rev. J. BOSWORTH, DD, F.R.S., &c., of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of "A Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language," "Latin Construing," &c. &c. Fourth Edition.

The value of this work is also already stamped. The established Eton Greek Grammar, with all the additional advantages which the labour of Mr. William Bosworth, of Queen's College, Cambridge, conjoined to those of Dr. Bosworth, have bestowed upon it, requires little commendation. The present edition has been produced under peculiar care, and is invested with great advantages. "The editor and printers have used every exertion to secure accuracy by the repeated reading of the proofs. In addition to this, every sheet has been carefully corrected by a gentleman of well-known classical attainments—the Rev. W. Butler, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, head master of the free grammar school, Nottingham," on whose capability our private knowledge enables us wholly to depend upon.

Map to Follow the Movements of the Anglo Indian Army in Afghanistan, showing the Routes, Passes, and Military Positions. By JAMES WYLD, Geographer to the Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert.

At the present juncture of our Indian warfare this map of Afghanistan is peculiarly acceptable, rendered so not only by its own merit,

but by its being so peculiarly well-timed. The books which have of late appeared respecting the progress of the army of the Indies, and the news which are received with so much avidity from the seat of warfare, required such a companion as this to elucidate and render them intelligible. The map itself deserves the highest commendation, being exceedingly well got up, and of extreme accuracy. The distances along the route are denoted by figures marking English miles, and the ancient names of places signified by underlining. This very handsome map will be found of extraordinary utility, and deserves a wide circulation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Perceval Keene. By Captain Marryat. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
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 Elements of Medical Jurisprudence. By T. R. Beck, M. D., and J. B. Beck, M.D., 8vo. 21s.
 Oct. 1842.—VOL. XXV.—NO. CXXXVIII.

My Working Friend, being Plain Directions for various Stitches in Fancy Needle Work. By C. Curling Hope. Royal 52mo. 2s.
 Gray's Botanical Text Book. Post 8vo. 10s.
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 Figures of Molluscous Animals, selected from various Authors. By Maria Emma Gray. Vol. 1. 8vo. 12s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

"THE LAST OF THE BARONS" is the Title of the new work on which Sir E. L. Bulwer has been for some time past engaged. From so fine a subject in such hands, we may easily imagine how high will be the gratification to which we have to look forward. The work is not yet committed to the Press, but we observe the tidings of it have reached America, and been reflected back, so that the English Public's first intelligence of it has been from the other side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Macpherson, who served with the Expedition in China in 1840 and 1841, has just sent home by the Overland Mail a most interesting work, detailing the events of which he was there an eye witness. It is proceeding rapidly through the Press, and will be published with the least possible delay. The work is entitled "TWO YEARS IN CHINA." It will be particularly valuable to have Dr. Macpherson's narrative added to those we already possess on this important subject.

The New Novel we had lately the pleasure to announce, entitled "EVELYN HOWARD; OR, MISTAKEN POLICY," is nearly completed, and intended for Publication about the middle of the month. We hope to notice it in our next number.

Mrs. Moulton's New Poem, "THE SEPULCHRE OF LAZARUS," is now published.

The drawings which are to illustrate the Viscountess St. Jean's new work, and which are very beautiful, have not yet been received by the publishers from Paris. The printing has, we understand, been completed, and the publication may therefore be looked for speedily.

We have before mentioned "THE LIBRARY CIRCULAR," as a valuable directory for Readers and Book Societies, and we again point attention to it as particularly useful as a Guide to New Books, especially in the Country. It is very ably conducted, and published Monthly.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are happy in being able to trace a gradual, but still perceptible progression of improvement in the state of trade: the demand for goods is slowly increasing. The fine harvest has doubtless had a favourable

effect in reviving the aspect of trade, and the settlement of our differences with the American Senate opened to us an improving prospect of commerce in the colonial markets. In the manufacturing districts there is a show of gradual improvement. In Manchester goods the market has been languid, without improvement of prices. Many of the manufacturers have cleared out their old stocks at some reduction. The demand for lighter goods has increased. The woollen trade has much revived, but the profits are still small. In the hosiery line the demand is brisk. We are glad too to see that in Staffordshire the iron-masters have agreed on an advance of one pound per ton, on bar iron, and many extensive orders have been received. The abundant harvest, together with the supply of wheat from abroad, has had the effect of ruining many of the speculators who had embarked capital to a large amount. In tea the market has been firm and steady, and a good business done at sustained prices. In coffee the demand has been somewhat dull, and much of the bulk bought in. In sugar there has been a steady trade. On the whole, things are doubtless assuming a more favourable aspect.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 27th of September.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

India Stock, 248.—Consols, Acct. 92 seven-eighths.—Three per Cents. 92 five-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 100 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills New, 1000*l.*, 2*d.*, 5*1s.* pr.—India Bonds, 36*s.* 3*7s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 21.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 51 one-half.—Spanish, Five per Cents. Acct., 16 one-eighth.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 102 three-eighths.—Mexican, 35 one-half.

MONEY MARKET.—During the month there have been frequent but trifling fluctuations in the price of stocks, according to the influence of the intelligence received. The gloomy accounts from China and India, caused some depression to be felt, but only transiently, being counteracted by the satisfactory news from the United States, the Boundary Question having been arranged, the Washington Treaty having passed the Senate. The Bank of England proprietors have held a meeting and declared a dividend of three and a half per cent. for the Income Tax, the deduction of which has caused much discussion. There has been considerable reduction in the profits of the Bank, the Directors having for the last few months much limited their discount business. The dipping into the "rest," for the sake of making up the dividend to the proprietors of seven per cent. has elicited some reprehension. Exchequer Bills keep their standing. The glut of money in the market is considerable, holders not finding eligible investments, and being unwilling to employ capital for less than two and a quarter per cent.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUGUST 23, 1842, TO SEPTEMBER 23, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 23.—C. E. Garman, Tottenham-court-road, chemist.—W. Heap, Burnley, Lancashire, ironmonger.—T. Gibson, North Scale, Lancashire, coal merchant.—H. Hickman, Dudley, druggist.

Aug. 26.—J. Palmer, Lynn, Norfolk, draper.—H. J. Collett, London, warehouseman.—J. Reeve, High Holborn, carver and gilder.—G. Newman, Scraps, Essex, miller.—J. Wacey, Beech-street, Barbican, bookseller.—J. Earland, Lower Thames-street, victualler.—T. Benson, Darlington, grocer.—J. S. Mottram, Alrewas, Staffordshire, woollapler.—R. Jefferson, Beverley, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Clark, Hutton, Lancashire, cotton winder.—T. Todd, Manchester, dealer in cotton.—C. J.

Townley, Liverpool, share broker.—W. Elam, Huddersfield, livery stable-keeper.

Aug. 30.—A. Applegath, Grayford, Kent, silk printer.—E. Corah, Bristol, hosier.—L. Coquerell, Leicester-street, Leicester-square, hotel keeper.—A. G. Gifford, Mark-lane, wine merchant.—T. S. Goode, Manchester, merchant.—G. Warden, Market Harborough, innkeeper.—C. Biggs, Manchester, commission agent.—W. Burton, Hutton, Yorkshire, miller.—T. Thompson, Hambleton in the Fylde, Lancashire, tanner.—J. Fisher, Snelinton, Nottinghamshire, boatwright.—G. Boddington, Warwick, coach-builder.—J. Bowler, Wallsall, carpenter.

Sept. 2.—W. L. F. Tollemache, Keston, Kent, horse dealer.—J. Goodered, sea, Piccadilly,

shell-fishmonger. — T. White, jun., Gosport, shipbuilder. — R. Jud, Cambridge, liverystable keeper. — C. Ferris, St. Nicholas, Bristol, victualler. — J. Spencer, jun., Liverpool. — J. G. Pallister, and J. M. B. Newrick, Sunderland, grocers. — J. Raleigh and Co., Manchester, merchants. — J. Raleigh, and T. S. Goode, Manchester merchants.

Sept. 6. — M. Gilbert, Lawrence-lane, City, innkeeper. — W. Cribb, and B. Cribb, Clarence-wharf, Regent's Canal-basin, Regent's Park, lucifer match manufacturers. — H. Baker, Mark-lane, City, merchant. — C. Holloway, Stock-bridge, Hampshire, victualler. — M. Doughty, Southorpe, Nottinghamshire, miller. — E. P. West, Stamford, Lincolnshire, grocer.

Sept. 9. — J. Richmond, Lime street, City, merchant. — S. Symonds the elder, and S. Symonds the younger, Basinghall street, woolen factors. — W. Walford, Great Winchester-street, City, merchant. — C. Stanley, Newport, money-scrivener. — L. Wagstaff, Worsborough-bridge, Yorkshire, licensed victualler. — W. D. Wheeler, Birn lingham, money-scrivener.

Sept. 13. — J. Simmons, Longwick, Buckinghamshire, corn dealer. — T. Hutchinson, Old Gravel-lane, Wapping, sugar-refiner. — T. Gooch, Whitechapel-road, timber merchant. — W. Huskisson, Birmingham, linen-draper. — M. Duncan, Newport, Monmouthshire, linen draper. — J. Brooks, Liverpool, hotel-keeper. — G. Jellie-

coe, Bilston, Staffordshire, iron-master. — D. Holt, Manchester, broker. — R. Bull, Birmingham, brewer.

Sept. 16. — G. Cole, Hampton, Middlesex, innkeeper. — J. B. Boscher, Birmingham, shawl dealer. — R. Craig, Manchester, innkeeper. — S. Thomas, Heworth, Yorkshire. — R. Womersley, Stoney Stratford, Buckinghamshire, hat manufacturers. — G. Heathcote, and W. Levesley, Sheffield, Yorkshire, spring-knife manufacturers. — W. Mearns, Liverpool, shawl dealer. — G. Oldham, Manchester, wine merchant. — J. Vardy, Wolverhampton, brass founder.

Sept. 20. — E. H. Labatt, Mincing-lane, city, merchant. — J. Bromley, Goole, Yorkshire, grocer. — J. Jenkins, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, draper. — J. Sprnce, Alford, Lincolnshire, gas manufacturer. — H. Adams, Totnes, Devonshire, merchant. — G. Olden, Salisbury, grocer.

Sept. 23. — J. E. Beerbohm and W. E. Slaughter, Fenchurch-street, merchants. — J. Read, St. Alban's, chemist. — J. J. Iselin, St. Bennet's-place, Gracechurch-street, merchant. — W. Chapman and C. M. Woodger, Wapping, coal merchants. — W. Brockopp, High-street, Southwark, grocer. — J. Thompson, Oxford-street, dealer in paper hangings. — W. H. Parkes, Birmingham, hosiery. — S. Chew, Clifton, Northamptonshire, flour dealer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Aug.					
23	59.76	29.88-29.90	N.E. & S.		Clear.
24	49.73	29.84-29.76	N. & N.b.W.		Generally clear.
25	55.69	29.70-29.73	N.E.	.234	Morning and evening, thunder, lightning and rain.
26	60.71	29.79-stat.	N. by E.	.125	Clear.
27	56.71	29.61-29.93	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise generally cloudy.
28	58.70	29.95-29.97	N. and N.E.	.1	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
29	66.60	29.96-29.92	N.E. & S.W.	.23	Rain in the morning, noon, clear, aft. and even.
30	59.60	29.95-29.98	W. & S.W.	.035	General cloud. [thunder and lightning.
31	47.61	30.04-30.11	N.W.		Clear till the evening.
Sept.					Raining generally throughout the day.
1	49.64	29.94-29.86	S.	.21	Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
2	63.74	30.06-30.14	N.W.	.175	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
3	56.70	30.15-30.13	W. b. N.	.005	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
4	53.66	30.13-30.16	S.W. & N.W.		Morning foggy, otherwise clear.
5	56.69	30.15-30.04	S. by W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
6	48.68	29.94-29.92	W. by N.		Clear generally. thunder and rain in the eve.
7	45.60	29.85-29.53	E.b.S. & S.W.	.005	General cloud, rain in the morning.
8	60.50	29.39-29.55	S. by W.		General cloud, rain in the morn. and even.
9	51.64	29.51-29.42	S.W.	1.115	Morning and evening clear, showers at noon.
10	53.61	29.38-29.56	S.W. & W.	.175	Generally clear, showers in the afternoon.
11	51.60	29.62-29.64	W. by N.		Clear.
12	54.64	29.73-29.89	N.W.	.035	Generally clear.
13	48.64	30.00-30.09	N.		Generally clear.
14	52.67	30.13-30.15	N. b. E. & N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
15	52.60	30.14-30.09	N. & E. b. S.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
16	47.66	30.05-29.97	N.E. & S.E.		Clear generally till the even., when rain fell.
17	47.60	29.78-29.73	S.E.		Generally cloudy.
18	51.61	29.73-29.66	N. & E. b. N.	.27	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, showers in aft.
19	50.62	29.56-29.53	S. W. & S.		Generally clear.
20	40.58	29.50-29.47	S. by E.	.195	Clear.
21	37.58	29.45-stat.	S.S.E. & S.W.		Generally clear, a shower of rain in the aft.
22	35.56	29.44-29.45	N.W. & N.		

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

T. Bell, of St. Austel, Cornwall, Mine Agent, for improvements in the manufacture of copper. July 29th, 6 months.

J. Lejeune, of North Place, Regent's Park, Engineer, for improvements in accelerating combustion, which improvements may be applied in place of the blowing machines now in use. July 29th, 6 months.

J. S. Woolrich, of Birmingham, Chemist, for improvements in coating with metal the surface of articles formed of metal or metallic alloys. August 1st, 6 months.

A. J. Phipps, of the Blackfriars Road, Gentleman, for certain improvements in paving streets, roads, and ways. August 1st, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cleaning roads, and which machinery is also applicable to other similar purposes. August 2nd, 6 months.

J. Dry, of Beverley, Agricultural Implement Maker, for certain improvements in thrashing machines. August 2nd, 6 months.

S. Carson, of York Street, Covent Garden, Gentleman, for improvements in purifying and preserving animal substances. August 3rd, 6 months.

A. Turner, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of muffs, tippets, ruffs, mantillas, cloaks, shawls, capes, pellerines, boas, cuffs, slippers, and shoes. August 3rd, 6 months.

J. Lee, of Weston Street, Bermondsey, Gentleman, for improvements in wheels and axletrees to be used on railways, and in machinery for stopping on, or preventing such carriages from running off railways, which improvements may also be applied to other carriages and machinery. August 3rd, 6 months.

C. H. Perrin, of George Yard, Lombard Street, London, for some improvements in the construction of certain parts of the mechanism used in watches and chronometers, which improvements are also applicable to some kinds of clocks. August 8th, 6 months.

D. Napier, of Millwall, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines and steam-boilers. August 9th, 6 months.

T. Walker, of Birmingham, Stove Maker, for improvements in stoves. August 9th, 6 months.

R. F. Sturges, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for a certain improvement in the manufacture of Britannia metal and plated wares. August 10th, 6 months.

D. F. Albert, of Cadishead, near Manchester, Doctor of Laws, Manufacturing Chemist, for a new combination of materials for the purpose of manufacturing a mauling powder. August 10th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in paving or covering roads and other ways. August 11th, 6 months.

J. Betteley, of the Brunswick Anchor Works, Liverpool, Chain Cable Manufacturer, for improvements in windlasses and machinery for moving weights. August 11th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, London, Gentleman, for improvements in covering and stopping the necks of bottles. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 11th, 6 months.

G. Roberts, of Park Place West, Liverpool Road, Islington, Miner, for improvements in the construction of lamps. August 15th, 6 months.

W. Raybould, of St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell, Brass Founder, for a new or improved soldering iron. August 18th, 2 months.

G. J. Newbery, of Cripplegate-buildings, London, Artist, for certain improvements in producing damask and other surfaces on leather and other fibrous substances and fabrics. August 18th, 6 months.

N. Defries, of 26, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Engineer, and N. F. Taylor, of Cleveland-street, Mile-end, Engineer, for improvements in meters for gas and other fluids. August 18th, 6 months.

W. Ridgway, of Northwood, Stoke-upon-Trent, Earthenware Manufacturer, for a new method of conveying and distributing heat in ovens used by manufacturers of China and earthenware, and brick, tile, and quarry makers. August 18th, 6 months.

G. Gurney, of Great George-street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for producing, regulating, and dispersing light and heat. August 18th, 6 months.

R. Else, of Gray's-inn, Esq., for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for forcing and raising water and other fluids. August 18th, 6 months.

T. Hendry, of Glasgow, Mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and combing wool and other fibrous materials. August 25, 6 months.

D. Redmund, of Charles-street, City-road, Engineer, for improvements in hinges or apparatus applicable to suspending or closing doors and gates, and other purposes. August 25th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The "Guernsey Star" has published the following extract, from a letter dated in May last, from the Falkland Islands :—" Captain Ross and the Antarctic expedition are now here. The *Erebus* and *Terror* came in contact, on endeavouring to escape an iceberg, in the seas of the Southern Pole. The expedition will positively be here for five or six months, to repair the vessels and to make observations. Captain Ross has erected an observatory at the old French fort built by Bougainville. A most interesting series of observations is carrying on. Those upon the pendulum are noted every quarter of an hour. Astronomical observations are also carefully made by the officers. Thermometers are placed both above the ground and under it; mine, with my barometers, are now doing duty with the rest, and have the honour to be registered also. The anemometers, showing the direction and force of the winds, will add much to the valuable information afforded by Captain Sullivan, R.N., respecting these islands. Pluviometers are also carefully registered. A tide-gauge is by the jetty, and an excellent magnetic observatory, where the dip, intensity, and variation of the needle are carefully registered by able observers. The officers relieve each other in regular watches on these duties, and I never met with such devotees of science. You would be delighted to see Captain Ross's little hammock swinging close to his darling pendulum, and a large hole in the thin partition, that he may see it at any moment, and Captain Crozier's hammock is close alongside of it. The floor of this room is mother earth, from our want of timber. Captain Ross has been so kind, at my request, as to add to these observations another series, to ascertain the rate of evaporation in these islands; and Hooker, the botanist, is also so good as to draw up a report on the grasses, the prevailing graminæ being considered as unknown in Europe. The splendid tussock grass is the gold and glory of these islands. It will, I hope, yet make the fortune of Orkney and Irish landholders of peat bogs. Every animal here feeds upon it with avidity, and fattens in a short time. It may be planted and cut like the guinea grass of the West Indies. The blades are about six feet long, and from 200 to 300 shoots spring from one plant. I have proved, by several experiments, that one man can cut 100 bundles in a day, and that a horse will greedily devour five of these in the same time. Indeed, so fond of it are both horses and cows, that they will eat the dry tussock thatch from the roofs of the houses in preference to good grass. About four inches of the root eats like the mountain cabbage. It loves a rank wet peat bog, with the sea spray over it. Indeed, when the sea beats with the greatest violence, and the sea spray is carried farthest, then the tussock grass thrives the best on the soil it loves. All the smaller islands here, though some of them are as large as Guernsey, are covered with tussock, which is nutritious all the year. The whole of the gentlemen in the expedition are delighted with the Falkland Islands, and express themselves as being more pleased with them than even with New Zealand. Some think them in every way better for colonization, even with the drawback of wanting timber trees. When the observations made during their voyage are published, you will be surprised at their favourable account of the climate. In addition to all these scientific observations, the surveying department is exploring and surveying different harbours, sites for different objects in a new settlement, &c."—[So little is known of the

Falkland Islands, that our readers may not be sorry to be reminded, that about two years since Mr. Mackinnon, who had been officially engaged in their survey, as mate of H. M. cutter *Arrow*, published an account of them; and that in 1833 we published two letters containing much minute and interesting information, from an officer then serving on board the *Tyne*, which ship had been sent there expressly to resume possession on the part of the British Government. Our correspondent made mention of the particular grass referred to in the above letter, and of the avidity with which it was eaten by the animals on board the ship, and on the whole, made a far more favourable report than either Byron or Bougainville.]—*Athenæum*.

CHEAP FOOD FOR HORSES.—A proposition has been made to the French Minister of War by a M. Longchamp, to try a new method of feeding horses, which he asserts will produce a vast saving in the amount of forage necessary for the army. This gentleman proposes to make a sort of bread, three fourths potatoes and the rest oatmeal, with which the horses are to be fed in place of oats. The average quantity of oats for a horse per day M. Longchamp estimates to be ten pounds, costing about thirteen sous. He proposes to replace this food by ten pounds of the bread made with oats and potatoes, the price of which will be only five sous, leaving a saving of eight sous a day. As there are 80,000 horses in the army, a saving would arise on the whole of the cavalry of 11,680,000fr. a year. M. Longchamp considers this food to be more nutritious than the food generally given to horses, for a great portion of the oats taken by a horse is imperfectly masticated, and therefore the nutritive qualities are allowed to remain latent. Heat and moisture, he declares, are necessary to bring forth fully the qualities of the fecula of oats, and this can be procured most effectually by subjecting it to the heat of an oven, after having been moistened and well mixed up.

A ROMAN VILLA.—Excavations have been lately made in a field on the Maldon road from Colchester, in Laxden pariah, and the foundations of a building supposed to be a Roman villa have been laid bare: the extent is of such magnitude that it is questioned if the remains of any Roman villa in this kingdom are of equal extent. Three sides of a square have been discovered, with a double wall of considerable thickness, leaving a clear space between them of fourteen feet. The measurement of the exterior wall in length is 285 feet, and of the inner 265. Numerous coins have been thrown up during the excavation.

At the Paris Academy of Sciences a paper was read from M. C. Martins, on the distribution of the higher order of the vegetation on the coast of Scandinavia and the southern slope of the Grimsel in Switzerland. All the botanical travellers who have visited Switzerland and Scandinavia, have been struck with the difference of the two countries, when comparing the latitudinal distribution of the higher order of vegetation on the coasts of Sweden and Norway with that of the vegetable zones on the higher Mountains of Switzerland. The southern slope of the pass of the Grimsel, in the Canton of Berne, presents, however, a remarkable analogy with the succession of the vegetable zones of the North. The following table shows the mean altitudinal and latitudinal limits of the principal trees common to the Grimsel and to Scandinavia:

	Latitudinal limits.	Altitudinal limits. Mètres.
<i>Fagus Sylvatica</i>	60° N	925
<i>Quercus Robur</i>	61	800
<i>Arbores Fructiferae</i>	63	1,060
<i>Corylus Avellana</i>	64	1,060
<i>Abies Excelsa</i>	67 40	1,545
<i>Pinus Sylvestris</i>	70	1,807
<i>Betula Alba</i>	78 40	1,975

If we compare the zones of vegetation, the analogy is not certainly perfect. On the Grimsel, the altitudinal limit of the oak is inferior to that of the beech, whilst in the North the beech disappears sooner than the oak; but on the Grimsel these limits are much more approximated than is generally the case in Switzerland, the difference of their level being only 125 mètres. They approximate, therefore, as in Scandinavia, where their extreme limits only differ by one degree of latitude.

THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENELLE.—At length the new tube has reached the surface, above which it is to rise to the height of thirty feet. For the last two months the water has, with a few exceptions, been perfectly limpid, and the heat remains constantly at 82° Fah.

SABLE ISLAND.—The Halifax papers mention that the lofty sand-hills for which this island has always been remarkable have been gradually decreasing, and after a severe gale lately were so far blown away, that there were discovered peeping out from beneath them houses, or rather huts, apparently constructed of the fragments of a ship. On examination, they were found to contain a number of articles of furniture and stores, put up in boxes, which were marked "43rd Regiment;" the boxes or cases were perfectly rotten, and would not admit of their being removed. A brass dog-collar was also discovered, with the name of "Major Elliot, 43rd Regiment," on it, and numerous bullets of lead, a great number of military shoes, parts of bales of blankets and cloths, brass points of sword scabbards, bees-wax, a small convex glass on both sides, a copper halfpenny of George II., dated 1749, some military brass buckles, a great number of brass paper pins, numerous bones, (some whole and some broken), with the scalp of hair and head dress of a young female, and a piece of gold band.

COAL-GAS.—The Drummond Light, the Gurney or Bude Light, and the Boccus Light, exclusive of the "Light of all Nations," are the Great Lights of the Age. The first is the oxy-hydrogen, the union of oxygen and hydrogen gas on lime, and at a very high temperature. The second is the oxy-oil, a jet of oxygen being introduced by means of a very peculiarly shaped conical jet into the centre of an ordinary oil-wick flame: this was perfected, we believe, under the auspices of the Trinity Board, having been intended to be used in lighthouses; and we have heard it designated to that view by a high authority, as an arrangement affording the greatest possible amount of light in the smallest possible space. The third is a coal-gas light; and of this we make the chief mention. This light, of course, is no recent discovery—it was known so long ago as 1688; but, since then, what an increase of knowledge of the properties of coal-gas has been gained, and what great mechanical improvements have been arranged for its combustion! Of the latter character is the Boccus light, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, the Boccus gas-lamp. The one set up opposite Northumberland House, crowned with ugliness, consists of three ring-burners, large, lesser, and less, perforated so thickly with holes, that the flames form, as it were, three leaves of light; these are protected from the lateral currents of air by a glass screen, and are thrown down and around by a metallic reflector. The illuminating power is very considerable. Contemplating the vast establishments, in the present day, for the manufacture of coal-gas; the numerous improvements for its thorough combustion, mechanical and chemical, of the latter especially—Low's Naphthalised gas, the perfection of artificial light—we cannot help reverting to the extent of the knowledge of gas and its properties, as mentioned in a letter addressed to the Royal Society, May 12, 1688, by Mr. John Clayton, rector of Crofton, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and contrasting the bladders of 1688 with the gasometers of 1842. Speaking of the thunder in Virginia, and its dreadful effects, the writer says: "I have been told by very serious planters that, thirty or forty years ago, when the country was not so open as now, the thunder was more fierce; and that sometimes, after violent thunder and rain, the roads would seem to have perfect casts of brimstone; and it is frequent after much thunder and lightning, for the air to have a perfect sulphureous smell. Durst I offer my weak reasons when I write to so great masters thereof, (meaning the council of the society,) I should here consider the nature of thunder, and compare it with some sulphureous spirits which I have drawn from coals that I could no way condense, yet were inflammable; nay, would burn after they passed through water, and that seemingly fiercer, if they were not overpowered therewith. I have kept some of this spirit a considerable time in bladders; and though it appeared as if it were only blown with air, yet if I let it forth, and fired it with a match or candle, it would continue burning until all were spent."—*Derham's Miscel. Curiosa*, vol. iii. p. 290.—*Lit. Gas.*

THE
METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Evelyn Howard or Mistaken Policy. A Domestic Tale.

The tone of taste which has for some time pervaded society, and has been reflected in the pages of the modern novel, is strikingly adverse to the influence of that deep spirit of pathos, in which the poetic souls of our forefathers delighted to luxuriate. One of the most forcible features in modern fiction is the sort of repugnance which it displays to all the semblances of sensibility, and the air of burlesque and absurdity which it endeavours to cast around the more refined and romantic emotions of our nature. This species of covert ridicule might at first have sprung from the overwrought tension of these sensibilities, producing their own reaction, and thus forcing the feelings of men into the very reverse of their natural position. Novels unquestionably act as the mirrors of the times in which they are fabricated, and thus imaginative fiction has discarded from its pages those recognitions of metaphysical ontologies, which the *fashion of the feelings*, if we may be allowed the term, has agreed to banish and consider obsolete. The endeavour to engross the reader has been, not by appealing to the sympathies, but to the compassions: not by striking on those chords which echo back the music of the soul, but by awakening the pity of the heart. Thus we now seldom or never meet with delineations of warring sensibilities, in which the ideal and spiritual are distinguished beyond the mundane and the corporeal; the authors of the present day feel that they stand on firmer ground when they paint bodily agonies and material sufferings, the pangs of poverty, and the gnawings of hunger, knowing too that here every reader is a sympathizer, while in the other case the few and not the many could be brought into the pale of understanding.

It seems to us that this fashion has reigned long enough, more especially as it is one which humiliates fiction below the just dignity of its poetic throne. We know that we have had enough, and to spare,

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of those morbid sensibilities, which are but as mockeries and quackeries to the true, but we confess that we are not inclined to relinquish the genuine, because the fictitious has been so often palmed upon us as to fill us with disgust. Thus it is that we are charmed with a tale of real pathos, coming, as it does, like refreshing dew after so long a dearth. This appeal to the higher sympathies of our nature, by awakening us to a sense of their existence, puts us in the possession of an exalted pleasure, at the same time that it comes strengthened with all the charms of revived freshness and renewed novelty.

"Evelyn Howard" is a tale of intense pathos. The heroine beautiful, natural, unadulterated, and sensitive, is just the being round whom both the heart and the imagination might delight to entwine themselves. The interest of the whole narrative is concentrated in her. It is impossible for the feelings to separate themselves from her as she passes on from trial to trial, from sorrow to sorrow. At the commencement of the narrative we find her in that happy dawn of life over which no clouds have gathered, and which sees all things, as it passes on, in the light of its own sunshine. Presently the gloom lowers, and the bright gold becomes dim. The heart saddens, the soul sickens, the spirit fails. The authoress has supported this exquisitely-drawn character with beautiful propriety. All else are subordinate, yet helping to fill up the picture so as to throw her into stronger and richer light. The mother whose "Mistaken Policy," by weaving a Machiavelian web around her, induces so long a course of accumulating sorrows, and heart-rending trials—the brother, whose selfish recklessness adds reproach to sadness—the friend, whose heedless guile involves her in unmerited suspicion—the lover, whose stern and unbending worth can condescend so little to her sufferings,—all these fill up a picture singularly effective and soul-touching.

"Evelyn Howard" deserves to have the honour of dating a new era in imaginative literature. Its authoress has shaken off those shackles which fiction has been lately weaving for its own wearing, and has dared to *feel* as well as to *think* for herself. We take pleasure in marking the *individuality* of an author, since it is the best means of asserting *originality*. Those who follow in a beaten track, both find and keep the road barren, for what blossom can bloom under the battering of a host of footprints. "Evelyn Howard" is not the mere novel of the day—not the impression of any passion. It is a beautiful transcript of the purest sensibilities of the heart. Those whose minds are yet unseared by disappointments will, in perusing this work, feel an answering glow of correspondent sympathy, and rejoice in feeling that their own innate perceptions are not so all unreal as commerce with the world had made them half suspect; whilst those who have already passed under the erasing pressure of the troubles of life will feel a glow of pleasure as they are sensible of the revival of their youthful visions under the influence of these magnetic pages. Those who love the good, admire the beautiful, feel interest in the stirring scenes of life, and excitement in its perpetual struggles and alternate hopes and fears, will find themselves amply gratified in the perusal of these volumes.

We give a cup of worldliness filled to the brim in the following extract.

"Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed, since Catherine cast behind her friends and kindred to unite her fortunes with him she loved; but that fortnight had strangely sobered the high spirit of the wild and thoughtless girl. The bridal chaplet yet bound her brows, but the roses were faded. With more sorrow in her heart than she had ever dreamt of before, she sat in one of the smallest rooms of the Ship Hotel at Dover, listening for her husband's step, and when it came, far from going to welcome him with the timid yet beaming tenderness, which marks the demeanour of the young wife, she remained where she was, her tearful eyes fixed on the letter that lay before her. * * * The first intimation to Douglas that her fortune might be withheld, by destroying the delusion that she had been loved for herself alone, gave her the first knowledge of the meaning of 'bitterness of heart.'

With vindictive malice, Alexander Bruce, having first perilled his life to gratify his intemperate anger, made the certain loss of Catherine's property a subject of open triumph; and Catherine, sure of her brother's opposition, had begun to feel her confidence that Mr. Sydney's regard for her would withhold him from testifying disapprobation of her marriage, considerably shaken.

"She wrote to him, and put forth her case with all the eloquence of which she was mistress; but in vain: the answer had just arrived, and though far from unkind, it crushed entirely her ill-founded hopes. Wishing to break her disappointment gradually to Douglas, as soon as she heard his step, she hastily dried her eyes, and had just time to fold up the letter, and throw her handkerchief over it, when Douglas entered the room. It was evening, and more for cheerfulness than warmth, a fire burnt in the grate. Douglas sat down by the fire, and Catherine knelt on the footstool by his side.

" 'I have not seen you all day,' murmured Catherine, with an accent of sorrow rather than reproach.

" 'M'Naughten and I have been engaged elsewhere,' replied Douglas, coolly.

" 'I detest M'Naughten,' said Catherine, pettishly.

" 'Very possibly' said Douglas, resuming the whistling which the pronunciation of those two words interrupted, and then proceeded to arrange his hair and cravat by the glass over the mantel-piece. 'That Pepys knows no more about cutting hair than an ass; he has shorn my locks as completely as ever Samson's were, though I expressly told him not to cut the curls. He has so transformed me, that I no longer think I am my mother's son, but changed at my birth, as was a transatlantic neighbour, who was so persuaded he was a changeling that he spent a whole life seeking his original self. By-the-by, I forgot to say that M'Naughten dines with us to-day.'

" 'Is he always to be at our fireside? Can you never dispense with his society?' asked Catherine.

" 'Not easily; for I find him both useful and agreeable. I suppose you have not yet heard from Mr. Sydney.'

" 'Speak kindly to me, Douglas; remember what I have forsaken for your sake—friends, wealth—'

" 'I hope not, or I shall find it difficult to testify my gratitude. I never asked you to forsake wealth for me—on the contrary; but where is the letter? I see you have received one.'

" 'Do not break my heart with unkindness, Douglas; it is cruel to blame, for had I the wealth of India I would gladly resign it to you.'

"Without replying, Douglas snatched the letter from her hand, and began to read, but had scarcely perused half-a-dozen lines when throwing it down with an exclamation that made her shudder, he paced the room like one distracted.

"Affection, as well as a sense of duty, prompted Catherine to soothe and hush the violence she witnessed, and laying her hand gently on his arm, she said, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume—

"Let us not be cast down; darkest clouds will sometimes pass over without breaking. People are not the less happy for being less rich. I shall soon learn to be poor, if that is my fate; and you will never hear me mourn departed luxuries."

"Away!" said Douglas, roughly shaking her off; "you deceived me, and have consequently ruined yourself, and me also. Had you dealt with me fairly and candidly, as you ought, and revealed the particulars of your uncle's will, neither you nor I would have been placed in the situation in which we now stand."

"It appears that I have deceived myself," said Catherine, bitterly. "I neither suspected you of interested motives, nor believed my guardianship could be inexorable. You said then that you loved me—say so again, Douglas; do not let me think you so base and cruel as to have lured me from a home where I was happy, from no other motive than to possess my gold. Say that you had other feelings—that you did not deceive me—and that I have not been the victim of cupidity."

"My gold!" repeated Douglas, with a laugh that congealed the blood in her heart—"my gold! Where is it? There seems little chance of handling that; but produce it, and I will tell you again that I love you."

"Heaven forgive you, Douglas," said the heart-stricken wife, and rushed out of the room."

A Visit to Italy in 1841. By Mrs. TROLLOPE, Author of "*Paris and the Parisians*," "*Vienna and the Austrians*," "*Domestic Manners of the Americans*," &c.

We know of no author in modern days whose writings are so strongly imbued with the characteristics of their own constitution of mind as Mrs. Trollope. Her gaiety has a pervading influence, her cheerfulness is so open, so hearty, so unaffected, so natural, and so honest, that we feel at once an exhilarating sympathy on the first opening of her pages. In short, we are sensible of a sort of sunshine over us, and a corresponding gladdening of the spirits, which at once prepares and predisposes us for enjoyment.

This faculty of cheering the mind of a reader at the outset of a work is almost peculiar to Mrs. Trollope, and in happy contradistinction to the involuntary usage of the generality of authors, who usually unwittingly and impolitically contrive to commence their tomes as heavily and drearily as may be, trusting to an increasing interest to carry them successfully through; and it is in this hopefulness that we usually accompany them on their way in the every-day expectation that things will mend. If this disadvantage be not their fault it is at least their misfortune; but it is one from which Mrs. Trollope is happily exempt. She commences her work, as she seems to have done the tour of which it is the recital, cheerily and ardently. With her son for her companion, she leaves our little foggy island, and traversing sunny and classic Italy, returns with two handsome volumes, in which she has lived the honey of her wanderings.

Paris is the starting point from which Mrs. Trollope commences her records. Lyons reminded her of New York, the Rhone and the

Sâône, which enclose the principal part of the old city, answering to the north and east rivers which traverse the point of the Manhattan island, on which stands the modern transatlantic city; while crossing Savoy and approaching the mountain barrier of Italy, Mrs. Trollope manifests an increasing exhilaration of spirits. Chambéry, the little rustic looking capital, the Guieres dashing and foaming along, the striking and varied scenery of rocks, waterfalls, and woodlands, the passage *de la Gaille*, the *Chemin de la Gratte*, all contribute their varied interest. At Turin our travellers paused to investigate all that seemed to them attractive: visited its galleries, its theatres, its museums, its hospitals, gymnasium, and di Valentino; from thence over the plain of Marengo to Genoa the superb, which Mrs. Trollope calls "a glittering jewel of a city," and here again all that has helped to celebrate the place did she visit: but more especially experiencing pleasurable admiration when contemplating the various aspects of the city from different points, viewing it from land and from sea, admiring its lonely loftiness, and its extraordinary grandeur of position: admiring too the children in their Murillo-tinted rags as they helped to animate the prospect, and visiting the home of the poet-peer ere he departed on his fatal Greek expedition. From Genoa our travellers passed on to Pisa, with its leaning tower, its paintings and its palaces, and on again to Florence, the fair Tuscan capital, so rich in living beauty and in undying recollections. And here Mrs. Trollope lingers long if we reckon time by quantity, for we have two hundred pages bestowed upon it, but they are two hundred pages of highly interesting matter. Numerous delightful excursions, and explorations of every spot of interest within the reach of her adventurous spirit, expeditions to Vallombrosa and Camaldoli, clamberings among the mountains, sojournings with monks and convent fare, minglings among the Florence fashionables, visits to the songstress Catalani, races, fêtes and processions—all make this stay at Florence a most festival-like affair indeed. Lucca, Bologna, Ferrara, give place to Venice; and Venice produces enjoyment so ecstatic, that, somewhat contrary to her wont, Mrs. Trollope goes off into poetry. Swimming in a gondola among its still lagunes, she perfectly revels in this "ex-earthly" paradise; but as even paradise was lost, so was she at length obliged to yield up its possession, and pass on to the investigation of Vicenza, Verona, Modena, Terni, and august Rome. Our limits do not permit us to patise with her at these places, nor to follow her to Naples, Baïæ, Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is the freshness of feeling, and the unaffected spirits with which Mrs. Trollope has seen and described, that is her greatest charm. An infectious cheerfulness spreads itself through every page, and we rise from the perusal of the work with freshened impressions of the beautiful and the true, and with the gladness of exhilarated, but not over-excited spirits. There may be less of that piquant spirit which animated her late work of the "Blue Belles of England," and but little of that poignant satire which seemed almost too exuberant for necessary restraint in that production, which perhaps of all Mrs. Trollope's numerous writings is the most eccentric, the most animated, and the most powerful; but as the one assumes the liberty of fiction, and the last is under

the restraint of veracity, each is benefited by its own individual characteristic. It will be readily acknowledged that no circuit of wanderings could have carried a traveller through scenes and cities possessed of so deep an interest as this which Mrs. Trollope has chosen and trodden; and we conclude with assenting to her own sentiment, "They do not err who say that unless you would leave the world without seeing all that is most interesting in it, you must visit Italy."

We transcribe a sketch of the *Italian Misericordia*.

"This admirable and most profoundly Christian confraternity, is said to have been first formed in that fatal year, the date of which Boccaccio thus solemnly gives: '*Erano gli anni della fruttifera Incarnazione del Figliuolo di Dio al numero pervenuti di mille trecento quarant'otto*;'—which, as all the world knows, was that of the frightful visitation of the Plague at Florence. Then it was when man fled from man, and, more horrible and stranger still, when woman ceased to watch and soothe her dying fellow-creatures—then it was that a small society of brave and holy men associated themselves together by a vow, that they would fearlessly go wherever suffering called them. Such however was the horror of infection throughout the city, that no persons known to be thus exposing themselves to the dangers of it, would have been permitted free entrance anywhere; and for that reason, or it might have been, I think, for the still holier one of not letting themselves be known as the performers of the good deeds thus done, this truly holy brotherhood enveloped themselves in the dress which they still wear, the black folds of which cover the wearer from the top of the head to the ground, and most effectually prevent them being recognized, no aperture being left, save small holes for the eyes and mouth. The society, thus nobly created, separated not when the horrible visitation which first brought it together passed away; but, on the contrary, has become one of the most marked, as it is one of the most noble, features of the Tuscan states, and is now extremely numerous. The number is, indeed, unlimited, and contains persons from all parts of the country, closely bound together by one common faith and one common tie,—but that tie so secret and mysterious, that many of the members live and die without knowing who or how many are united with them. Yet can they, like freemasons, make themselves known to each other when they meet, should such recognition be necessary, by secret signs and words known alike to all, but known to themselves alone. These men, including in their numbers many of the very highest rank, (among which Princes, and even Popes have been numbered,) are bound by a solemn oath to hold themselves ready, whenever called upon, either by night or by day, to go to the aid of any who may want them, whether suffering from sickness or from accident. Nay, if an individual be assaulted by an assassin in the streets, no brother of the *Misericordia* can pass within reach of knowing it, without being bound to hasten to his succour. Secret as are the laws by which they regulate themselves, or rather the manner in which these admirable laws are put in practice, no society can be more regularly organized. A certain number of the brethren are selected from the whole body, as directors, of which ten are bishops, and twenty unbeneficed priests. . . . And from among the laity they select a certain number of nobles, and double the number of plebeians; from among these, twelve are chosen every four months to officiate, six called captains and six counsellors. To these are added a hundred and five of the brethren called *giornanti*, seven of whom hold themselves constantly in readiness to attend any special summons, or to obey the sound of the bell by which they are frequently called. But this is only for the ordinary wants of each day; any extraordinary necessity is provided for promptly and readily by extraordinary aid. Another portion of the so-

ciety is bound to collect the charitable contributions of the public by personal applications, which, be it observed, are *never* refused. The smallest offering may suffice, but something is always given whenever a masked and shrouded brother of the Misericordia asks for it. There is something queer in the idea that one *might* be asked for a *paul* any day by a sovereign prince, if one happened to be met in the street by one of these mysterious-looking unknown. I wonder whether any one was ever curious enough to guess at an eye-beam, or at air and gait? . . . All joking apart, however, I do truly believe that no human institution ever commanded more deep-felt and universal reverence. . . . Nor does the obvious conjecture of its being probable, in a Catholic country, that such a society may be entered by the rich and noble for a limited time (which is a stipulation permitted,) as an act of penance, in any degree lessen the respect which it is calculated to inspire.

Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, during the years 1839, 1840, and 1841; with an Account of Truxillo, and the adjacent Islands of Bonacca and Roatan. By THOMAS YOUNG.

The contents of this unassuming little volume would have warranted a far more imposing presentation style of introduction to the world. Had it been ushered into public presence in a larger type, more ample page, wider margin, thicker paper, and with a *quantum sufficit* of gilding and embossing on its outside, thus presenting a more voluminous whole, the volume might at once have taken its place among those attractive-looking editions of modern travel which are now so rapidly accumulating in our libraries, brought from east, west, north, and south, and every divisional quarter of the compass, and which meet at once with ready welcome and eager perusal. We could almost have wished, for its own sake, that it had possessed these visual advantages; for we think so well of its deserts, that we regret that it may suffer from the lack of these adventitious advantages. Its honest, sound, and sober sense, and its manly straightforwardness and simplicity, entitle it undoubtedly to our best attention.

In these days, when the tide of emigration seems first to turn to one point, and then to another, sound information from any of its quarters must be accounted valuable. The fatal mistakes which have arisen in these selections have involved in irremediable ruin the fortunes and the lives of too many of our unhappy countrymen. The disappointment of heart, the desolation of hopes, and the prostration of spirit, which have followed on rash and uninstructed emigration, make humanity shudder. Men who have adventured their all of worldly wealth, most usually with a drooping wife and many helpless children, embark on board some comfortless vessel, too poor to buy the luxuries which help to soften the disagreeablenesses of a sea-voyage, and endure a thousand privations in the hope of finding a paradise at the end, yet, when that end is gained, discover that the watery prison from which they have escaped was a home of comfort in comparison with the dreary solitudes on which they are cast to be benighted.

Most truly valuable, then, are such works as give us honest reports of all the localities of emigration, and such this account of the "Mosquito Shores of Truxillo, and of the islands of Bonacca and Roatan"

appears to do. Mr. Young was officially sent out by the British Central American Land Company, as deputy superintendent, with a few others, to the Mosquito shore, to form a settlement at Black River, about eighty miles from the Central American port of Truxillo, in the state of Honduras, one of the objects in contemplation being to establish such friendly relations with the people around as might facilitate the opening of trade in the interior, for the disposal and barter of British goods. The vessel was bound to Cape Gracias á Dios, that point of land which first blessed the longing eyes of Columbus, and received its name from his gratitude. Here our voyagers at length arrived, after suffering through a most disastrous voyage, and were most favourably received by the king of the Mosquito nation, Robert Charles Frederic.

"A few days after our arrival, the king, accompanied by a number of people called soldiers and quarter-masters, came in pitpans, from his residence at Waslá, which is about seven days' travel up the Wanks river.

"On being presented, and delivering our credentials and gifts, he appeared highly delighted, and taking each of us by the hand in turn, said slowly and distinctly, 'You are my very good friend.' The king looked remarkably well, he was dressed in the uniform of a post captain in the British navy, and his deportment was very quiet and reserved, though he seemed amused when any favourite subject was started; altogether he made a most favourable impression. The king is extremely liberal, and made us a present of some young bulls. He seems much attached to the English, as do all the natives. During the life time of the late king, George Frederic, any Englishman could traverse from one end of the country to the other, without the expense of a yard of cloth, for the king's orders to all were to feed and lodge them, and provide them with horses if they were wanted. Nearly all the old chiefs who used to adopt that custom are now dead, the younger ones being more mercenary, though there are some honourable exceptions."

Mr. Young, throughout the whole of his narrative, dwells strongly on the feeling of friendly devotedness which pervades the population of the Mosquito Shore towards the English, and which is placed in strong opposition to their hatred of the Spanish name. Throughout all their toils and travels, they appear to have adhered to our countrymen with faithful zeal, and the character which he paints of them is singularly honourable and pleasing.

"The Mosquito men have, from time immemorial, been noted for courage and activity, and with good leaders, there is no doubt, would act as bravely as they did when following the old English buccaniers. In reading many of the stories related of those desperadoes, we find that the Mosquito Indians were always their faithful allies and friends, following them with invincible fortitude in their attacks against the Spaniards, acting as guides, wood-cutters, hunters, and fishers; indeed, without such assistance, the buccaniers would often have fared badly enough. Through a long series of years, the same love which prompted their fathers to assist one set of Englishmen, induced their sons to serve another; and thus it is now, though certainly in a less degree, that the Mosquitians love and respect an Englishman, but dislike a Spaniard; and they have a term of contempt which they invariably use when speaking of the latter, namely, *Little Breeches*, because the calzones of the lower class of Spaniards only reach to the knees."

The assumption by the natives of English names has something comic in the compliment. "On my asking any of them," says Mr. Young, "What is your name? they, with indescribable importance, would reply, 'Mister Admiral Rodney,' 'Mister Colonel Pablo,' 'Mister Lord Nelson,' 'Mister Jim Strapp;'" and not only in this, but in every other instance, proving their devoted admiration to everything that was English. Nay, King Robert Charles Frederic carried this imitative spirit so far as even to hang one of his subjects after the English fashion—justly, however, it must be owned.

Mr. Young has manifested a degree of candour which, in truth, enhances the whole value of the work. He is not holding up bugbears to prevent the over population of the home country from seeking that supply for their natural wants which seems so lavishly offered to them in the plenitudes of unappropriated tracts of fertile produce; but he strenuously offers such advice as may prevent a rash encounter of sorrowful difficulties, such as can alone issue in melancholy misery. He has himself suffered, and from his own bitter experience would warn others from similar hazards. Not that he would deter, but merely offer prudent counsel. Success is not a thing of necessity, but the result of careful endeavour. We sincerely wish that all emigrants had as honest an adviser.

To the general reader the work abounds in sensibly selected information. The history, the habits, the superstitions, the character of the people, the natural productions of the country, its social features, its amount of civilization, its manufacturing acquirements, with the various crowd of new aspects which may strike the eye of a stranger, or occupy an inquiring mind, all rapidly succeed each other in these pages. We make room for a brief history of this interesting people.

"The inhabitants of the Mosquito Shore are divided into three distinct classes; the origin of one class, the Sambos, is involved in obscurity. The Sambos, or Mosquitians, inhabit the sea coast, and the savannas inland, as far west as Black River. The aboriginal Indians are divided into many different tribes, and reside in the interior. The Caribs also dwell on the sea coast, their first town, Cape Town, being a few miles to the westward of Black River. Each class is governed by their own appointed chiefs, such as generals, admirals, colonels, and captains, the king having full power and dominion over the whole. The Sambos are supposed to be descendants of the aboriginal Indians and negroes from the Sambo country, from the circumstance of a slave ship having been wrecked many years ago, from which several negroes escaped, and, intermarrying with the Indians, became very numerous and warlike, and have always maintained their liberty and independence; and it is an undoubted fact, that they never submitted to any other authority than that of the English, for whom they have always entertained great affection.

"The difference between the Sambos and the Indians is very striking; the Sambos are of all shades, from the copper colour of the Indian, to the dark hue of the negro, their hair being more or less woolly, the nearer they approach the latter. Their beardless countenances, which they seem greatly to value, are remarkable. They are in general well proportioned and active, and are more capable of enduring privations than undergoing the fatigue of hard labour. Their features are regular and pleasing, and their complexions and skin much improved, in their ideas, by the constant and liberal use of hone and other oils, with which they rub themselves. They ornament their faces by laying on large daubs of

red or black paint. They have various sorts of vegetable dyes, such as coopene, howlaler, tomarin, &c. Their fondness for liquor is excessive, and from this they suffer great calamities, for having once began to drink their mushla, (when the English fire-water, which they prefer, cannot be got,) they go on till they fall down in a helpless state of intoxication, and lie exposed to the heavy dews or pouring rain; their bodies are wasted by fearful disorders, which eventually carry them off; this is one cause of the gradual decrease of the population. The few who abstain from the use of spirituous liquors and mushla, reap their reward in a long life of health and vigour.

"They do not appear to have any idea of a Supreme Being, but many who at various times have been to Balize, know the meaning of God, and often say, 'Please God, so and so;' or if they wish to be implicitly believed, they will gravely say, 'God swear.' They have belief in an evil spirit, whom they term Oulasser, and of whom they are in much fear, and after sun-set a Sambo will not venture out alone, lest the Oulasser should carry him away. I have repeatedly spoken to them on the subject; their reply is always the same, 'You christian, Debil praid—me no christian—Debil must do me bad:' and their ideas do not at all alter, even if they have been in the employ of the English for years. They have also much dread of a water ghost, whom they call Leewire."

The Botanical Looker-out among the Wild Flowers of the Fields, Woods, and Mountains, of England and Wales; forming a familiar Monthly Guide for the Collecting Botanist. Interspersed with Pictorial Glances, Botanizing Incidents, and notices of many Remarkable Localities of the Rarer and most Interesting English and Welsh Plants. By EDWIN LEES, F.L.S., Fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, of the Botanical Society of London, etc., formerly Honorary Curator of the Worcestershire Natural History Society.

A certain degree of enthusiasm is essential to success in every pursuit: it is the breeze which fills the sails of the vessel, and carries her triumphantly along, while poor patient plodding industry toils at the oars like a galley slave, and does not make one half the way. It is a pleasant thing thus to be wafted gaily on without the sense of fatigue or the exhaustion of labour, and this is the utilitarian quality of enthusiasm.

Mr. Lees possesses just so much of this energizing influence as to make him think all labour light in the prosecution of his favourite study; and while thus struggling up some mountain's height, or exploring some ravine's depth, to feel the reward more than commensurate to the pains. We know the pleasure-conferring power of this zest too well to diminish it by a single iota; and we feel too that though to unexcited spirits the reward may seem to be inadequate to the toil, yet we also feel that Mr. Lees is treading in a pathway of nature which is leading to nature's God, and that a single step in such a path may not only justify his enthusiasm, but shame our apathy. We consider it a pleasing and an amiable plan, that of thus collecting into months the various blossomings of our mother earth; but we think that, as it is difficult to pause in any path which we have once heartily entered on, the views which have opened out to our author, are in

truth, finer than those which he at first set out to seek. From descriptions of the individual branch or blossom, Mr. Lees has warmed into exaltations of those vistas of natural beauty and majestic scenery which have burst upon him as he traversed the locales of his favourite flowers, and hence we have nature painted in many scenes of admirable sweetness and loveliness, with real feeling and artistical skill. We consider this a great advantage to this work, which else we should have pronounced somewhat wanting in sufficiency of subject, taking its dimensions into account, since its amount of actual information might have been contained in less than a moiety of its pages. The auxiliaries to the leading subject, however, so add to its interest, that the work becomes one of pleasure as much as of instruction, and will be found agreeable to the general reader, as well as useful to the botanist.

The constitution of the nettle is here well explained.

"But enough for the present of docks, plantains, tares, vetches, dandel, and other 'furrow weeds,' though we cannot entirely omit allusions to the well-known Stinging Nettle (*Urtica dioica*). This is one of those common and rough-looking plants generally disregarded as unworthy of notice; so that even the late Professor Martin remarks, that 'such vulgar ill-humoured plants may forgive your passing them by.' But however dissightly the splenetic nettle may appear, and however unpleasant the contact with it may be, it is to be remembered that upwards of fifty species of insects, including a great number of caterpillars, derive their entire sustenance from this apparently useless plant; and as these insects in their turn provide for a variety of birds, and send forth numerous brilliant butterflies to adorn the face of nature, it is absolutely necessary that the plant they feed on should be able to afford them ample protection, and surround them with a castle of defence.—'Watch the beauteous *Vanessa Atalanta* butterfly, lovely as the rose over which she flutters—see her sporting in the balmy air as if she had derived her origin from heaven, and was returning thither. But when she has to provide for her future progeny, does she deposit her eggs on the brilliant flowers where she spent her bridal?—No! she retires to the nettles, and there safely leaves the infant embryo of a future race secure amidst the armature of the *urticæ*. Thus a host of insects are sustained by an apparently useless weed, which is itself kept within due bounds by the caterpillars that feed upon it.' The economy of the Nettle, then, merits the closest investigation. Its stings as they are called, are extremely curious, and there is a striking analogy between them and the fangs of poisonous serpents. In both cases the wounding instrument is hollow, and conveys the poison by a channel from the secreting gland to the wound. In the serpent, indeed, the channel does not run to the point of the fang, but opens at some distance behind it; while in the Nettle the perforation extends through the very point. A microscope of moderate power will show the stings to be highly polished and exquisitely pointed transparent setæ, furnished at their base with a kind of bulb, cellular and spongy within, in which the acrid poison is contained. Thus, when the point of the sting comes in contact with any object, its base is pressed down upon the spongy pedestal, the venom instantaneously darts up the tube, and pours its contents upon the unwary assailant. This 'points a moral' not unworthy of notice. Touch the nettle ever so gently, it stings with its usual acrimony; but grasp it stoutly, and no injury is sustained. Act upon the same principle with the *nettles of life*, and all petty annoyance will lose their power of mischief."

Friendship's Offering ; and Winter's Wreath : a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1843.

This pretty little volume is the first of its class in the field, and having from its earliest appearance been a deserved favourite, we should be sorry not to give it a real and ready welcome. These elegant mementos of friendship are not only grateful tributes to the feelings at the time of presentation, but deserve their place on the shelves of the library or boudoir, as a sort of annual register of friendship, thus pleasingly and gracefully commemorating its own existence from year to year, and marking a sort of date to the heart as well as to the eye in the accumulation of exquisite little volumes. Regarding them then in this light, not so much as tasteful offerings for the existing moment, but as enduring pledges of affection, we should the more regret any diminution in the talent or spirit of their production. Among the contributors to the present volume we find new names rather than old favourites, with the exception of Major Calder Campbell and of J. R., of Christ Church, Oxford, whose poetical merit has already obtained its due recognition. We profess to be the last to wish to exclude the candidates for public favour from a fair arena, but we think it prejudicial to a work that it should be wholly engrossed by them. We should have been glad, too, to have seen a more lively and vivacious spirit in the book ; but this is matter of taste rather than of judgment, and if our own inclination leans and leads to a more cheerful tone of literature, we would not count it as demerit in those who are not with us. The talents of the present editor need no eulogy, and if we make objection to the philosophy of his "Beetle Worshipper," we offer none to its poetry : for his preface, we think it too candid for good policy, since we count it somewhat unwise to dwell upon disappointments which might befall the most careful and prudent of editors, and the merit of the many present illustrations would have been better pointed out than the loss of the one missing. Of these plates the Castle of Amboise, engraved by Goodall from a drawing by the author of the Poem, who, while thus evidencing his double talent, could at the same time best depict what he had himself imagined, appears prominently conspicuous for its poetical power. The moon shedding its meridian flood of light on the winding continuity of river in a point of the horizon far below the site of the castle pile, seems to raise it into an aspect of prominent vastness, which is strikingly impressive. "The Anxious Wife" is a sweetly expressive delineation of pure womanly tenderness, and in strong contrast with this the "Beetle Worshipper" stands out a powerful and energetic delineation of beauty and devotion most forcibly expressed : these, with some sweet poetry scattered through the volume, are amply sufficient to stamp its merit, and to give it a right to take its place on the same library shelf with its elegant and talented predecessors.

The Miscellaneous Poems and Essays of ROBERT BIGSBY, *K.T.F., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., Membre Honoraire de la Société Française de Statistique Universelle; Honorary Member of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c. &c.*

These poems and essays bear the stamp of mind of a classical scholar, and an ardent lover of nature. They are the relaxation of the intervals of graver literary occupations, and the refined relief from the pressure of heavier studies and deeper absorption of faculties. Some idea may be formed of the vigour of those mental powers which could resort to the production of such a work as the present by way of relaxation, when we take into consideration that the amount of thought and effort comprised within it would to most men have appeared no ordinary task, and would have been accounted a labour in itself rather than a relaxation. The poem entitled "Repton; or, Hours of Rural Solitude," took its rise from a visit of the author to the scenes of his childhood, and the consequent reawakening of all those youthful feelings which come back to the spirit like strains of remembered poetry. These our author has caught in all their freshness, and transferred to his pages, which are redolent of warm feeling and love of nature in all her unadulterated simplicity and charming beauty. There is in truth so exquisite a commingling and association between the myriad aspects of natural light and loveliness and the emanations of the soul and spirit, that their assimilation at once bespeaks an union pre-ordained and divine. Bodily blindness has its parallel in mental obscurity of vision, while the poet's great distinction is the glory of this double sight. This stamp is on our author's pages. Images of natural beauty crowd into his text, while he has indulged in a sweet fancifulness in those ballad episodes which he has freely introduced, and of which there is not one too many. The following is full of that happy gladness in which a poet's soul should revel. It is an address to the sun, "in tones responsive to its own bright joy."

"Oh! glorious to the fair, green earth
Is the Sun in its noontide power;
He lights up her mountain halls in mirth,
And gladdens each forest bower.
The sea his wide-stretched mirror is,
And he laughs at his dancing rays,
As they sport, in the pride of their purple bliss,
O'er Ocean's foam-clad ways.
Then let others boast of the mimic Moon,
With her feeble and borrowed light;
But I will sing of the mid-day Sun,
Full-robed in his splendour bright!

The night's pale host in his rays are lost,
And the chilly moonbeams die;—
Oh! he sitteth alone, like a king on his throne,
And filleth the boundless sky!

The lord of all bright things is he,
 From the rainbow's fleeting pride,
 To the comets which trace their fiery race
 Through the realms of Creation wide.
 Then let others praise the moon's dull rays,
 Or the dim stars' twinkling light ;
 But I will sing of the giant Sun,
 In the strength of his wondrous might !

Oh ! the sweetest joys which our bliss bespeak,
 Through his generous care we prove ;
 He plants the rich rose in the virgin's cheek,
 And moves her young heart to love !
 He ripens the stores of the vintage bowers,—
 Then blest be his beam divine !
 For love gilds the flow of life's darkest hours,
 And the brightest are cheered by wine !
 Then let others boast of the starry host,
 Or the dim-robed Queen of Night ;
 But I will sing of the Day's proud King,
 In the blaze of his glory bright !"

Among the essays we have been pleased with the idea of a national museum of personal relics which our author has broached, to be combined with the portraits and statues of illustrious characters. To this plan he attaches great usefulness as well as interest, imagining that it might contain sparks of grandeur that would ignite in many a mind, and blaze into greatness. Among the accredited relics which would adorn such a gallery he instances the following list, with which we close our notice.

" Amongst the more important and well-authenticated memorials preserved in the halls and cabinets of the nobility and gentry, and in our Royal and Public collections, may be enumerated the sword of that great and wise monarch, Edward the Third, reposing in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the armour of his illustrious son, the Black Prince, lately retained in the King's Guard Chamber. The sword of Henry Hotspur, Lord Percy, who was killed in the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting against King Henry the Fourth, is preserved at Petworth, while that of the immortal Wallace remains at Dumbarton Castle. The armour of Sir Philip Sidney is shown at Warwick Castle ; and at Buckland Abbey are the sword and shield, and other relics of the famous Sir Francis Drake, whose astrolabe, presented by myself to His late Majesty, is established at Greenwich Hospital. At the Heralds' College, London, may be seen the dagger of the gallant and unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland ; the crozier of the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, appears in the chapel of New College, Oxford ; and in the Ashmolean Museum are deposited various interesting relics of different periods. We learn from Granger, that the Duchess of Monmouth had a lock of Lady Jane Grey's hair, which ' looked as if it had been powdered with gold dust.' He also informs us that the Duchess of Portland had a pearl taken out of the ring of Charles the First's ear. The late Sir George Bromley possessed a ring containing a lock of that monarch's hair. The sword or dagger with which Sir William Walworth wounded Wat Tyler in the presence of King Richard the Second, in Smithfield, is still

extant at Fishmongers' Hall, the worthy knight having been a member of that worshipful fraternity. To come down to later times, it may be noticed, that the refracting telescope invented by the immortal Newton, the tube of which is constructed out of the cover of an old book, is preserved with great veneration by the Royal Society. I might add various other relics of different kinds, such as the sceptre of Mary Queen of Scots, discovered a few years since in Loch Leven; the tobacco-box and pipes of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the collection of the late Mr. Thoresby of Leeds; the celebrated ring given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Essex, still in the custody of one of his lineal descendants; but I shall conclude the list with the notice of an object of curiosity in my own possession, viz. the tobacco-box of Sir Francis Drake, constructed of the horn of some foreign animal, and bearing his arms beautifully and elaborately carved upon the lid, and having his name inscribed above the crest."

The Parent's Hand-Book; or, Guide to the Choice of Professions, Employments, and Situations: containing Useful and Practical Information on the Subject of placing out Young Men, and of Educating them with a view to particular Occupations. By J. C. HUPSON, Esq., Author of "Plain Directions for making Wills."

Perhaps of all the anxieties which agitate a parent's heart, that of the choice of a profession for a son is the most absorbing. On its decision may depend the developement both of the intellectual and moral faculties, the worldly prosperity, the credit, honour, fame, and happiness of those who are the dearest on earth to the parental heart. The certainty that so much of the future may depend on the choice of the present seems to throw an overwhelming balance into the scale, and when the subject has been considered and reconsidered, pondered on, and paused over, and viewed in aspects as various as the fluctuations of the feelings of the deliberator, the result is too often but a conviction that this matter of most vital importance and intense anxiety must after all rest, to all seeming, on the chances of a lottery.

Fully recognizing and estimating this anxious responsibility, we have the greater pleasure in noticing a work, the object of which is to offer information on a matter so important. On opening the pages of this little volume we were sensible of an often-recurring wonder, that things so palpably useful and desirable had not been done before, but as *late* is proverbially better than *never*, we are well pleased to reap the profit *now*. It is a melancholy truth that personal experience is never gained until the very process has rendered it unavailable, and glad ought we to be to receive such information as may save us from the bitter schooling.

The utility of this book consists in its having assembled together an account of the liberal professions—the church, the army, the navy, law, medicine; the fine arts, the public offices, &c. &c.,—and the manner in which these vocations and offices are to be best obtained; the various advantages which they respectively offer, and the amount of success to which they may fairly lead. The scope of the author has stopped short of actual trade, but we trust to see him carry out his

plan of offering parental advice and instruction to a still greater extent, and presenting us with another volume of enlarged usefulness, which may take in the details of trade, as we have here the occupations of a higher grade. Parents whose thoughts have turned to any of these specified professions, may here find the proper mode of introducing their sons into the needful noviciate, and not only of fitting them for it at the outset, but of counting the probabilities of ultimate success. The necessary expenses are all enumerated, and such plain statements made as must materially facilitate the needful steps.

There is much of sound observation in the following remarks.

"Let it be recollected, in the first place, how many employments, whereon in former times many thousands were dependent for a subsistence, have entirely ceased. The wants of society are continually varying, and while certain descriptions of labour fall out of use and become of no value, others are called into requisition. But no sooner has a new want been invented than capital and ingenuity fly to satisfy it, and mere labour is still left unrelieved. Turn in what direction we may, still this problem remains to be solved: by what means are those people to earn a title to support, or, in other words, how shall they ever have anything of value to give in exchange for the means of subsistence, who have nothing to depend upon but mere human labour and skill, to perform some work, which a piece of machinery, the property of an individual, performs with far greater speed and at much less expense? In every department of production, the necessity of employing human labour is superseded by a more rapid and cheaper substitute! It is easy to conceive a state of things in which the increasing and economising of the productive power of any society would, so far as plenty is concerned, be an unmixed benefit to the whole. If the land, labour, and capital of the country were common property, and his due proportion of both employment and fruition could be assigned to each individual, every new contrivance for abridging labour and increasing production would but add to the leisure and enjoyment of all. But it is no less clear that as human nature is constituted, a state of society which involves an absolute surrender by every individual of his own private will could not be endured for a single day. Still it is manifest, that if 5000 persons are employed in supplying some particular want of the community, and by such employment alone support themselves and families, the benefit conferred on that part of the community which remains unaffected by the change, when a method is discovered of supplying the same want by the employment of 100 persons only, instead of 5000, is very much qualified by the misery of the 4900 who are thus deprived of their means of subsistence. For mutual dependence is the very bond of society; but every effort of capital and invention is made to destroy this bond, and create a power comparatively and almost wholly independent of human labour.

"To those who attentively regard the different classes of society, it must be obvious that the increase in the number of young men now educated for professions is referable to the circumstances which have just been stated. Mind cannot altogether supersede mind, however it may supersede the functions of the hands; no machinery can unravel the intricacy of a law suit, or watch the variations of disease, and suggest and apportion the appropriate remedy, or scan the faculties of individual man, and place the truths of religion in the exact point of view in which they will become visible and appreciable. Yet even in these departments of labour, such has been the excess of the supply compared with the demand, that the necessities of those who have not found employment have driven them to devour the seeds which should have yielded to the future harvest.

Doctors and lawyers, for want of something more profitable, have sought for a living by teaching the uninformed how to escape disease and litigation. Still, however, the encroachments upon mental occupation are comparatively trifling, and must so continue. It would be a glorious world, indeed, if the necessity for bodily labour on the part of mankind could be wholly superseded and men have nothing to occupy them but the cultivation and exercise of their mental powers for their mutual improvement and gratification.

"For them no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep."

This book will perform the office of a friend to that large and most responsible class of our community—parents. It is distinguished by sterling sense and sound discrimination, and by that competency to offer advice which can only be rightfully assumed by the possessor of the most accurate information. Those who have youth under their guardianship cannot do better than consult this book in the choice of a profession.

Spiridion. By GEORGE SAND.

The singularly unfeminine mind of this lady, so well known to the world under her masculine soubriquet, never manifested itself more strongly than in this little work, which seems to belong to no class, being neither novel, romance, history, geography, essay, nor, indeed, anything else, unless we term it a rhapsody. So many wasted thoughts, and so much futile labour, we really regret to see expended to so little purpose, for certainly we never before threaded such a maze of circuitous reasonings, all leading to nothing, since we first learnt the physiognomies of our alphabet. At the very beginning of the book the note of preparation sounds, and every effort is made to stimulate the mind to the expectation of some great, some stupendous, some overwhelming consummation, and lo! the mountain brings forth a mouse. To our conception, this history appears like the turning of the back on light, and the groping into outer darkness; which, by some hallucination of the purblind, seems to be the very reverse—that is, the groping out of the darkness into the light. If out of the mysticism, and extravagance, and transcendentalism which are here congregated we can find any paramount purpose, we suppose it is the history of mind gradually breaking the chrysalis of matter, and bursting into the glory of the unrestrained liberty of crime, as developed in the coarse, the low, and the murderous atrocities of the French Revolution. Our authoress has purposed to be very tolerant of Christianity, and kindly counts upon it as a perfectly preparatory state of initiation to the sublimities of infidelity. The only part of the work sufficiently mundane to possess human intelligibility is at the outset, where we are introduced to a young novice in the seclusion of his convent, with a heart full of expanding affections, and a soul aspiring after truth. The gratuitous cruelty of his compatriot monks drives this youth to the verge of insanity and the grave, and from this point his mind receiving a new direction, we are carried through a history

of metaphysical mysteries, in which the strugglings of the spirit are attempted to be shadowed out to the very consummation of the refulgent liberty of France. We profess no sympathy with any, not even the faintest, reflection of this spirit. As a matter of principle, we utterly repudiate these assaults on Christianity, and, as a matter of taste, we revolt against them. If we could smile at impiety, we certainly should do so at such pertinent to nothing and suicidal sort of reasoning as the following.

“ ‘ It was for this reason that, following with attention the political movement that was going on in Europe, and seeing how chimerical had been my dreams of a day, how impossible it was to sow and to reap in so short a space, how men of action were carried away far from their end by the necessity of the moment, and how necessary it was to wander to the right and left, before taking a step along that untrodden way, I reconciled myself to my lot, and knew that I was not a man of action. Although I might feel within me the passion for good, perseverance, and energy, my life had been too much devoted to reflection; *I had comprehended the whole life of humanity with so wide a regard, that I could not, as in hand, take up the trade of pioneer in a forest of human heads.* I pitied, and I respected, those intrepid labourers, who, resolute to sow the earth, like the first cultivators, overthrew the mountains, broke the rocks, and, all breeding among the brambles and the precipices, struck down, without weakness and without pity, the formidable lion and the timid hind. It was necessary to dispute the soil with ravenous tribes, it was necessary to found a human colony in the heart of a world delivered up to the blind instincts of matter. All was permitted, because all was necessary. To kill the vulture, the Alpine huntsman is obliged to pierce also the lamb that he holds in his talons. Private woes lacerate the soul of the spectator, yet the general well-doing renders these woes inevitable. The excesses and abuses of victory cannot be imputed either to the cause of the war, or to the will of generals. When a painter pictures great exploits to our eyes, he is obliged to fill up the corners of his canvass with certain frightful details, which painfully move us. Here, palaces and temples fall amidst flames; there, children and women are crushed beneath the feet of horses; in another place, a brave man expires on the rocks, dyed with his blood. Yet, in the centre of the scene appears the conqueror, in the midst of a phalanx of heroes; the blood that has been shed takes nothing from their renown; one feels that the hand of the God of armies is raised before them, and the glory which shines on their brows announces that they have accomplished a holy mission.

“ ‘ Such were my sentiments for those men, among whom I had not wished to take a place. I admired them, but I was assured that I could not imitate them, for they were of a nature different from mine. They could do what I could not do, because I thought what they could not think: they had a heroic but romantic conviction that they were approaching the end, *and that a little more bloodshed would bring them to the reign of justice and virtue*; an error in which I could not partake, because, in retirement upon the mountain, I saw what they could not distinguish, through the mists of the plain and the smoke of the combat; *a sacred error, without which they could not have impressed on the world that great movement which it was obliged to undergo, before it could shake off its shackles.* For the accomplishment of the providential advancement of the human race, two kinds of men, in every generation, are necessary; the one all hope, all confidence, all illusion, who labour to produce an incomplete work; and the other all foresight, all patience, all certainty, who labour that that incomplete work may be accepted, es-

termed, and continued, without despondency, even while it seems to be abortive. The one are the sailors, the other the pilots: the latter see the rocks and mark them, the former avoid them, or are destroyed on them, according as the wind of destiny drives them to their safety or to their destruction; and whatever happens to either of them, the vessel goes on, and humanity neither perishes nor stops in its eternal course."

Selected Letters. Edited by the Rev. T. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain, in his short but suitable address, says, that "to familiarise people with the names of Taylor and Hooker, and Nelson and Kerr, and Walton and Jones of Nayland, is in itself a good work, and suitable to these times, when there appears to be a decided taste for reading, with but little discrimination as to the manner of gratifying it." We agree with Mr. Chamberlain not only in this opinion, but in the eligibility of his attempt to provide wholesome sustenance for this literary appetite. In presenting us with this selection, he has renewed our acquaintance with many an old and venerated friend, whose sentiments claim our respect, and whose works we perhaps too seldom refer to. For ourselves, we like old-fashioned things, old-fashioned people, and old-fashioned morality, quite as well, nay, somewhat better, than the old-fashioned furniture which new fashion has now resolved to reinstate on its old throne, and, therefore, the names of these the wise and the good, who are now speaking to us from their graves, or rather from their places in heaven, is both welcome to us and awakens within us a thousand pleasant memories. This selection must be more really valuable than any new work, inasmuch as it is culled from the best people's best; and we think that those who ponder seriously on the duties of life would find this a valuable present to the young in whom they wished to encourage a like feeling, or, in Bishop Hall's words, who think that "every day is a little life, and our whole life but a day repeated," and therefore, that the conduct of each day is matter worthy of all thought. The book is not set out by adventitious ornament, but its worth is real and substantial.

"REV. W. JONES (ON GOOD MANNERS.)

"Propriety of behaviour in company is necessary to every gentleman; for without good manners he can neither be acceptable to his friends, nor agreeable in conversation to strangers.

"The three sources of ill manners are—pride, ill nature, and want of sense; so that every person who is already endowed with humility, good nature, and good sense, will learn good manners with little or no teaching.

"A writer, who had great knowledge of mankind, has defined good manners as 'the art of making those people easy with whom we converse;' and his definition cannot be mended. The ill qualities above-mentioned all tend naturally to make people uneasy: pride assumes all conversation to itself, and makes the company insignificant; ill-nature makes offensive reflections; and folly makes no distinction of persons or occasions. Good manners are therefore in part negative: let but a sensible person refrain from pride and ill-nature, and his conversation will give satisfaction.

"So far as good manners are positive, and related to good breeding, there are many established forms, which are to be learned by experience and conversation in the world.

"But there is one plain rule, worth all the rest added together,—that

a person who pretends to the character and behaviour of a gentleman should do everything with gentleness; with an easy, quiet, friendly manner, which doubles the value of every word and action. A forward, noisy, importunate, overbearing way of talking, is the very quintessence of ill-breeding; and hasty contradiction, unseasonable interruption of persons in their discourse, especially of elders or superiors, loud laughter, winking, grimaces, and affected contortions of the body, are not only of low extractions in themselves, but are the natural symptoms of self-sufficiency and impudence.

"It is a sign of great ignorance to talk much to other people of things in which they have no interest; and to be speaking familiarly by name of distant persons to those who have no knowledge of them. It shows that the ideas are comprehended within a very narrow sphere, and that the memory has but few objects.

"If you speak of anything remarkable in its way, many inconsiderate people have a practice of telling you something of the same kind, which they think much more remarkable. If any person in the company is recommended for what they do, they will be instantly telling you of somebody else whom they know, who does it much better: and thus a modest person, who meant to entertain, is disappointed and confounded by another's rudeness. True gentility, when improved by good sense, avoids every appearance of self-importance; and polite humility takes every opportunity of giving importance to the company: of which it may be truly said, as it was of worldly wealth, 'it is better to give than to receive.' In our commerce with mankind, we are always to consider that their affairs are of more concern to them than ours are; and we should treat them on this principle, unless we are occasionally questioned, and directed to ourselves by the turn of the conversation. Discretion will always fix on some subject in which the company have a common share. Talk not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler; unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician at a concert. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats his company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl.

"The rules I have laid down are such as take place chiefly in our conversation with strangers. Among friends and acquaintance, where there is freedom and pleasantry, daily practice will be attended with less reserve. But here let me give you warning, that too great familiarity, especially if attended with roughness and importunity, is always dangerous to friendship; which must be treated with some degree of delicacy and tenderness, if you wish it to be lasting. You are to keep your friend by the same behaviour that first won his esteem. And observe this as a maxim verified by daily experience, that men advance themselves more commonly by the lesser art of discretion, than by the more valuable endowments of wit and science; which, without discretion to recommend them, are often left to disappointment and beggary.

"The Earl of Chesterfield has given many directions, which have been much admired of late years; but his rules are calculated to form the *petit-maitre*, the debauchee, or the insidious politician, with whom it would be totally unprofitable, and even dangerous, to converse. My late friend, the learned Dr. Delany, at the end of his anonymous Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks, published a short original discourse of Swift on Good Manners; which contains more to the purpose in one page of it, than you will find in the whole volume of the courtly earl, so highly applauded by ignorant people for his knowledge of the world.

"We are apt to look upon good manners as a lighter sort of qualification, lying without the system of morality and Christian duty, which a man may possess or not possess, and yet be a very good man; but there is no foundation for such an opinion. The apostle St. Paul hath plainly

comprehended it in his well-known description of charity, which signifies the friendship of Christians, and is extended to so many cases, that no man can practise that virtue and be guilty of ill-manners. Show me the man, who in his conversation discovers no sign that he is puffed up with pride; who never behaves himself unseemly or with impropriety; who neither envies nor censures; who is kind and patient towards his friends; who seeketh not his own, but considers others rather than himself, and gives them the preference,—I say, that man is not only all that we intend by a gentleman, but, much more, he really is, what all artificial courtesy affects to be, a philanthropist, a friend to mankind; whose company will delight, while it improves, and whose good will rarely be evil spoken of. Christianity, therefore, is the best foundation of what we call good manners; and of two persons who have equal knowledge of the world, he that is the best Christian will be the best gentleman."

The Hand-Book of the Elements of Painting in Oils, with an Appendix containing Sir Joshua Reynolds' Observations and Instructions to Students.

We like these little compendiums of instruction. There exists a numerous class to whom the tuition of professors is inaccessible, and it is one whose taste for intellectual pleasures ought to be provided for as far as possible. Many an inhabitant of a sick or solitary chamber may trace out visions of the sublime or lineaments of the beautiful, and, in endeavouring to embody his own ideas, may so be shaping out for himself a reality of peaceful happiness denied him in other ways. To the uninstructed student this little Hand-book will be found truly valuable. It will preserve him from vexatious blunders, and relieve him from the necessity of those often-tried and often-failing experiments which necessity compels him to adventure. Here the drudgery of finding out requisite material and requisite preparatory measures is obviated; all the needful supply of implements and pigments specified; a few brief but useful directions supplied; instructions for laying the palette; selection of colours; the preparation of grounds; the choice of subject; the first sitting for a portrait, and its tints; the second and third, with their requisite tints; backgrounds; draperies; tints for various coloured satins, velvets, and linens; advice on landscape painting, with the colours required, and other matters relevant to this exquisite art;—all good.

Ranke's History of the Popes, their Church and State, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated from the last edition of the German. By WALTER K. KELLY, Esq., B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin.

This work having already attained its reputation, we have but to speak of the form of its present edition. The one before us belongs to the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," and is neatly and economically got up. A great deal of matter is comprised in a small compass, while the type is clear, the paper good, and the whole arrangement eligible. We welcome these cheap editions of valuable works, because they extend their circulation widely, and carry them into hands to whom they would otherwise be unattainable. "Ranke's History of the Popes" is a book which we could wish to see in the possession of every Protestant.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL ANNUALS.

As the seasons vary, so change our tastes and dispositions; that which was gratifying to our creative fancies a few months past, now fades from our memories, and we conjure up new pleasures, vapid as they are transient. If it were not for this ever-varying round of changes, man's life would cease to find enjoyment in anything; it is the constant succession of blighted hopes, protracted ills, and mysterious misgivings, (with, now and then, a gleam of sunshine intervening,) that our everyday lives pass on—age creeps apace—and at last, we find ourselves nearing that goal, whence no traveller returns. Such is life—such are the fitful imaginings which lead us on, mid pain and anguish, pleasure or gloom; it is the hope of possessing something better, which may, or which may not, ever take place. We look to the bright side of everything—

“Hope is our soul's guiding star!”

and with her vivid fire ever before our wild and frenzied natures we pass o'er the pungent sorrows of to day, in the hope that the morrow will bring a happy release to our sufferings, and that our griefs seldom or ever remaining inmates of the heart long, will assuredly be counterbalanced by some unexpected and more appreciated pleasure.

In looking through the vista of time, say but one short twelve months, what changes have not taken place? whose heart, that was buoyant and happy then, has not ached? and whose cheering home and blazing hearth has not been chilled, in that short time, by some unforeseen change or other for ourselves and connexions. We answer, every one at home and abroad. Still are we the same sanguine creatures—the sportive jests of the passing hour—age cannot cure us, and Time will not. We remember with what pleasure we devoured the contents of the Musical Annuals this time last year, and then pictured in our minds *all* that was to be found in these books which even the most fastidious could wish for. We have now before us the *Bijou* for 1843, and all our former opinions, pastimes, and pleasures have faded from our thoughts in favour of the new one. So change, and change we again; but amidst all this seeming love for whatever is new, or unknown, we are free to confess, the present year far eclipses the past for genuine merit and variety. The writers are undeniable; and though many unknown names are to be found in its pages, still they enhance the value of the book, and deserve the support of the public—as fickle a being to please as ever veered the winds and elements of heaven: still we would say, she is well deserving attention and respect; for when she does take, munificent are her gifts, unbounded her patronage; and if ever a book deserved support, it is the *Bijou* that now adorns our library table. The order of the different contributors run as follows:—Sir Henry R. Bishop, eight pieces; Loder, eight; Crouch, six; Rodwell three; Barnett, three; with a host of others de-

serving mention, but which our limited space will not admit of reviewing singly. The poets are—Hemans, Crawford, Ryan, Planché, Burns, and Lord Byron. With such writers and musicians, who would question the merit of the book? The illustrations are, as heretofore, by the same talented artists, Brandard and Hanhart, and deserve our warmest commendations. The drawing of "The Idol of the Court," is quite a gem—a morceau that would stamp an artist at once. For the music by Loder, we would we could say more, but it is of that cast which bespeaks a hurried creation and an utter disregard of maintaining that high reputation in the art which he so ably and so successfully gained in his early career. We are most sensitive on this point, and lament to find a man of decided genius throw his talents away heedlessly, merely for the sake of scrambling a few guineas together. Edward Loder was a man of all others so situated to stand his ground, that no one could have encroached upon him; his articles indisputably of a very high order, and his success marked out for him by the reputation of a father whose popularity is known from the Land's End to John o' Grot's. Add to these advantages, the good fortune to be connected with one of our first music publishers, and who shall say his prospects were not brilliant to a degree? and yet we find his name attached to pieces as unworthy his rank and station as they are degrading to his masterly abilities. We are sorry to find this: where there is no *self-respect*, respect soon vanishes altogether, and the man who should have been the ornament of his profession, droops and fades, and passes away like the blighted rose; its sweets are lost, and though the stem exists, the canker, neglect, has come, and all the nurture in the universe cannot restore it to its pristine vigour. We have the same fault to find with two others as eminently successful as the former—John Barnett and his pupil Crouch; their portions of the book are as out of place as they are trivial. Sir Henry Bishop has some little trifles good in their way, particularly his new arrangement of the old popular song, "My pretty Jane," with new words, by Ryan, a poet whose praise we have ever felt ourselves bound to enhance, for in no instance has he submitted to the world a set of words unworthy his well-merited name. His "Songs of Erin" alone bespeak a mind out of the common order, and one prone to take a considerable stand in the eyes of the literary world. Some of the minor contributions have considerable merit; these, with the usual quota of waltz and quadrille, by Weippert, Musard, and Jullien, make up the contents of the Bijou for 1843. We had nearly placed ourselves without the pale of criticism, by omitting to notice an excellent selection of pieces from the new popular "*Stabat Mater*," by Rossini. These *recherché* movements add much to the intrinsic value of the book, and should our own best writers be found wanting in that spirit of originality, which has usually characterised their compositions—these adaptations to the last work of the great maestro would fully compensate any other deficiency. As a *bouidoir* present, no annual is more worthy a lady's acceptance, and we confidently recommend it, as its numerous pages contain many a gem not to be found every day.

Rossini's Stabat Mater. Arranged for the Pianoforte by HENRI HERZ. D'Almaine and Co.

One of those clever arrangements for the instrument in which this voluminous writer stands unrivalled—his passages are well conceived, and admirably written. With the exception of Czerny, no pianiste understands the nature of effects equal to Herz; his compositions are varied as they are charming, and his popularity coequal with their success. For those who admire the *Stabat Mater*, and are not gifted with a voice, Herz's adaptation of this great work will be found a desideratum.

We have likewise the "*Cojus Animam*" and "*Sancta Mater*," delightfully arranged by Glover, and the "*Propeccatis*" by Holmes—pieces well deserving the attention of pianoforte teachers, and highly creditable to the talents of the arrangers.

Whatever subject attracts the public attention for the passing hour, is sure to be the one to *fly* catch the writers of the day. Her Majesty having visited Scotland, nothing will go down nowadays but Scotch material. The tartan and plaid, the reel and the border ballad—all other subjects must vacate their reign for the one uppermost in our minds. Whichever way we turn, we meet nothing but Scotch songs, Scotch airs, Scotch quadrilles, reels, and waltzes; and lastly comes Czerny, with his "*Recollections of Scotland*," in the form of a brilliant fantasia—Of 674—well for such a prolific writer—and well has he executed his task. The fantasia before us must become a favourite one, as it deserves to be; it is skilfully handled, and will make a fine showy piece for our juvenile pianistes. We only hope the same masterly mind may do homage to the Irish nation, when it shall please royalty to visit the "*Children of Song*."

We have quadrilles by Weippert and Musard on the same now untiring theme, consisting of the national airs of the country. We need scarcely add, all that could be wished is to be found in these choice arrangements, as also in Weippert's "*Royal Philippa Waltzes*," and the "*Hero of Cressy Quadrilles*."

Tableaux Musicaux for the Pianoforte, by HOLMES; founded on an Air composed by PRINCE ALBERT.

This alone would stamp the work as something superexcellent; but be that as it may, our task is with Holmes, and not with the Prince. It is one of those kind of pieces well calculated for such a performer as the writer, but much too difficult for the generality of players.

Semiramide. Arrangements of this now popular Opera, by BURROWS, HERZ, DAVISON, and BRUGUIER.

Of the different degrees of talent possessed by these men the public already are made too well acquainted; suffice it to say, the composer has lost nothing in the hands of these arrangers; all that could be wished or desired will be found in their different pages; and to the lovers of Rossini we earnestly recommend these airs, either as simple pieces or duets.

Quadrilles, by DAVISON, from the same Opera.—The subjects well chosen, and admirably put together. This is another of our young rising musicians, who, if he mind his *route*, must eventually become one of our leading men. He has only to maintain the ground he has so ably marked out for himself, and success is sure to crown his labours. All that he has done has been finished like an artiste; all that he may eventually do must, with attention, prove creditable to himself and the profession. He, with all who have their reputation at heart, possess our good will and best wishes.

We have some of the vocal portions of the opera before us, (stating) as sung at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden; while other houses who publish the same music proclaim theirs to be the real "Simon Pure," and all others to be spurious. Whichever is just in these assertions we cannot determine; we have only to do with that edition published by D'Almaine in the present review, and we certainly admit that no words could be better adapted, and the music more correctly printed. We would especially particularize "Bel Raggio," "Bella Immago," and the "Preghiera."

Some forty or fifty new ballads occupy a place on our table, but to wade through them all in this number of our magazine would be a task beyond our patience, and an encroachment upon our limited space. We have, however, obeyed the dictates of conscience, and with critical eye played over some few, and commence with "*The Emigrant's Song of Sorrow*," purporting to be an Irish ballad, by one W. R. Dempster. We candidly admit, the only approach to Irishism which we can discover is in the words by our favourite Ryan, and in the lithograph, which represents a most Byron-looking emigrant, with a superabundance of neck and chest, sitting on a stile, and by the side of him a lackadaisical-looking piece of mortality in the shape of woman, sitting on *nothing*. With these exceptions, this *Irish ballad* would answer the purpose of any country who felt disposed to claim it as a specimen of their national music. A more pitiable attempt we never met with in all our experience, and we would recommend the composer to visit the "Green Isle," and study the beauties of her bardic melodies, ere he again disgrace a nation by such immeasurable nonsense, under the garb of Irish music.

My Heart is so Lonely.

A beautiful ballad, by EDWARD LODER, and as worthy the Irish people as it is creditable to his name. This is an Irish song, in every sense of the word, and must become popular; and if any one man could establish its reputation more than another, it is our popular Irish lecturer Crouch, whose judgment in selecting this song as one of his beautiful illustrations, and whose prolific writings on the merits of the country, fully warrant us in paying this just tribute to the merits of Mr. Loder, who shows in the songs before us what he *can* do, when love of his art conducts his pen, in place of maudlin plagiarisms, with which he so thoughtlessly blasts an honoured name. To the sons of Erin and her bright-eyed Colleens we render fealty, and unflinchingly state "My Heart is so Lonely" to be a song worthy the great Carolan himself. All who have musical taste will add to their gratification by possessing themselves of this ballad.

Gilla Mackree, and Aileen M'Shane,

The former is a primitive melody of the country, skilfully arranged by Roche, and forms another of Crouch's illustrations; the latter, by Horn, Junr., is rightly conceived, but not carried through; the first part of the *motivé* is certainly Irish, but after the sixth bar the composer has evidently lost sight of his subject, and wandered as far from the strains of "Auld Ireland" as we are from the passes of Cabul. However, there is much to admire and much to recommend in the song, and in all good feeling we advise this young writer to digest well his theme before he submits it to the critical eye of an Irishman, who, it is natural to suppose, looks with no inconsiderable share of jealousy on any production that purports to be after the style of his own melodious and harmonious country.

Here's a Health to Sweet Erin.

In our last number we gave the words of this song, and in a note stated that the Irish songs written by Mrs. Crawford comprised a portion of the great national work now in course of publication under the hands of, and set to music by, our principal Irish composer, F. N. Crouch, from whose fertile brain and prolific pen we have, with others, received so much unspeakable pleasure. Who that has heard his "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Dermot Asthore," and other songs, from the voluminous pages of his "Echoes of the Lakes," will not second us in this opinion? No writer since the bard Carolan has done such honour to the Irish nation as Crouch; his melodies speak the sentiments of his heart, and every passage breathes a passion that none but a son of Erin could impart: every word has its meaning, and every sentence bespeaks an attention to the merits of the poetess, which few of our modern composers deign to think of. In Crouch's songs there is a character wholly different—he embodies words and music in one continuous strain, which, bereft of

each other, both would fall nerveless and spiritless upon the ear of the attentive listener. Hear his "O'Donnell's Farewell and Blessing," "Sing to me, Norah," "The Patriot," "The Exile," "The Emigrant," and the romantic tale connected with the "Bells of Limerick Cathedral," and who shall say music's voice dwells not in his bosom? Every fresh outbreak tells the mind that works within; his voice pours forth the melody of his soul, and his correct taste prescribes that portraiture only which nature unbiassed would dictate. Proud must be that poet whose strains are wedded to such music, and prouder still that country which commands such a spirit.

Here's a Health to Sweet Erin. Dedicated to the Irish Nation. (Cramers.)

A song possessing all the latent fires of the bards of old—a spirit-stirring lay, and one that would melt the heart of an anchorite. It is strictly Irish, and though void of actual plagiarism, we detected in the first bar the intervals of "The Last Rose of Summer," and in the second part of the motivé, after the pause, commencing with that almost sacred melody, "O leave me to my Sorrow." This is the only instance in which we have found a semblance of Crouch's music to that of any other, and can only account for the present being so palpable, to the fact of these two melodies being portions of the Illustrations to his Irish Lectures. We would not attribute the fault to intention, because we know him to be incapable of such a paltry feeling, and his nature is too tenacious to rob another author of his just reward. Independent of this oversight, the song before us would do honour to any nation, and we predict that when the sons of the Emerald Isle shall have heard its subduing strains, that every Irish heart shall bound from its prison-house, to welcome that man who could pen such a lay. Truly may his "Echoes of the Lakes" be called a national work, and every succeeding number adds fresh laurels to the already crowded wreath; and if any additional charm were requisite to enhance the value of the work, it would be the fact that the poetry and the music are unquestionable, and that no matter what the grade of society—from the cutters of turf to the palace of royalty—all would be charmed in their recital, and honoured in their possession. To the votary for public fame this song will prove an invaluable acquisition; and whether in the hall or the saloon, all will be delighted in listening to "Here's a Health to Sweet Erin." Prosperity attend its career, and the days of its talented writers.

The National Psalmist. By CHARLES DANVERS HACKETT. *Consisting of Original Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Responses, Anthems, &c.; composed expressly for the work, by several celebrated Authors; also a copious Selection of Standard Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, &c. To be completed in Ten Monthly Parts. Parts I. to V.*

The public are in this work indebted to Mr. Hackett for a very valuable musical publication. The original psalm and hymn tunes

which it contains are the productions of many of our most eminent composers, and the selections comprise a variety of the most celebrated works of former ages. In his preface, Mr. Hackett has given an able view of the rise and progress of church music, which presents many interesting facts not generally known. We are much pleased to see so valuable a work published under such high auspices. At the head of upwards of two thousand subscribers stand the names of Prince Albert and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The work is beautifully printed, at the moderate price of 2s. 6d each part, and we are persuaded the public will look forward to its completion with great interest. We cordially recommend it to the attention of our readers.

MUSICAL WORKS IN THE PRESS.

"Songs of a Rambler"—being characteristic melodies of every country. Poetry by different authors, the music by F. N. Crouch. We can readily anticipate the pleasure we shall find in perusing this novel and interesting work.

"The Shaksperian Annual."—The poetry by Mrs. Crawford, the music by Bishop, Loder, Barnett, and Crouch. From the title of this classical book we augur much; the idea being to poetize some of the finest passages of the immortal bard's writings, and in such hands as Mrs. Crawford who can harbour a misgiving as to the result? We look anxiously forward to its appearance.

"The Queen's Pianoforte Album"—containing works of all the great masters.

The Third Part of "Arnold's Collection of Cathedral Services."—One of the finest publications of the day, and one that has long been required in our churches.

Sir Henry R. Bishop's sixth volume of Handel.

"Echoes of the Lakes"—now complete in one volume, containing twenty-four numbers, with a portrait of the author.

Crouch's "National Work." (Part I.)

"Irish Songs."—A work replete with interest, historical facts, and legendary matter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Father Oswald. A Genuine Catholic Story. 12mo. 6s.

Richard Savage. By Charles Whitehead. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

A Visit to Italy in 1841. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

Griffin's Works. Vol. VII. "Tales of the Jury Room." Royal 18mo. 6s.

Work and Wages. By Mary Howitt. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore. By Thomas Young. Post 8vo. 5s.

A Ramble in Malta and Sicily. By G. F. Angas. Imperial 8vo. 12s.

Environs of London. By John Fisher Murray. Western Division. Royal 8vo. 17s.

A History of British Forest Trees. By Pridemau John Selby. With Engravings. Demy 8vo. 28s., royal 8vo. 2l. 16s.

Spiridion. By George Sands. Translated from the French. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

- Attica and Athens.* By John Ingram Lockhart. 8vo. 9s.
Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. Second Series. Crown 8vo. 7s.
The Nabob at Home, or the Return to England. By the author of "Life in India." 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.
Life and Remains of Margaret Davidson. By Washington Irving. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
Affection's Keepsake for 1843. Select Poetry. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
The Remembrancer for 1843. Prose and Poetry. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
A Token of Love. Select Poetry. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, with an Introduction by Miss Agnes Strickland 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
The Natural History of Man, &c. &c. By H. Pritchard, M.D. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 30s.
American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. post. 8vo. 21s.
Hints to Cadets. By Lieutenant Postans. Post 8vo. 5s. 6d.
The Miser's Daughter. By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. With Illustrations by G. Cruikshank. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Whistle Binkie. Scottish Songs. Edited by Alexander Rodger. 24mo. 2s. 6d.
Peter Parley's Tales about China and the Chinese. Square 16mo. 4s.
The History and Topography of Wye. By W. S. Morris. With Plates. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
The Waldenses and Other Poems. By A. De Vere. Fcap. 7s. 6d.
Milner's Life of Dean Milner. Demy 8vo. 18s.
Prompt Remedies. Royal 32mo. 1s.
Widows and Widowers. By Mrs. Thompson. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Evelyn Howard. A Domestic Tale. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Two Years in China. By Doctor Macpherson. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.
Etruscan Literature and Antiquities Investigated. By Sir William Betham. 2 vols. 8vo. 24 2s.
Narrative of the Expedition to China. By Commander J. E. Bingham. 2 vols. 8vo., with Illustrations, 21s.
The Neighbours. A Story of Every-Day Life. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is now in the press. The subject is from our own history, and the admirers of "Rienzi" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" will know what to expect from the same distinguished pen, employed in delineating the characters and illustrating the manners of the English court during one of its most important eras.

A gentleman who has already distinguished himself by the able productions of his pen has in the press a new novel, entitled, *MID-SUMMER EVE*. It is, we understand, to appear early in November.

Dr. McPherson's *TWO YEARS IN CHINA* is just ready, though not in time for the review department in our present number. We shall pay early attention to this valuable work, which appears at a moment singularly opportune.

The Viscountess St. Jean's *TRAVELLING SKETCHES* are still delayed by the Prints, which have not been received from Paris.

Mr. Grant, author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c., has nearly ready a new work, entitled JOSEPH JENKINS; or, LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A LITERARY MAN. We understand the author goes over entirely new ground in his forthcoming production, and that, in point of variety, it will surpass any of his former works. The subject is certainly a very attractive one, and scarcely less so than those of Mr. Grant's most popular productions. It is to appear on the 8th instant.

Mrs. Jameson's HAND BOOK TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES is progressing.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our mercantile interests are so far improving that orders are more prolific, although prices do not materially amend. There exists, however, a strong confidence in the commercial world, that trade must rally and assume a position of greater activity. At present we are sorry to see that the aspect of affairs in the United States is discouraging. The continental efforts to confine commerce to their home markets continue to be strenuously employed, while in Germany great exertions are being made to exclude our cottons; on the other hand, our English graziers have felt considerable anxiety in consequence of the importation of cattle from Germany, Holland, France, and Spain. The arrivals of wheat from abroad have already been large. The demand for Manchester goods continues limited, and prices of some descriptions as low as before the disturbances, while on others there is a slight advance. In yarn the market is flat. In flannels the demand is brisk, though with little improvement of price. In sugar the prices are full. Teas have slightly fluctuated. In coffee prices have been sustained.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Friday, 28th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

India Stock, 253.—Consols, Acct. 93 three quarters.—Three per Cents. 93.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 101 three quarters.—Exchequer Bills, New, 1000l., 2d., 50s. pr.—India Bonds, 48s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 21.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three quarters.—Spanish, Five per Cents. Acct., 17 seven-eighths.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 100 one-quarters.—Portuguese New, 37 seven-eighths.—Brazilian, 64 one quarter.

MONEY MARKET.—Towards the latter end of the month there has been an increase of business on the Stock Exchange, large purchases of stock having been made at advanced prices. The receipts of the revenue have not equalled the expectations that the new Tariff had raised, particularly when it is considered that during the past quarter a large amount of it was derived from the duty on foreign corn for home consumption. Great satisfaction has been given to commercial men generally in the alteration of the hours of business on the Royal Exchange, which was carried into effect on the 18th of October, changing the time from three o'clock to four, instead of from four o'clock to five, which new regulation will necessarily produce a similar alteration in all banking houses. The new Bankruptcy Act is to come into operation on the 11th of November, when the present commissioners will go out of office.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPT. 27, 1842, TO OCT. 21, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 27.—R. H. Smyth, Cornhill, merchant.
—W. H. Ball, Kennington-cross, coach master.
—H. Simmonds, Leamington Priors, milliner.
J. Badcock, Shrivensham, Berkshire, grocer.—
H. Pava, Liverpool, master mariner.

Sept. 30.—W. Urquhart, Wellington-street, Strand, merchant.—H. T. Harrison, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, hotel keeper.—J. Fisher and W. Milner, Norwich, drapers.—J. Yarrad, jun., Spalding, Lincolnshire, grocer.—F. Sandon, Ragely, cabinet maker.—A. Blumenthal, Birmingham, wine merchant.—R. Lewin, Northampton, leather seller.

Oct. 4.—S. Yonnger, Great Tower-street, city, merchant.—B. J. Wood, Liverpool, optician.—A. Mathe and S. Moore, Liverpool, merchants.—B. Hargreaves, Manchester, tailor.—R. Harris, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.—M. Pearson, Workington, Cumberland, chemist.—S. Thorp, Manchester, merchant.

Oct. 7.—J. C. Smith, Woolwich, grocer.—W. Matthews, Bushey, Hertfordshire, carpenter.—J. M'Connell, Liverpool, tea dealer.—B. Holmes, Birmingham, bootmaker.—J. Barton, Levenshulme, Lancashire, victualler.

Oct. 11.—J. T. Boor, Lower Thames-street, eating-house keeper.—G. Ridley, Mincing-lane, wine merchant.—T. M'Conkey and A. Howie, Lambeg, Downshire, and of Lancashire, bleachers.—S. Thorp and T. Thorp, Manchester, merchants.—J. Thorp, Manchester, merchant.—G. D. Thomas, Wem, Shropshire, grocer.—A. Jacob, Manchester, merchant.

Oct. 14.—J. Bryant, King William-street, West Strand, bookseller.—R. Keen, West Hay, Glastonbury, Somersetshire, cheese factor.—L. Goodman, Tottenham-court-road, draper.—H. Brand, Cambridge, slater.—W. Castle, Warrborough, Wiltshire, sheep dealer.—J. C. Rawdon, Leeds, wool merchant.—E. Mansell, Chippenham, Wiltshire, upholsterer.—E. Burdell, Manchester, banker.—B. Jones, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, banker.

Oct. 18.—E. Fennell and R. Fennell, Aldermanbury Postern, City, warehousemen.—J. Coats, St. John-street, draper.—T. G. Martin, Great Winchester-street, Old Broad-street, city, wine merchant.—C. Allen, Devizes, cattle-dealer.—W. Hall and R. Rainbow, Tredington, Worcestershire, corn merchants.—W. Pugh, Bristol, cabinet maker.—W. Gorsuch, Liverpool, hotel keeper.—J. C. Rawdon, Leeds, wool merchant.—H. Barton, jun., Liverpool, merchant.

Oct. 21.—W. Starie, Cutler-street, Hondditch, carpenter.—M. Harris and S. A. Hart, Cullum-street, Fenchurch-street, merchants.—D. Brandon, Beech-street, Barbican, shoe manufacturer.—C. O'Neill, R. Salkeld, G. S. Digby, Newman-street, Oxford-street, ship owners.—S. Simson, Southampton, watchmaker.—W. Roworth, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, confectioner.—J. Cooper, Liverpool, provision dealer.—H. Barton, Liverpool, merchant.—W. East, Spalding, builder.

NEW PATENTS.

C. F. Guitard, of Birchin Lane, Notary Public, for certain improvements in the construction of railways. August 31st, 6 months.

C. Thatcher, of Midsomer Norton, Somerset, Brewer, and T. Thatcher, of Kilmersdon, in the said county, Builder, for certain improvements in drags or breaks to be applied to the wheels of carriages generally. August 31st, 6 months.

R. Hazard, of Clifton, near Bristol, for certain improvements in ventilating carriages and cabins of steam-boats. September 3rd, 6 months.

W. Rocks, of Princes End, Stafford, Mechanic and Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of mineral colours. September 3rd, 6 months.

W. Warburton, of Oxford Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of carriages and apparatus for retarding the progress of the same. September 8th, 6 months.

J. W. Robson, of Jamaica Terrace, Commercial Road, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery and apparatus for raising, forcing, conveying, and drawing off liquids. September 8th, 6 months.

J. Insole, of Birmingham, Saddler's Ironmonger, for improvements in the manufacture of brushes. September 8th, 6 months.

J. H. Tuck, of Francis Place, New North Road, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing candles. September 8th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing screws, screw-blanks, and rivets. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 8th, 6 months.

H. G. James, of Great Tower Street, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machines or apparatus for weighing various kinds of articles or goods. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Sept. 8th, 6 months.

W. F. Cooke, Esquire, of Cophall Buildings, for improvements in apparatus for

transmitting electricity between distant places, which improvements can be applied, amongst other purposes, to apparatus for giving signals and sounding alarms at distant places, by means of electric currents. Sept. 8th, 6 months.

T. Thirlwall, of Low Felling, Durham, Engine Builder, for certain improvements in lubricating the piston rods of steam-engines and of other machinery. Sept. 8th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, Lace Machine Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of figured or ornamental lace. Sept. 8th, 6 months.

T. Marsden, of Salford, Machine Maker, and S. Robinson, of the same place, Flax Dresser, for improvements in machinery for dressing or hackling flax or hemp. Sept. 8th, 6 months.

J. Wake, Jun., of Goole, in the county of York, Coal Factor, for certain improvements in propelling vessels. Sept. 9th, 6 months.

J. Rolt, Esquire, of Great Cumberland Place, Middlesex, for certain improvements in saddles. Sept. 15th, 6 months.

F. Bowles, of Moorgate-street, London, for a new method by machinery of preparing flour from all kinds of grain and potatoes, for making starch, bread, biscuit, and pastry. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of the York-road, Lambeth, Gentleman, and C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in fabrics produced by lace machinery. September 15th, 6 months.

W. H. James, of St. Martin's-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in railways, and carriage-ways, railway and other carriages, and in the mode of propelling the said carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to the reduction of friction in other machines. September 16th, 6 months.

J. Sanders, W. Williams, S. L. Taylor, and W. Armstrong, all of Bedford, Agricultural Implement Makers, and E. W. David, of Cardiff, for improvements in machinery for ploughing, harrowing, and raking land, and for cutting food for animals. September 22nd, 6 months.

P. Stead, of Halesworth, Suffolk, Maltster, for improvements in the manufacture of malt. September 22nd, 6 months.

J. Jukes, of Putney, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in furnaces. September 22nd, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

A notice was entered on the minutes at the London Electrical Society, that Walter Hawkins, Esq., M.E.S., F.L.S., &c., had presented the Society with a third specimen of the "Gymnotus Electricus;" it has unfortunately met with the fate of those which preceded it, namely, not to survive the voyage; it is at present in the hands of Mr. Letheby, who dissected the last specimen, from whom the Society will receive the results of further dissection. Mr. Hawkins expresses his intention of persevering until he secures for the Society a living specimen. The first paper read was a report of a fatal accident by lightning, at South Blaney, Cornwall, from Mr. Phillips, M.E.S. Several children had taken refuge in a low hut appropriated as a toll-house; within not many yards was a very high house, and also (on the other side) a crane, with its metal appurtenances. The flash rejected these, and struck the cottage; it appears to have divided itself among the indifferent conductors. Two of the children were killed, and the others more or less hurt. The notice was accompanied by a sketch of the hut and adjacent buildings. A translation, by Mr. Walker, of the commencement of "M. Becquerel's Researches on the Electro-Chemical Properties of Simple Bodies" was read. The series, of which this is the first, are truly practical papers, the object of the writer being to furnish practical information relative to the employment of the principles of electro-chemistry, in the several operations on metals from the mine to the fabricated work of art. He commences, after a forcible introduction, with gold; and, in the translated portion then read, alludes to the present mode of extracting the precious metal from the ore. The result of experiments on the waste thus incurred are then detailed, and directions are given as to the better methods of operating. The subject will be resumed at a future meeting. Some theoretical opinions relative to the non-identity of chemical and electrical affinities, by Mr. Prater, M.E.S., were then read. Mr. Weeke's "Electro-Meteorological Register" was then laid before the Society.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Midsummer Eve. A Tale. In 3 volumes.

There is a commanding interest in this work : it is not made to hinge upon the minor passions or more petty purposes of our nature, but has a loftier scope and larger minded aim. It is a tale of the Reformation ; its theme, the emancipation of men's minds from the thralldom of bigotry, and of a nation from the yokedom of superstition. Finely conceived and powerfully written, we follow the narrative with a thrilling interest, and are carried through scenes of stirring excitement and deep pathos, in which characters deeply engraven on the historic page are made to show their deeds before us. The date of the story is that in which the morose Philip of Spain and the moody and melancholy Mary shared the throne of England, and while the struggles between the old supremacy and the new-born Protestantism were all rife in the land. Of all the various forms of enthusiasms religious enthusiasm burns with the direst flame, and this it is which animates the hearts of the actors of this spirit-stirring drama. On the one hand it is "*compel* them to come in" to the pale of the church, on the other it is resistance unto death ; and in the fierce contest between these most intense of human emotions we have electrical effects of clashing energies. The author has proved himself well versed in the manners of the century and the scene which he has chosen to depicture. His description of the minutæ of manners, and his happy facility of describing places, seem to carry us over time and space to the very date and locality of his story. The dwellers in our great metropolis will find it curious to mark the changes which have been working as he daily passes to and fro, while those who are enjoying the quiet of a country house will realize from this able picture what London was in the sixteenth century. In this subordinate point of view alone the work is a valuable picture, proving research and the power of combining in no ordinary degree. The aspect of society is

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also ably marked in all its varying grades, from the bigoted queen upon her uneasy throne, with her heartless husband at her side, down to the merry city 'prentices, with their holiday sports and their quaint apparel. Our author possesses in a high degree that power of adaptation, that peculiar faculty of mind, which seem almost intuitively to enable their possessors to throw themselves in imagination into any new scene, to seize on its leading points, and to impress them life-like on the canvass of portraiture. This species of embodiment seems to bring his actors before us with a sort of truthfulness that approaches to verity. The faculty, too, of tracing out the various tortuous windings of the heart while prosecuting its most cunning purposes, is an eminent part of this author's power: by its means we behold the working of the passions as through some medium of transparency, and though the opposing strife sometimes assumes a fearful intensity, the interest deepens in proportion. Thus, when we are admitted into Queen Mary's privacy, in the scene succeeding her confessional, in a chamber of almost undistinguishable richness, from the solemn gloom and excluded light, save and except where its concentrated irradiation is cast upon the elevated image of the Crucified, and on the hapless woman wearing the mockery of a crown, emaciated, unloved, desponding, and mentally enslaved beneath the iron rule of a mistaking priest, and hearing from his lips the falsest of all lessons, that the violation of the innate laws of humanity is and can be acceptable to Him who made them, we connect at once the low-breathed words of the sick queen in her shadowed and shrowded chamber with the blazing burnings of the flames in Smithfield. It gives us an imposing measurement of the power of thought, when we consider that the whisperings of the mind of one solitary individual may prove the origin of actions, the effects of which may be perpetuated to the remotest generations. When Luther, in the secret chambers of the brain, first suffered the questionings of his bold spirit to have audience and discussion, little might he estimate the influence which those secret communings might bear on unborn generations; and though *thought* may not ever have this pre-eminence, yet it would be idle to endeavour to trace out the progressive course of one single spring of the mind in its future self-worked channel. The martyr's fires were set alight because a priest thought to please a Being whose chief attribute is love, by offering up to him whole holocausts of hate, and because a woman's weak reason overruled her yet weaker heart. Had Queen Mary had a stronger mind, it could not have been so deplorably misguided, and had she had a more feeling heart, its impulses would have had the mastery, and guided her aright. The deeply-impassioned description which our author gives of Smithfield and its burning piles, with the martyrs enwrapped in their robes of flames; the pulpit, with the preaching priest, violating, while he did so, his Master's law of love; the civic dignitaries beholding and effecting the accomplishment of the ecclesiastical sentence; the hirelings with their garb of office; the myrmidons and guards, the myriads of spectators peopling the arena, and the crowded windows, housetops, loops, and crevices, all dense with curious eyes, and prominent and conspicuous in the vengeful scene, Bishop Bonner, like the master-spirit of cruelty, ruling and dic-

tating all,—we say that we have here a scene containing elements of interest scarcely to be rivalled.

We do not enter more openly into this fine dramatic tale, because we believe that it will be widely read: but we turn from the doings to the doers. The actors are finely imagined, and their actions so justly consequent upon their characters, that we at once are struck by the truthfulness of nature. Each person does what he or she alone could properly do; one single action committed by another person would have distorted the tale; and this consecutiveness may be carried even into the language of every character in the book: not a sentence would bear transposition: not one but would suffer from different utterance. The most touchingly depicted and the most poetically imagined is, however, the little blind girl, the humble net-maker, the simple, childlike, yet most acute of Nature's children, who sometimes, but rarely, in cases few and far between, shows how much intellect may be associated with how much innocence. This is eminently the case with poor blind Annot Palmer; and these opposite characteristics are eminently developed while standing helpless and alone before the appalling ecclesiastical commission. Contrasted with this gentle, loving, trustful, and simple being, we have Ralph the Fool, in whom it is difficult to know whether his brains are in the right place, though it is easy enough to see that his heart is. Anne Granville is another beautiful specimen of right feeling and beautiful girlhood: we seem to see her on her birthday arrayed in her jewelled garb and surrounded by her kinsfolk, and to be spectators with them of the right old English games of the day. The knight, her father, is a fine specimen of the old noble national aristocracy, with a pride and a generosity commensurate with each other, and encircling home, tenantry, neighbourhood, and even country, as things, every jot of which were to be cared for and protected. The good old Tonstall, too, the Bishop of Durham, is happily introduced as a redeeming balance to the vengeful men with whom he is associated, while Bishop Bonner moves the dark spirit of the whole.

It is time for us to close our notice, though the work is one so fruitful in suggestive thoughts and reflections that it is difficult to leave it. For interest, for vigour, for power, for pathos, for active energy and life-like portraiture, it may fairly take its place among the highest of its class.

We give a scene of the doings of England in the sixteenth century.

“ ‘Open the door,’ interrupted the Bishop; ‘and let us see what order is within—a rare filthy nest, I warrant.’ ”

“When the door was opened, the Bishop started back aghast at the sight; then calling on the knight and the chaplain to follow him, rushed into the church. There was little of a very frightful nature visible: it was a small church, of which the floor was covered with rude seats of ancient wood; the walls of clear white were inscribed with a dozen sentences of holy writ, and the communion table was covered with a plain cloth. But of all the horrors imaginable to man, this was the worst, in the opinion of Dr. Bonner.

“ ‘Look there, sirs! look there, Doctor! look there, Sir Thomas Granville! Saw ye ever before such a den of filth as this? By my father’s

soul, I never saw the like, and I pray God these cursed walls do not tumble on our heads. Follow me! follow me!

"The Bishop strode up to the chancel, where was a reading-desk similar to the one at the door: he rushed up to it, and having glanced into the book, wrenched off the iron chain, and threw the folio away with all his might.

"*'Bibles! Bibles!'* cried he; *'nothing but Bibles. By God, this parish ought to be burned to the ground with every soul; for if there had been a single Christian in it, such a vile hole as this could not have been so near London and I not know it. Would you believe, sirs, that yonder book is the Bible—Coverdale's Bible, which was ordered to be destroyed a year past? By God, sirs, the worst book ever brought into the realm! for it hath made more heretics than all other. Now, John Smith—hey, you villain, what art thou?'*

"The cause of this last exclamation was, that as the Bishop turned towards the churchwarden, he observed a person take up the Bible, and place it very carefully on the desk. This person, as he turned about, the Bishop discovered to be Master Barker, the minister.

"*'God-a-mercy, fellow!'* quoth the Bishop, *'thou art bold to take up a book that I have cast down.'*

"*'It is the Holy Bible, my lord.'*

"*'The holy devil, knave! Art thou the parson of this church?'*

"*'Yea, my lord.'*

"Then didst thou not receive our mandate ordering thee to erect a well-favoured rood of goodly stature, and other necessary ornaments of the altar, while thou hast nothing but a table?"

"Please you, my lord," interposed the churchwarden, "the old rood was pulled down in Edward's time, and now we be so poor we cannot—"

"Get thee out, fool!" cried the Bishop, "I will have thee to give answer at my consistory in Paul's, and thence thou wilt go to Newgate. But, Barker, what meaneth these writings on the wall, taken out of yonder forbidden book? Did I not send thee, on the 15th of October last, that thou shouldest abolish and extinguish such scriptures and paintings on thy walls, so that by no means they could be either read or seen, warning thee that thou and thy churchwardens, yea, and thy parishioners, too, should appear before us, and be excommunicated for lack of doing it? Didst thou not receive my mandate?"

"Yea, my lord."

"Then why hast thou not obeyed it?"

"Please you, my lord, to hear me patiently; I will explain it."

"Patiently, knave!" the Bishop began to bawl, when the Knight stopped him by observing—"I pray you, my lord, hear the worthy priest; it seemeth to me unreasonable that a man should be condemned without a hearing."

Bonner then maintained a sullen silence while Barker said—

"My lord, I was ordained to the ministry of Christ by Dr. Cranmer, in the time of King Edward. There were then the rood, the pix, the altar, and all other necessities for performing the popish ceremonies—"

"Popish! thou rascal!" cried the Bishop, "dost thou not know that word is forbidden?"

"I beg pardon, my lord, I would say the Romish church—"

"Nay, why sayest thou not the Catholic church?"

"I mean, my lord, the church in which you are a bishop. I was commanded by my bishop to renounce those things, and in their stead to place a Bible conveniently in the church, and the Book of Homilies in the porch, and to write certain portions of Scripture on the walls for the edification of the people; these orders I obeyed, as I was bound to do."

"The bishop would not dispute that, as he had in some measure

obeyed the laws of the church in Edward's time; he contented himself with demanding—

“‘Why, then, dost thou not obey the present laws, which come with greater authority than any other?’

“‘My lord, I see it is very common for men to change the object of obedience according as monarchs and fortunes change, and ambition directeth them; but I have no ambition but to do my duty in a little poor village like this. I will not say what I might do if I had belonged to the priesthood in Henry's days; but I was ordained under Edward, and expressly taught the things which your lordship forbids; and the oaths I then took I cannot be loosened from. My connexion with the English church knoweth nothing of the rood and the altar; and, my lord, they cannot, I think, be imposed on me; for if they can, the laws of man be stronger than the laws of God.’

“‘No, man; but thou art bound to obey the just laws, and observe the true religion, even though thou hast sworn to the false.’

“‘I know not, my lord: every man thinketh he hath truth, and there is no sure judge but conscience. But having been sworn to observe the faith which was lawful in Edward's days, and which I believe is according to the express Word of God, I am bound to pursue it. The Word of God can never be like the passions of men which change with every circumstance. The command even of a king cannot absolve me from the oaths taken to God, for if they can, the faith of men must follow the successes of battles, or treason, or murder; the man that hath rule maketh the faith, and I must be bound to obey the commands of Mahmoud, if the Grand Turk conquer this country.’

“There was something in this speech that grated on the ears of Dr. Bonner, although it was uttered in an humble manner; and almost before Barker had finished his sentence, his lordship rushed towards him, crying—

“‘Turks! thou—thou ribald knave!’ and raising his hand, struck at him. Sir Thomas Granville, probably fearing the bishop might commit himself, stepped forward to beg for peace, when his lordship's holy and heavy fist came full on his ear, and sent him spinning against the benches two or three yards off.

“‘What meanest thou by that, priest?’ cried Sir Thomas Granville, highly indignant at this blow; but the bishop made no reply, being struggling with his chaplain to get at Master Barker.

“‘I ask thee, Dr. Bonner, what thou meanest by striking me?’ he cried again. ‘Let me tell thee that no man, whether priest or soldier, shall strike me with impunity.’

“‘And what meanest thou by thou-ing me, thy Bishop? I tell you, Sir Thomas Granville, that I grievously suspect you; and as soon as my suspicions are verified, neither thy knighthood nor thy soldiership shall save thee. Nobler names than thine have been dealt with for heresy, and shall again.’

“‘False priest, I defy thee!’ cried the Knight. ‘None of my family have ever been tainted with heresy, and none have borne the chastisement of a priest.’ I have fought the battles of three monarchs, and my forefathers have been foremost wherever England required brave men, whilst thy ancestors have borne trenchers and scowered pewter in kitchens! and thou, to strike and revile me! I will appeal to her majesty against thee, and if I do not tie thy hands and thy tongue, never trust me!’

“‘I spit upon thee, thou heretic!’ cried the Bishop, out of his senses with passion.

“‘Englishmen!’ cried the Knight to the parishioners, who had flocked in considerable numbers to the church. ‘Englishmen! you hear how this shaven priest revileth brave men. Take away Master Barker with

you, and keep him out of the man's hands. I give you notice I will put up a rood at my own charges, and I will at once appeal to her majesty, who will stop this wild beast."

"Master Barker would have stayed and besought a further hearing, but the Knight was now as imperious as the Bishop, and the people obedient to him, and anxious for the fate of their minister, forced him away."

"Now, Dr. Bonner, you may tarry here as long as it pleaseth you," said the Knight; "but I warn you that I am sworn to keep the peace of her majesty's subjects, and shall send down a body of my servants to watch over this village if you do not depart; and as I promise to set up a rood in this church, any violence put on the people will be at your peril. And you know you dare not do more than cite suspected persons to appear before you in a lawful court."

"Having said this, the Knight strode out of the church, mounted his horse, and rode away with his servant."

Joseph Jenkins; or, Leaves from the Life of a Literary Man. By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c. &c.

The author of these volumes tells us in his brief preface that he appears on this occasion in a new walk of literature: we can scarcely agree with him, for we rather find a continued series of those pictures of life, chiefly portraiture of the leading features in our great metropolis, than an imaginative history of some adventurous hero. We see in our daily experience that men take up some peculiar line of observation, for which either acquired bent or native talent best fits them, and entering ardently upon it, concentrate together all its points of interest, ransack its dependencies, trace out its contingences, track its source in the past, speculate upon its probabilities in the future, and, in short, devote their faculties to its prosecution. It is thus that we are furnished with far more perfect views of existing things than if we were dependent upon a changeable class of observers. The world profits largely from this devotion of men to peculiar subjects, and thus it is that we are indebted to Mr. Grant for the fullest and fairest picture of the town in all its aspects than could be gathered by even a collection from other sources. No man has seen more of the behind scenes of busy life, and no man has better preserved his impartiality in the contemplation. He "nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice." In his various works he has given us most faithful pictures of the different grades of condition. It may well be said that he has Daguerrotyped society. He has shown us the strings that move the puppets: the secret motive which influences the public action; and, as we said at the commencement of these observations, Joseph Jenkins ought rather to be considered as a continuation of those clear-sighted expositions than as a work of imagination. Mr. Grant is not cursory, does not strike off the more effective features in his scenes of life, and leave the rest in obscurity, which sometimes it must be owned, enhances the interest, but he sifts matters through and through, and shows us the whole and not a part. In short, in reading Joseph Jenkins we have renewed our opinion that we rise from the perusal of

his writings with a feeling of *experience*. We feel a little of its bitterness arising from the very reality of the flavour which confirms us in the belief that it most resembles that valuable article.

In adventuring on a work of fiction, Mr. Grant has changed the medium in which he has produced his views of society rather than entered on a new field. In the person of Joseph Jenkins he shows us a continued series of his books of life. Born in the north of Scotland, our hero is left, by his mother's death, his income dying with her, with an empty purse but a fruitful brain. He comes to London, and is at once thrown into literary life. No man was better able than our author to portray what that life is, and we doubt not but he has drawn upon his own experience. There is a stamp of reality upon his descriptions, a sort of impress of truth upon the coinage, which altogether removes it from the suspicion of its being but a forgery of the imagination. In this light it is more valuable, though it may be less racy. Plunging at once into the dangers of publishing and typography Joseph Jenkins shares in the early fate of Milton—neglect—hoping also to share his after fate of celebrity. This, his initiation into the mysteries of literature, conducts us through a series of scenes and secrets which will doubtless prove amusing to the public, though we must needs say that our hero seems to have been used quite as well as he deserved, and was doubtless more prosperous than many a more discreet man—and here we are assuming the truth and forgetting the fiction, which Mr. Grant's preface authorises us to do. Joseph Jenkins' entrance on a literary career immediately gives occasion for that succession of scenes which we have said may be looked upon as a sort of continuation of those well-executed views of society, in which lies our author's peculiar merit. Thus the perils of authorship, the state of literary criticism, the *mode of managing* London literary critics, are fully expatiated upon. Another aspect displays the practical mirth of the two societies called the "Cogers," and the "Eccentrics," in which there is a good deal of amusing matter and all true history: then we have Metropolitan Demagogues and a Socialist Meeting; and from thence we follow the falling fortunes of our hero from step to step, first of amusing difficulties and then of abject poverty. We are now made merry with the view of Joseph Jenkins being taken up on a charge of murder for merely muttering horrible things that he would do with a heroine of his own in a work he was concocting; and as his fortunes more and more declined, we find him advertising for a wife and jilted with billet-doux; we then shudder to see the educated man in a state of starvation, almost in the last stage of destitution, exposed to the pelting of the pitiless wind and rain on a garret floor. Such is life, however, and Mr. Grant has faithfully painted it; but happily, like life too, the scene brightens, and reformation of doings brings reformation of condition. On the whole, as a work of imagination, we might have laid objection to the account of Joseph Jenkins; as a picture of society, it is, however, far more valuable, and its moral purpose is unimpeachable. In these two last points of view, the book deserves to take its place with the other works of its author, rather than to have the mere ephemeral existence of novelty which usually attends the modern novel.

"It is a rule of 'The Eccentrics,' that no person shall be admitted into their room, who is not a member. The only deviation from this rule, with which I am acquainted, was made about a quarter of a century ago. The circumstances connected with it were very amusing. Those who know anything of metropolitan matters at that period, will remember the interest which the 'eccentricity' of Mr. Coates—commonly called Romeo Coates—then occasioned in the public mind. Among other extraordinary whims which this singular individual—who, it ought to be mentioned, was a gentleman of fortune—was seized, was that of distinguishing himself as an actor. He accordingly appeared on the boards of Covent Garden, to the infinite amusement of the town, in several of the leading characters of our most popular dramatists. Romeo, in Shakspeare's tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet,' was his favourite character; and hence it was that he was nicknamed 'Romeo' Coates, the name by which he is still known in Boulogne, where he has resided for many years, and where, it will be remembered, he contrived to obtain an interview with, and to elicit compliments from, Louis Philippe, when that monarch, a few years ago, visited that part of his dominions. The exhibitions of 'Romeo' were so ludicrous, so outrageously absurd, so unlike anything that could ever have entered into the minds of the dramatists themselves, or into the conception of anybody but 'Romeo' himself—that persons flocked to Covent Garden every night of his performance for the purpose of laughing at him. In one of his favourite parts, where the piece wound up with his murder, the audience, always in sheer ridicule—which, however, he mistook for the warmest admiration—encored the murder scene three or four times, so that poor Romeo had to endure the terrors and suffer the pains of three or four murders, without the interval of a few minutes between them to give him time to breathe. On one occasion, when personating the character of the 'gay Lothario,' in the 'Fair Penitent,' he made a false step, and fell most awkwardly on his back, his heels mounting high in the air. The audience were convulsed with laughter, and some wicked wags encored that scene also. Then, again, whenever he had occasion to throw himself at the feet of the histrionic mistresses whom he adored, he deliberately laid a snow-white cambric handkerchief, which he always had in readiness for the purpose previous to kneeling,—on the stage.

"The newspapers, one and all, feeling the legitimate drama to be brought into disrepute by the acting, if acting it might be called, of this modern Romeo, assailed and ridiculed him day after day. Still he persevered until he had gone the round of his favourite characters. Just as he had completed these, the idea occurred to some of the 'Eccentrics,' and was at once adopted by all, of voting an address of congratulation to him on the manner in which, as an actor, he had acquitted himself; and requesting him to visit their place of meeting on a given evening, for the purpose of receiving it. This he agreed to do. The master of 'Eccentrics,' as might be expected, was unusually great on the occasion. Romeo was punctual to the time appointed. The chairman, as a matter of course, undertook to present the address; and his speech was redolent of the badinage with which the address abounded. The latter hailed the advent to the boards of our national theatres of the greatest histrionic genius that had appeared since the days of Garrick. In Mr. Coates, the 'Eccentrics' saw the man that was destined to restore the legitimate drama to its wonted glory. Already all the other tragic actors were trembling, as well they might, for their popularity. The daily and weekly press was bribed by them to ridicule and assail their (the Eccentrics') illustrious visitor on that occasion. It was even confidently asserted, that John Kemble, conscious he could not stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Coates, actually contemplated an immediate retirement from the stage;

and, as Mr. Kemble had not appeared on the boards of Covent Garden for some time, it was actually believed by many that he had already, mortified at the unparalleled success of his rival, abjured the histrionic profession. Mr. Coates had the merit of furnishing the metropolitan public, by his original mode of acting, with a variety of new and felicitous readings of Shakspeare. He had discovered meanings in sundry passages of that great dramatist's works which none had ever seen in them before. Mr. Coates could boast of histrionic triumphs never achieved by any other tragedian, however distinguished. There was not another instance on record in which the party murdered played the murder scene with such signal success, as to draw down universal and deafening *encores* from all parts of the house. The 'Eccentrics' therefore felt, in common with all lovers and appreciators of the legitimate drama, the deepest obligations to Mr. Coates; and they could not, either in justice to him or to their own feelings, forbear taking that opportunity of expressing their sentiments in their collective capacity as 'Eccentrics.'

"The speech of the chairman, and the address of the 'Eccentrics,' were loudly cheered throughout,—Mr. Romeo Coates standing beside the chairman, and drinking in every sentence with ineffable delight, because he deemed the whole to be perfectly sincere.

"Mr. Romeo Coates rose to return thanks. 'Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,' he proceeded to say, 'never, I assure you, in the whole course of my—'

"'Mr. Chairman,' cried a voice from the farther end of the room, 'Mr. Chairman, I am sure I only express the feelings of every 'Eccentric' present, when I say that it would be the greatest intellectual loss we ever sustained should we miss a single observation of our illustrious visitor, in the speech he is about to make. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear!' in the midst of which Mr. Romeo Coates gracefully pressed his hand to his heart.) It would therefore be a particular favour if our distinguished friend would raise his voice as much as he can, as some of us are here eighty feet distant from the spot whence he is about to address the meeting.'

"Mr. Romeo Coates made a low bow, and proceeded, in ludicrously loud tones, to say—'This, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is, I solemnly assure you, the happiest—'

"'I am exceedingly sorry,' interposed an 'Eccentric' in a corner of the room, 'again to interrupt the honourable gentleman; but, for my own part, I am not only unwilling to lose a syllable of his eloquence, but it would be to me an infinite pleasure to *see* Mr. Coates whilst delivering his speech. And, gentlemen, (here the speaker cast his eyes significantly round the room,) do not your bosoms heartily respond to the sentiment? Do not you share in the feeling?'

"Deafening cries of 'Yes, yes!' burst from all parts of the room.

"'May I therefore,' resumed the 'Eccentric' in the corner, 'take the liberty of expressing what I know is the universal feeling, that Mr. Coates would get upon the table, so that we may all have the pleasure of *seeing* as well as hearing him?'

"Romeo Coates mounted the table and made a low bow, amidst tremendous plaudits, his cambric handkerchief floating from his hand."

And on the table we must leave Romeo Coates, referring our readers to Joseph Jenkins for his speech.

Life and Times of Louis Philippe King of the French. By the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A. author of "Life and Reign of William the Fourth," "Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington," etc. etc.

It is not without justice that the King of the French is called the Ulysses of modern days. Educated in the school of adversity, the rough teaching inspired him with a prudence that it would have been vain to have looked for as the fruit of any other process. Doubtless the seed fell into good ground, since, instead of withering and dying, it has brought forth the hundred fold of produce—for, unless there is some suitableness between the soil and the sowing, we must look in vain for the harvest. No course of suffering will ever make a fool wise, though it may and does perfect prudence, and make an apt man pre-eminently wise. If we needed confirmation of this truth, we have but to look around us, for among the multitude who are daily reaping the bitter fruits of their folly, how few of them are the better for the discipline, thus amply refuting the old adage, that experience maketh even a fool wise, when we have it from a higher authority, that you may bray a fool in a mortar without effecting a cure.

That his life of trial should have had the result of perfecting the native faculties of Louis Philippe, sufficiently proves what those faculties originally were. All parties must look on him as a great man—great, not in the sense of lofty actions, for patience rather than daring has been his distinguishing characteristic—but great in the sense of that calm philosophy which can endure and wait, while lesser men would waste their energies in futile action. There are many situations in which doing relieves the mind, though it plunges the actor into deeper difficulties; but to be a bystander while our own interests are at stake requires far higher heroism. The instances may be few in which it is wiser for a man to let others play the game on which hangs the hazard of his destiny, but they are real: and eminently so in the case of Louis Philippe. Had he once unsheathed his sword in the many openings in which his impulses or his opportunities courted him to do so, he would, in all human probability, never have worn a crown; but he forbore, and the result is, that the wandering and homeless youth, often on the brink of beggary, is now the wealthiest monarch in Christendom.

The result of early education was never more strongly marked than in the case of Louis Philippe. The character of Madame Genlis has always been a riddle to us. We cannot bring ourselves to doubt that, to the best of her great ability, she educated the children of the Duke of Orleans virtuously, honestly, and intellectually. We believe it to be possible that the mind may indulge in one great wrong, and endeavour to compensate by a life of industrious right. The pride of educating princes, a task heretofore solely committed to men, might have its share; but though with great and sentimental pretension, Madame Genlis certainly arrived at excellence. She had the rare art of attaching her pupils enthusiastically to herself, even while she rebuked and coerced them. By exciting a sort of enthusiastic

admiration of self-denial and personal endurance, the minds of the children committed to her care found actual pleasure in deprivations. We remember an instance in which it was discovered that one of the daughters of the duke had deprived herself of firing during a part of the severest winter for the purpose of relieving the distress of an old woman; and we find Louis Phillippe appropriating his entire pocket money for like purposes. The princes were assuredly brought up to be familiar with self-denial—happily so, since it made privation of body no new thing to them. They were accustomed to hardy exertion, slept on the hardest pallet, were braced with gymnastic exercises, taught to swim, to dig, to labour like mechanics, and thus were unconsciously being fitted the better to endure that life of hardship which was subsequently to become their lot.

But in the midst of this doubtless most wise training, altogether so new to princes, Madame Genlis was at the same time instilling that devotion to the so called cause of liberty, that was then spreading like poison through the veins and arteries of the nation. Clothed in the fascinating language of his preceptress, bedecked and garlanded as the loftiest heroism, all its vile features veiled, all its aspects deified; made to assume the semblance of the purest and tenderest humanity, the most generous recognition of the equal rights of man, the most disinterested surrender of the honours of lineage, no wonder that a boy of warm and ardent temperament should see regeneration of all good and holy things in the oncoming of that revolution which was to be the equalization of the human race—more especially when its chief leader was in the person of his own father. Bitter experience had not then proved the impious and the bloody mockery, and the young Duke of Chartres drank in democracy with his vital aliment. Still, it must be remembered that he was a sufferer of the penalties, not a sharer in the spoils, of this infamous crew. The sin of his birth could never be forgiven him by men who knew that its rights might one day be reclaimed, and that the more of the blood of his lineage was shed the nearer it brought his pretensions to the throne. Therefore it was that honest integrity in a mistaken cause availed him nothing, and after fighting the battles of the democrats he was doomed to proscription and malignant persecution. It would be difficult, even in the copious history of the world, to find a life of more eventful changes than that of Louis Philippe. While yet young in years, driven forth a homeless wanderer, with the memory of a murdered father, separated from a doting mother, divided from a persecuted kindred, and often all but a beggar, we follow the fortunes of the boy, the man, the citizen, the king, with an interest which is the result of reality. Through all temperate, uncomplaining, self-denying,—through all loving his country too well ever to draw his sword against it,—through all waiting, prudent, and forbearing,—circumstances have been working for him rather than he working for himself; for while his early implanted principles remained to leaven his mind, and the nearer scions of the house of Bourbon retained all their devotion to the old *régime*, neither following the tide nor bending with the storm, obstinately refusing to humour a spoiled people or to meet them on any middle ground of association, no result could have been looked for

but that the eyes of France should turn to the man whose early education had given them a common bond of union, and whose birth made him eligible to the election—for election placed Louis Philippe on the throne in defiance of the rights of primogeniture. In truth, the king of the French is eminently a revolutionary monarch.

We know of no biography that could have proved more deeply interesting from its eventful nature, and from the public position of its subject, than that of the one before us. Mr. Wright has treated it ably. He, perhaps, has the pardonable fault of leaning with too strong a partiality to the subject of his memoir, but we know that this species of favouritism grows upon an author as he proceeds in his work, and is difficult to be evaded. We allow that the merits and the trials of the prince excuses, if it does not warrant, such a leaning; but from first to last, Mr. Wright discovers neither speck nor shadow in the brightness of his character. We have said that no memoir could have been selected more deeply interesting than that of Louis Philippe, and we say also that few biographers could have been found who would have accomplished the task more satisfactorily.

Among those extraordinary vicissitudes of life for which the subject of this memoir has been so remarkable, is a passage of travel in America, in which the descendant of kings is divested of all but his manhood, and without any external resources. He had been joined by his two younger brothers, and in the enjoyment of their newly-recovered liberty they were wandering among the provinces, the wildernesses, and the newly sprung up towns of that vast continent.

Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret M. Davidson. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

The celebrated name attached to this little work is eminently calculated to attract public attention to its contents. The elder sister of the subject of this biography has already been signalized for precocious talent and poetical power, and her early death invoked a species of sad and softened sympathy which became associated with her memory, to embalm and preserve it. Talents are occasionally found as a sort of lineal heritage, a species of family possession in which every member has a share, and thus it seems to have been with the Davidsons. The mother and her daughters appear to have been alike gifted; and it is impossible to contemplate the deep but uncomplaining anguish of the maternal heart, while drooping at the untimely gathering into the grave of two such daughters, without feeling that the more exquisite may be the affection, the more intense must be the sorrow. The notice which had been brought upon the posthumous works of Lucretia Davidson, joined to some knowledge of her relatives, had occasioned the author of the "Sketch Book" to feel an interest in the family, and when, on his return from Europe to the United States, the mother of the youthful poetess requested an interview, for the sake of consulting him on certain arrangements respecting a new edition of her daughter's works, he was struck with the grace of form and feature, and the mingled intelligence and sensibility of the child who, while hovering round the sick chair of her mother, was herself gaining

an interest in his eyes, and unknowingly propitiating the feelings of her future biographer.

The very dawning of intellect in Margaret Davidson was indubitably a sure prestige of early dissolution. There is something touchingly beautiful in the early piety of the child who, while yet at an age to enjoy the trivialities of toys, could sit at her mother's side and listen to her devotional instructions with the gladness of pleasure. Another striking feature in her character, while yet the merest child, was her love of the beauties of nature, and those outbursts of lisped numbers in which she would poetically apostrophize, it might be, some beam of sunshine, some ray of light, some aspect of the varied magnificence of nature. Her elevation of tone on these occasions bore far more relation to the dignity of her subject than to the character of so juvenile a being: the tear of rapture was ever ready to start into her admiring eyes, and the stream of poetry to flow from her lips. To love and to be beloved was a necessity of her nature, while her devotion to her sister's memory, and admiration of her talents, were feelings ever present and powerful in stimulating her own faculties. Sincerity, ardour, and simplicity, seem to have been the rare endowments of her character. Gentle, teachable, and loving, a more beautiful picture can scarcely be imagined than that of Margaret Davidson, sitting at her mother's side, and imbibing those sentiments of piety which, while they ennoble the mind of the receiver, assuredly elevate the bestower in the transmission.

While thus employed, the child would frequently break out in poetical impromptu on some sudden aspect of the beauty of nature—it might be a gleam of sunshine in the sky, the waving of some verdant foliage, or some view of the sterner majesty of storm and tempest; and in these her mother encouraged her, while yet unconscious of the name of poetry, though under the influence of its spirit, to commit to paper;—and so commenced the poetess, at the early age of six; and though dying before she had attained her sixteenth year, she has left behind her no inconsiderable proof of poetic inspiration and industry.

The tenderness of nature which spoke so powerfully to the universal heart in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" is conspicuous both in the management and in the selection of his subject. The indulgence of a pure feeling has led this well-known author into a new line of literature, in which he cannot but have the sympathy of every feeling heart.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or, The Art of Procuring Sound and Refreshing Slumber at Will. By EDWARD BINNS, M.D., Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, &c. &c.

Little as it may be generally thought of, sleep is that blessing without which no other could by any possibility be enjoyed; not only is it invaluable in health, but also in disease. Dr. Binns observes, "In all cases of disease, and in every condition of the body, whether normal or abnormal, if sleep be once induced favourable results supervene. Hence all nations have attached importance to 'sound sleep,'

and so impressed was the great Lord Bacon with this fact, that he hesitated not to extol narcotics as 'the true balm of life.' And we may add, that the secret of longevity would seem in a great measure to consist in a careful regulation of the activity of the cerebral organs with a view to procure sleep." "We also think," continues the Doctor, "we can prove that sleep, is an active and positive faculty, and not a negative and passive result of fatigue or weariness,—that this faculty resides in the ganglionic system,—that it is the antagonism of the intellectual powers,—that it is the active principle of nutrition, or assimilation, or reparation of waste of the body,—and, finally, that it is the true *vis medicatrix nature*, to whose vigilance we are indebted for that condition of mind and body which is called 'health.'" To establish these principles, Dr. Binns takes an elaborate view of the different states to which animal life is subject, and having descanted on the lower grades he ascends to man. He investigates the various affections to which man is liable, and shows the comparative value, or rather deleterious influence, of the different methods commonly resorted to in order to procure sleep. Hence he diverges into inquiries respecting a variety of kindred states, as Trance, Somnambulism, Mesmerism, Dreams, &c., the whole of which he ably illustrates by a number of highly curious and interesting facts from history; and lastly, introduces the method he proposes for inducing sleep, the power of which he states has been tested in a very great number of instances. Had we space, we should have been glad to have given some extracts from the work, but as our limits forbid, we can only recommend it to the attention of our readers. There is an additional interest attaching to the volume from its having been printed from the new composing-machine, and from the new processes employed in the plates.

Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, for MDCCCLIII. Edited by FREDERIC SHOBERL.

The care and taste of the editor of this little volume are amply proved by its elegance and interest. Artistical skill and literary talent unite in rendering it worthy of being made a memento and pledge of affection. The "Forget Me Not" is perhaps the happiest of the produce of a happy fashion. As it was certainly the first in priority in our own country, so it certainly continues the first in merit, and the present volume amply sustains the character of its predecessors. The eleven illustrations are so many gems, out of which "Florence Howard," painted and engraved by Hollis, is a sweet specimen of touching girlish beauty; "Jane Vavasor's Visit," painted by Franklin and engraved by J. Carter, is rich and tasteful; "Life's Dream," by H. Corbould and C. Heath, a scene of romantic interest, in which a couple of dreamers, very sweetly drawn, are portrayed in an arena of mouldering column and fallen arch, and overspreading verdure, all in harmonious keeping with their felicitous occupation. "The Wife's First Grief," from a painting by R. Farrier, and engraved by W. H. Motte, possesses quite an opposite interest, but it is one of wider participation: the sweetly comely but anxious young wife watching with the faithful

hound of her husband at the cottage gate, open for his entrance, is full of domestic feeling, and is understood at a glance, while the lines which relate the pictorial tale are simply truthful. Mrs. Abdy and Major Calder Campbell are both among the poets, and our old and well esteemed favourite, James Montgomery, has evinced all his wonted power in the poem entitled "The Press," a subject full of scope and comprehension. The prose articles have been selected with especial care, from able pens, and form a whole of great and rich variety, the styles being all as opposite as the subjects. All tones of mind; every contrast of event; the exercise of contrary passions; hopes, and fears; loves and hates; the dwellers in different countries as well as in different ages and different classes of society; are all assembled to furnish a volume of refined but most lively interest. Beginning at the end, we find "The Cousins," a tale of true feeling, with a true moral. "May Meeke, or the Heroine in spite of Herself," is really an original idea, very amusingly carried out. "The Birthright" is a narrative of deep, and almost of stern feeling, in which the master spirits work out their parts to the very end. "Gertrude of Lanherne" is a narrative of domestic interest, in which the affections are made to surmount and overcome the passions of the heart. "The Trial of Prosperity" is a womanly tale of womanly constancy and womanly tenderness, very prettily meeting their own reward. "Ellen Malden" is meant to show that the silver lining of every dark cloud will be discoverable at last, and that the saddest beginnings often lead to the happiest endings—a doctrine which we hope, in the end, all will subscribe to. And this brings us to "An Old Love or a New," by Eden Lowther, who, sooth to say, does not seem in the least cured of that dash of extravagance which we will not suffer ourselves to be smiled into commending. However, as cheerfulness is certainly at a premium in this world of dulness, we must needs express our sense of obligation when we come under the influence of the cheerful spirits of this author, whose animation of mind has so often sparkled in the pages of our own magazine. "An Old Love and a New" is full of witty originality, being a very odd story very whimsically told. Sentiment is the under current, whilst satire sparkles on the surface. The plot and the actors are as new as they are strange, both of them possessing striking originality. In short, the tale is the happiest article in this really beautiful and elegantly adorned little volume, and we are tempted to give an extract.

"Happiness! we wonder where it is to be found! Certainly not under a regal canopy—crowns only give the headache. Certainly not to the victor in a battle field—pah! the reeking blood, the mangled limbs, the ghastly gashes—the man must be a fiend who could find happiness there, however great his glory. Well, then, the chemist, who watches his crucible, and develops the secret processes by which a world was made, doth he find happiness?—nay, for he gets no sleep a-nights, and very dirty hands by day. The poet? his happiness is to be miserable. The man of knowledge, then?—nay, all that he acquires makes him but the more dissatisfied with himself, and sure we are that self-dissatisfaction is the farthest off from happiness of any thing in this world.

"Well, after all, if happiness is any where among us on earth, it is not

among self-attained things, but must be looked for among the gifts of the Deity, like the colour of the rose, and the perfume of the violet; it must be sought where youth brightens the eye, and paints the cheek, and dews the lip, and buoys up the heart; where the body and the mind are both lithe and elastic, and where the spirit is old enough to hope, and not old enough to fear.

"And just thus, in the dawn of life's sunshine, rich in unmeasured happiness, were our hero and heroine at the commencement of our tale.

"And yet who would have thought that a hoidenish boy and a sunburnt girl knew more of happiness than philosophers and doctors of law! and who would have thought that a hoidenish girl and a sunburnt boy would prove all proper materials for a hero and heroine!

"And yet how happy they were, our wild Virginia and her playmate Ray, as they wandered among the dear, delicious wilderness of sweets that begirt their country home, revelling in the luxury of a myriad of flowers, not planted churlishly and formally by the hand of man, but blossoms a thousand-fold dearer, sown by the wind, and nurtured by the sun, Nature's own children. Happy were they as they rambled among the rich luxuriance of buds and bloom, wreathing wild flowers in the meadows, or watching the waters of the river leap and glide along, and sparkle like their life; or, when the rays of the sun burnt hottest, hiding themselves from them in the dells of the forest, listening to the birds, and mocking their melody.

"And so Ray and Virginia were very happy, though they knew nothing at all about it. But who were this idle couple, who dared to be happy in spite of reason and philosophy, which would soon have taught them better? Indeed they were very nobodies. Virginia was the spoiled nursing of a cottager's wife, and Ray was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Both the nurse and the widow had striven as hard as possible to spoil their respective charges, and the older they grew the more perfect the process became: the nurse always thought whatever her Virginia did the best thing that could possibly be done, and the widow, however she might try, never could scold the image of her lost husband. Then, again, they had another advantage, which the world may think rather a doubtful one—they had no riches to quarrel about, but were as poor as poets—in fact, so poor that they were fed something after the fashion of the birds, and clothed something after the style of the flowers, that is to say, immediately from heaven, without troubling any intermediate hand; and oh! who would wish for any intermediate hand between themselves and Heaven!

"So the sun when he rose found our hero and heroine happy, and when he set he left them the same. They never had the trouble of learning any thing, because education had not yet brought the rod and the headache into that lonely spot, and, instead of listening to a pedagogue who might have taught them according to the most approved rules that they were miserable creatures, they spent the days altogether ignorant of the fact, recklessly and heedlessly, among the sunshine and the flowers. One *locale*, however, they loved beyond all the other green spots of their affections—it was the site of the ruins of an old abbey, just that where our readers may find a courtly couple indulging in a dream of life, which, however, is nothing new, in the very spot where Ray and his Virginia used to rest themselves after their wanderings and frolickings. To them the old abbey ruins were the grandest and most wonderful work in the creation; every nook had they ransacked, every fragment had they climbed, every sculpture had they traced, and never once had they deviated from the opinion that, of all the wonders of the world, this was the greatest.

"And thus old Time jogged on at an easy amble, until Virginia had

gained the wonderful wisdom of full fourteen years, and Ray became a sage of seventeen, and then the old gentleman gave the kaleidoscope of life a shake, and in a moment all the pretty sparkling fragments were hurried and flurried hither and thither, and Ray and his Virginia were shaken—they could not tell where."

Memoir of the late Dr. Hope, Physician to St. George's Hospital, &c.
&c. By MRS. HOPE.

The subject of this Memoir, who was not only well known and esteemed in the profession, which for so short yet brilliant a period he lived to adorn, but also to a large portion of the public, belonged eminently to that class whom we delight to call the great and good. To strong natural abilities, uncommon perseverance, and unswerving principle, he united a deep and genuine, though unostentatious religion, with a christian and truly enlightened philanthropy. His ardent and unremitting pursuit of science was dictated, not by an abstract love of his profession, to which, indeed, for some time he felt a repugnance, much less by a sordid craving after its honours or emoluments, but by a deep and ever present feeling of the responsibility he had undertaken, and of the duties, by the diligent discharge of which, that responsibility could alone be sustained. Actuated by these feelings, and resolved not only to render himself fully competent to the *practice* of his profession, but to maintain, if not, to elevate, its high scientific character, it is not surprising that Dr. Hope lived to find himself esteemed and appreciated by all the enlightened and liberal minded members of his profession, and to reap the rewards to which he was so justly entitled. After a thoroughly sound educational basis acquired in the Edinburgh, London, and continental schools, during which he laid the foundation and collected the materials for those works on which his reputation was to a great extent established, Dr. Hope commenced practice at the close of the year 1828, in Lower Seymour Street, where he continued to reside till his death, which occurred May, 1841. The life of such a man, exhibiting as it does the attainment of a position and standing, rare at least at so early a period, and without any adventitious advantages, cannot but be both interesting and instructive to the young physician, while to the public it affords another practical refutation to the too prevalent notion, that great parts and acquirements in physical science are associated with scepticism and infidelity. The Letters of Dr. Burder to a Young Physician form a fitting and valuable pendant to the volume.

Medical Reflections on the Water Cure. By JAMES FREEMAN, M.D.,
Physician to the Cheltenham Hydropathic Institution.

In this pamphlet, Dr. Freeman has given a lucid account of the process employed in what is called the Water Cure. Having visited the Hydropathic Establishments of Germany with a patient for whose case the Water Cure was recommended by the concurrent advice of two of the most illustrious physicians in London, he was so struck with the proofs he witnessed of its efficacy, that, in spite of the preju-

dices of his medical education and experience, he became convinced that the hydropathic mode of treatment possessed a power which, if skilfully applied, was competent to the removal of many diseases which have resisted all the efforts of the established system. We have then an explanation of the mode in which the treatment is applied, and which is, we presume, now practised at the Cheltenham Hydropathic Establishment, of which Dr. Freeman is the physician. It will not be expected from us to pronounce on a subject so comparatively new to the world, but we cannot do wrong in recommending the statements which Dr. Freeman here presents with the energy of conviction to the candid consideration of the public.

The Preservation of the Health of Body and Mind. By FORBES WINSLOW, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, Author of "The Anatomy of Suicide," &c.

The author of this work quotes the following passage from Sir James Clark, to whom his work is dedicated. That able physician, he observes, justly remarks that, "Were the public better informed respecting the causes and progress of diseases, they would know that one half of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted might be prevented by common prudence, and that when diseases make their attack, they might generally be deprived of half their violence by a knowledge of, and attention to, their premonitory signs and first symptoms. This is the only kind of medical knowledge useful to the public. Teach them how they may preserve their health, make them acquainted with the causes of diseases, and the best means of preventing them, and teach them to know the first symptoms of disease, in order that they may apply for medical advice when it is of most avail, and they will possess all the medical knowledge which they can make good use of." This appears to be the object of the work before us. Accustomed to the study of mental affections in particular, Mr. Winslow has here given a brief view of the mode by which the health both of body and mind are to be preserved. Our limits would not permit us to follow the various details which are here introduced, but so numerous are they and so interesting, that we cannot doubt the work will be considered a valuable contribution to medical science, and especially so by those who occupy the responsible stations of guardians to the mentally afflicted.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book. MDCCCXLIII. By the author of "The Women of England."

The costliness and taste of this volume must be admitted at a glance. Its richly gilt external garb is but the prelude to choicer embellishments within. The frontispiece, with its co-partner the title-page, present us with portraits of the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, and his still more ill-fated wife—the one taken from the summit of human prosperity in the meridian of affluence and happiness, and the other left—the exuberance of joy thus suddenly converted into the darkest and most overwhelming sorrow. The fine person of the

prince and the gentle grace of his ladye are sweetly realised in these two plates, which pleasingly usher in the after illustrations, among which so many beauties crowd upon us, that we can scarcely know which to distinguish with commendation: had few deserved the culling, it might have been easy, but meeting us at every page, the task is difficult; "*Mistra*," painted by Bartlett, and engraved by Sands, a city probably built from the ruins of Sparta, is an exquisite production of combined grandeur and repose, and in the accompanying verses Mrs. Ellis, in apostrophising "*Time, the Avenger*," has invoked a poetic thought from the ruins; A "*Village in Roumelia near Adrianople*," by Salmon and Bentley, is another romantic view of house-crowned hills; "*The Palace of Saïd Pasha*," by Allom and Lowry, overhanging the busy Bosphorus with its crowd of strugglers in the varied labours of life, is a scene which peculiarly stimulates the imagination, its latticed harems awakening ideas of the birds in their gilded cages imprisoned within; "*The Bridal Morn*," by Brown and Cook, gives us a couple of fine Greek faces from amidst a scene of luxury, "*Sorrento, the Birth-place of Tasso*," by Bartlett and Bentley, is an expressive view of a sea-girt and precipitous tower, with flowing water, and the luminous rays of the sun melting over it; "*Falls near the Source of the Jumna*," by Turner and Cousen, is marked with all its painter's splendid talent, worthily caught by the engraver; "*The Mosque of Santa Sophia*," by Allom and Le Keux, gives us a fine idea of the vastness and splendour of the far-famed fane; "*The Greek Church of Baloukli, near Constantinople*," by Allom and Turnbull, is exquisitely light and tasteful; "*Crossing by a Saugha, near Jumnootree*," by Allom and Bentley, is a piece of the rich magnificence of nature; "*Constantinople*," by Allom and Cousen, with its dark waters and its light minarets, is a sweet picture; "*The Crusader's Castle in a Valley near Batroun, Syria*," by Bartlett and Cook, is finely treated, and with a feeling strictly harmonious with its subject; "*Castro Giovanni, the Ancient Enna*," by Leitch and Starling, shows the masterly use of light and shade in giving breadth to a subject which else would have suffered from the breaking up of its surface; "*Culzean Castle, Scotland*," by Daniell and Cochran, is finely effective; and "*The Shepherd of Mount Lebanon*," by Bartlett and Capone, an exquisite harmony of effect between the painter and engraver.

We have thus noted a few of those happy productions of the arts which enrich this volume, though others remain behind equally worthy of commendation, and only numerically inadmissible, all uniting in rendering the "*Scrap Book*" of the coming year a tasteful adornment to the drawing-room table. We have given the embellishments the priority in our observations, because it cannot be denied that they worthily take the lead, being the combined efforts of a talented many, whilst the accompanying lines are the contribution but of one, though that one be a lady. It is known, too, that the poetry must needs be written to the picture, and not the picture painted to the poetry; and here the painter possesses an advantage over the poetess which can scarcely be estimated, inasmuch as he works from impulse, and she is compelled to follow through the air in the wake of his waving wing. We know the difficulty of the task, and instead of

wondering that poetry written on compulsion should ever fail, we only wonder that it ever should succeed. Poesy, like love, is not to be controlled. It is a wild and wandering spirit, hovering hither and thither, but still a free one. It may be well said of poesies what has been ill said of affection, that it

“ Free as air, at sight of human ties
Waves its light wings and in a moment flies.”

We have the highest respect for the talents and the character of Mrs. Ellis: her prose works are a credit to both, and have a sterling value which will not be ephemeral, but we think the very solidity of her judgment is adverse to poetic flights and fantasies. She possesses the gold of the deep recesses of the mine, and we think she must be content to leave the flowers which sport upon the surface to humbler appropriation.

The English Wife. A Manual of Home Duties. By the author of “The English Maiden, her Moral and Domestic Duties.”

“The English Maiden” we do not remember to have seen, but of the work before us we can speak most favourably. There is an air of right feeling pervading it throughout. The morality of the Bible the author states he has made his standard of excellence, and he trusts that every sentence will be found to breathe the genuine spirit of practical Christianity. This is an assurance which we think is fully borne out. The duties of the wife and mother are as ably described as affectionately enforced, and we know no work which we should more readily choose as the gift of a parent to his beloved daughter on her marriage than that which bears the title of “The English Wife.”

The Chinese Exhibition.

We are glad to find the public attendance at this interesting exhibition is increasing. We know of no Foreign Collection which has ever been made, so complete in all its parts; and now that we have happily the prospect of peace with, and access to, this hitherto sealed and wonderful country, the objects here presented will possess a double interest. A few hours (for it should occupy three or four, and even a subsequent visit or two if practicable) devoted to an inspection of the vast variety of curious objects here assembled will convey a more practical idea of the habits and customs of perhaps the most singular people on earth, than the reading of the most lengthened descriptions; in fact, there is all the difference between the two that there is between *seeing* and *hearing*.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL ANNUALS.

We have now before us "The Shaksperian Annual," the subjects taken from the text of the immortal bard, the handling by those popular writers, Mrs. Crawford and Desmond Ryan; to say anything more would be hyperbole, their literary productions being already too well known to the classic world: therefore to particularise any one set of verses would appear invidious; suffice it there are none without merit, and in the generality of them much to admire; and as a classic work for the boudoir, the drawingroom, or the boarding-school miss, no book of late years has appeared to so fully answer these separate interests: its literary contents, as well as its musical contributions, are mostly without fault; and even the fastidious could not look over its talented pages without being charmed. Having said thus much, we will turn to our professional avocation, viz. reviewing the musicians' portion of the Annual. The contributors are Sir Henry Bishop, John Barnett, Loder, Crouch, and Knight, and an adaptation of one of "Schubert's Songs;" though a clever composition, we utterly deprecate these interpolations of foreign matter into an exclusively written English book; and whoever had the bad taste to insert this song, must have been as shortsighted as thoughtless. What affinity could a German writer have with Shakspeare, or the Court of good Queen Bess?—'tis preposterous. Add to this, the fact of the song in question having been written years back, and the composer long since dead, the absurdity of such introductions at once appears more flagrant. What sympathy or affinity have we to the great German bard Goethe? What should we say, were the Germans to take our national anthem, and arrange it as a ballad in a strictly classical German work? Writing words to a melody, can never possess the sentiment of a melody written to words; in the one it is mere bookmaking, in the other the musician embodies the scene and feeling conveyed in the poem; it therefore speaks for itself—a sad want of judgment in lugging it, *will ye or nill ye!* a piece as out of place as "Jim Crow," or the Old 104th Psalm. If modern English writers could not be found to complete the required number of pieces for the book, it would have shown a better knowledge of the subject, and have kept a legitimately English annual strictly to itself, by adapting some morrice dance, or other exclusively written English tune—of or about the Shaksperian era—rather than foist a spurious colouring to an already well conceived and ably treated work. We are an artist by nature, as well as by study, and shall ever condemn that practice, which is contrary to common sense, (charlatanism,)—why ruin a good design and a clever picture, merely for the sake of gratifying some single interest. It is like the now prevailing fashion of inundating the musical world with the compositions of Prince *This!* my Lord *That!* and my Lady *Tom Noddy!* and because they are the lucubrations of some titled personage, must necessarily be superexcellent. Pshaw! We say that man alone deserves the title of editor, who fearlessly asserts his own prerogative, and maintains the trust imposed upon him—that of bringing before the public a work complete in itself, where every-

thing shall be in keeping—a mirror of thought, sentiment, music, and illustration. We would instance, as a specimen of what we mean, the most finished drawing of the last year's exhibition, (published by the same proprietors, D'Almaine and Co.,) Crouch's beautiful collection of Irish melodies, "The Songs of Erin," as perfect a book as could be desired; replete with interest, sterling matter, and framed as became a man of sound taste and judgment. It is thus—we, who have a soul for correct design, would wish to see a brother handle his pencil, and not lose his outline, for the sake of a bit of gilt gingerbread. We are candid in our opinions, as we are generous to the meritorious and talented; and above the sordid wretch, who, for a few paltry guineas, may be shillings, would sell himself and a really clever man. No! we appreciate talent, be it in whom it may; and the first to extend a cheering and a welcome hand, for we know how difficult and beset with thorns is that man's path, where nature provides the colouring and talent directs the pencil—such a one is sure to be coughed at, and, if possible, trodden under foot, or left in obscurity. We commence with False Cressid.

"If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony!"

Troilus and Cressida, Act v. scene 2.

The words by Ryan, the music by Sir Henry Bishop; we would it were in our power to say more, but, like the butterfly at court, it is as vapid as the insect is transient, and as far beneath the transcendent abilities of this great musician as a rush-candle to the Bude light.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

Twelfth Night.

"One that loved not wisely, but too well."

Othello.

These two are set by Barnett, and we decidedly give a preference to the last; it may be, that the never-to-be-forgotten canzonett of Haydn is still floating in our memory, and though well treated in the present instance, it is too trivial; not so the latter, there is the inventive genius of the author of the "Mountain Sylph," the classic mind of our first English composer. It is a gem of melody, and deserves a place in every musician's folio; its plaintive harmonies still dwell in our ear,—each time renewing the pleasure we felt in playing over its gifted pages.

"Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

Hamlet.

Another of the "Butterfly Tribe," by Knight; not so his second.

"My mother had a maid called Barbara."

Othello.

There is a germ of that originality which once characterized the writings of this talented author ere the sun set, and he cast his brilliant energies upon any passing shadow; when a composer, painter, author, or sculptor, ceases to respect himself, it is a farewell then to all—

"His occupation's gone."

We rejoice to find him in a work like the present, and the contribution is as good as it is effective.

"I know I love in vain."

All's Well that Ends Well.

By Loder; well put together, and will make a good teaching song; as also "Imogen," which is more to our taste. We should have liked it better, had he omitted to copy his song from the "Deer Stalkers," we mean in the concluding four bars.

"Died thy sister of her love?"

Twelfth Night.

A clever duet by Crouch, conceived in the true spirit of his master, (Barnett,) and reflects great credit on both. There is a refinement of sentiment pervading the whole composition, perfectly exhilarating. This duet must become a favourite in the teaching world; it is just that class of music so long wanted, and will be found a desideratum in the schools. The solos, in the middle of each verse, are truly vocal, and add much to the general effect. We also compliment the writer on his treatment of the words,

"Heart broken Ellen!"

and the concluding eight bars. To classic chamber singing we confidently recommend this duet. There is also another, by Loder,

"The course of true love."

Nothing out of the common run of every day writing; but the germ of the book, to our thinking, is,

"Strew the bed with bridal flowers."

Romeo and Juliet.

One of those wild, phrenzied imaginings so peculiar to the author of "Echoes of the Lakes." There is a restless anxiety, and a nervous despair pervading this air, truly characteristic; we can picture in our mind's eye, the agony of soul that a man must feel, when her he loves most, of all God's creatures, lies prostrated, an attenuated waste. Such is the subject of the present illustration: Romeo returns and finds his youthful bride sleeping in the icy arms of death. Reckless of himself, he pours forth his sufferings and blighted prospects in one of the most charming airs in the volume. That an Incledon or a Braham could return to us and sing it! Vain desire! we shall ne'er look on their like again; though art may have improved the school of English singing, Nature has been more chary of her gifts: we have no such voices now; if we had, we can picture in our imagination the *furor* this song would create. For the illustrations of the book, they are as unique as they are classically beautiful. Brandard has been the draftsman, and those clever lithographers, the Howards, his printers; whenever and wherever these men work together, the effects produced are wonderful.

The Queen's Pianoforte Album. Contributors, Thalberg, Chaulieu, Holmes, Esain, Kontski, Kuhlau, Herz, Czerny, Hunten, Kalkbrenner, and Cronin.

These names alone sufficiently guarantee the sterling merit of the work; all that a pianiste could desire, or a musician look for, will be found in its contents. Our favourite Holmes has a clever souvenir from "Lucretia Borgia;" and young Cronin, the successful candidate for the King's Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, has a charming little piece, called "L'Echo du Lac," founded on Crouch's popular songs, Minora Ashtore and Katty O'Lynch. The manner in which this young artist has treated these subjects reflects the greatest credit on his good taste and correct feeling. No piece could be better adapted for school teachers, and we earnestly recommend it to their notice.

Flute and Pianoforte.

Arrangements also from "Echoes of the Lakes," and charmingly wrought they are. We know of no professor so able to write and arrange for these instruments as Mr. Clinton; who that has heard his talented adaptations of Reissegen's trios, Kuhlau's duets, and many other celebrated authors' works, could doubt his capability in handling those popular Irish songs—Kathleen Mavourneen, Dermot Astore, Nora Creina, The Pledge, Noxelle, Minora Astore, &c. &c.? Suffice, all that correct taste, musician-like judgment, and sound ability could convey, in the shape of fantasias, will be found in Clinton's arrangement of Crouch's Irish songs. No flutist should be without them; and to those who do not already possess them, we promise a bouquet, not met with every day.

Sir Henry Bishop's and Wilson's Edition of the Songs and Melodies of Scotland.

Two able men to undertake the task, the former for his ability as a musician, the latter for his historical research. We know not whether these professors are in opposition to each other; if such be the fact, both editions have much to recommend them—Sir Henry Bishop's, published by D'Almaine and Co., for the artistical manner in which the pianoforte accompaniments are treated, and Wilson's for the historical notices.

Numbers I. II. III. and IV. of Songs of a Rambler. A new work by the Author of "Songs of Erin," and "The Echoes of the Lakes."

To such as are acquainted with Crouch's Irish songs we conscientiously recommend the present commencement of the "Rambler,"

and sure are we, that an unexpected pleasure is in store for them. The title of the work argues well; and we know of no composer better calculated to do justice to its merits than the popular Irish writer; his fancy ever fertile, and his creations always good, we look forward to a bouquet resplendent in beauty, and scented with all the odours and peculiarities of the different countries; he is just the man to treat such a series of subjects. Like an artiste, every new sketch that emanates from his pen bears testimony of the untiring devotion to his art, and the faithful portraiture of the matter contained in each poem. His compositions are highly dramatic, and replete with nervous feeling and natural bursts of passionate sentiment. From the present specimens of the work, we anticipate, as it progresses, that it will be one in every way deserving public attention, and worthy the high reputation of its talented progenitor. May success attend its career. "Henriette" has appeared before us in another form. "Wake, Gentle Mary," a serenade cleverly put together, and perfect in its character, though somewhat lengthy; it carries the listener on imperceptibly, and each time of repetition you discover some new beauty—a sure test that the poem has been well studied. No. III. "The Cornish Mother's Lament." Something of the sacred school pervades this song, and though carefully treated, we fear it is not likely to become popular. The words are a little ambiguous—we candidly confess our inability to understand these last four lines of the first stanza.

"I know it should be a sorrow,
Your child to God to send,
But mine was a precious treasure
To me and to my poor* friend."

Conceiving this extraordinary sentence, some literary error of the compositor, we turned to our library shelves, and there found the Rev. Divine's volume of poems, entitled "Ecclesia," in the pages of which will be found the words under consideration, and though the meaning is therein explained as a provincial peculiarity belonging to the west country folk, we cannot admire the passage. "Rosalie." No. IV. of the same work—a song indicative of the olden time, when the mail-clad knight, and the war-plumed charger strode the halls of our forefathers, and their proud deeds in arms bespoke the spirit-stirring age when godlike bravery and English chivalry went hand in hand. Where is that noble daring now? where the knight of the dark ages, as they are now termed? Ay, of whiskers, scents, and cigars—

"What a falling off is here!"

This is truly a bold and effective song—the style is old English, and the martial character is well maintained throughout. We greatly admire the sudden change from F to A flat; it comes unprepared on the ear, the listener for the instant is taken by surprise; then the plaintiveness of the words, and melody arising out of this modulation, at once arrest the attention, and convince us of the study and

* Friend is the usual phrase for husband amongst the peasantry of the west.

deep thought bestowed upon the subject by the composer—it is the song of all others justly calculated to rouse the latent fires of a true-born Englishman. We shall look forward with considerable interest to the succeeding numbers of the “Rambler,” those already before us fully justifying our high opinion of this young composer’s musical abilities. Several of the titles of future songs appear annexed to those we have, and from which we glean much novelty and display of talent.

The First Two Parts of Dr. Arnold’s Collection of Cathedral Music.
 Edited by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, F.S.A. D’Almaine.

One of those splendid works, so peculiar to the house of D’Almaine and Co. We have had no work of such magnitude, and produced on such a scale of costly expense, since the celebrated edition of Handel’s Oratorios, by the doctor, and which he published by subscription. A collection of English cathedral music like the present has long been wanting, and proud are we to find so talented a gentleman as Mr. Rimbault engaged to edit its gifted pages. He is the one of all others fitted for the task; his experience in the styles and characters of the old masters is very considerable, and his research and chronological knowledge give him a precedence over all his brother professors. Under his able direction and careful revisal we predict this to be one of the most classic works our publishers have ever brought forward, and we hail the appearance of such a collection of English composers brought into one focus a national triumph. The continental publishers produce an author’s writings in one complete form, thereby giving the musical profession the opportunity of justly appreciating a composer’s merits; while in England, we publish a ballad, or some few pieces from an opera, while the really classic portion of the man’s genius are never permitted to appear under the plea, “It won’t sell;” consequently the productions of the English composer are sent forth in an incomplete form, and our continental brethren are led to believe that the British musician can write nothing beyond a ballad. Let him look over the present collection of our national church music, one of the finest schools of writing, and he will say “superb:” so say we. The native musician has never been nourished in this country as his merits deserved to be, consequently the English composer is unknown abroad. But while such publishers and such works appear as the one before us, we despair not of seeing ourselves upon equal terms with the foreigner. We know not in whom the production of such a national musical tribute emanated, but be it in the publisher or the editor, the British musician cannot be too grateful for the undertaking, and every son of harmony should welcome forth an offering to native talent like the present. We shall return to this in our next.

The Bridal of the Sisters. A Ballad. Balls and Son.

A well written little motive in common time, from the pen of Crouch; written with judgment, but nothing out of the usual run of every day teaching songs. The words are good, which may tend to make it saleable in our refined ladies' establishments.

The Scotch Quadrilles, and the real Scotch Quadrilles. The former by DAVISON, the latter by JULLIEN.

Why the one is more real than the other, we cannot divine; or why a Frenchman should pretend to understand the matter better than their border brethren (an Englishman) to us is equally unaccountable, but these little differences are best arranged with the parties concerned; our business is with the music of both parties, or rather the arrangement. Davison's are by far the easiest set, and well put together. Jullien's are much more lengthy, and the variations extremely good, and we doubt not the effects in the orchestra are very characteristic. Both sets contain considerable merit.

We have the new oratorio, "The Fall of Babylon," on our table, but want of space precludes the possibility of our noticing it this number, as also Sir H. Bishop's sixth volume of Handel.

For some time past we have experienced considerable pleasure in perusing the weekly contents of a modest, unassuming little pamphlet, entitled "The Musical and Dramatic Review." A more ably conducted, liberal, and unbiassed periodical, it has rarely been our satisfaction to notice; the articles are well written, and evidently emanate from a gentleman conversant with all musical matters. Their reviews are conscientiously given, and their biographical memoirs possess the advantages of truth. To the actor as well as the musician this Review must prove of very considerable importance—it has our warmest commendation, and best wishes for success.

MUSICAL WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Sir H. R. Bishop's Glees and Choruses in Single Parts.

Dr. Arnold's Third Part English Cathedral Music.

Clinton's Fantasias—Flute and Piano;—subjects from Rossini's opera, "William Tell."

Crouch's continuation of "The Echoes of the Lakes." The Scotch series.

Crouch's Primitive Airs, selected from the Melodies of the Bards of Ireland; arranged as duets for two voices.

Crouch's Select Airs from Sir Henry Bishop's Works; newly arranged, with appropriate words and accompaniments by himself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Joseph Jenkins, or Leaves from the Life of a Literary Man, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia. By W. J. Hamilton, 2 vols. 8vo. 38s.
 Susan Hopley, or Adventures of a Maid Servant, 8vo. 3s.
 A Tour in the Isle of Wight. By Thomas Roscoe. With Forty-eight Engravings, 8vo. 12s.
 The Heroes of England. By L. Drake. Illustrated by Gilbert and Williams. Fcap. 6s. 6d.
 Cottrell's Recollections of Siberia, 8vo. 12s.
 History of Caister Castle, with numerous plates. Edited by D. Turner, Esq. 8vo. 10s.
 English Pearls. 10 Plates. Imperial 4to. 21s.
 A Domestic Residence in Switzerland. By Elizabeth Strutt. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
 Allee Neemro, the Buchtsee Adventurer. A Tale of Louristan. 3 vols post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.
 Chronological Pictures of English History. Part III., folio. 7s. 6d.
 Whist, its History and Practice. By an Amateur. 18mo. 4s.
 Nimrod Abroad. By C. J. Apperley, Esq., Author of "The Chase," &c. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
 The Gem of Loveliness, for 1843. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 A Love Gift for 1843. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
 Comic Almanac for 1843. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Gems of Stuart Newton. R.A., with Descriptive Notices. Folio. 11. 11s. 6d.
 Madden's Memoirs of the Rev. P. Roe. 8vo. 14s.
 Godfrey Malvern, or the Life of an Author. By Thomas Miller. Vol. I., 8vo. 8s. 6d.
 Monkish Historians of Great Britain, Geoffrey of Monmouth, 8vo. 10s.
 The Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, Vol. V., small 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 The English Wife. By the Author of "The English Maiden." Fcap. 4s. 6d.
 The Annual Register for 1841, 8vo. 16s.
 Addison's History and Antiquities of the Temple Church. Crown 8vo. 5s.
 The Book of Sports, 4to. 16s.
 Midsummer's Eve. By the Author of "The Herberts." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Catlin's North American Indians, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 50s.
 Memoirs of the Queens of France. By Mrs. Forbes Bush, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 The Naval Club, or Reminiscences of Service. By T. W. Barker, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Dionysius, the Areopagite, and other Poems. By Ann Hawkahaw. Crown 8vo. 6s.
 The Age of Great Cities. By R. Vaughan. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 The Golden Gift of British Gems for 1843. 32mo.
 The Book of British Ballads, with 226 Engravings on Wood. Edited by S. C. Hall. Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Francis's Chemical Experiments. 8vo. 6s.
 The Week. Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d.
 Memory's Records. Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d.
 Guide to Hayling Island. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Visit to Clarina. By the Author of "Lost Farm." 18mo. 2s.
 Niger Expedition, Schon and Crowther's Journal. Crown 8vo. 6s.
 Modern History and Condition of Egypt. By W. H. Yates. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 34s.
 Philip on Effect and Colour. Oblong 7s. 6d. sewed, and 10s. 6d. cloth.
 Heart Breathing. By Alfred. Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cloth, and 5s. 6d. morocco.

- The Pope and the Actor. By Madame Wolfensberger, (late Miss Burdon,) 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Ladies' Hand-Book of Plain Needlework. By the Author of "Hand-Book of Fancy Needlework. Imperial 32mo. 1s.
Hay on the Harmony of Form. 18 Plates, 4to. 15s.
The Little Artist's Companion. Oblong royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.
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LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is advancing towards completion. Its publication is expected, we understand, about Christmas.

Mr. James has in the press a new work, entitled "FOREST DAYS." We believe, from what we hear, this is likely to prove one of Mr. James's most successful publications.

We are happy to find that the new Copyright Act will materially impede the shameless piracies which have been so successfully practised on Popular Works. By the new law the mere possession of a spurious copy in a library incurs a penalty, and soon we hope this just provision will be in operation in all our colonies.

Mrs. Jameson's "HAND-BOOK" to the Private Picture Galleries may be expected speedily; also the Viscountess St. Jean's "TRAVELLING SKETCHES."

Two of our annual publications, which are always in request on fashionable tables, are announced as immediately forthcoming—"BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE," and "MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE." The new editions corrected throughout to the date of publication.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The opening of new ports of traffic in China is expected to be followed by a great reaction in trade, and that capital will now find a ready and lucrative occupation, the impulse to speculation being highly animating. The first effect of the announcement of the favourable termination of the war was an immediate depression of the tea market; a stagnation of demand, and falling of prices, as well as a suspension of some advertised sales. Before the arrival of this news a fair degree of activity had been felt in the cotton market, and a steady business done at sustained prices. In coffee the demand is dull: sugar the same. The hosiery trade of Nottingham improving. A general reduction in the prices of provisions is perceptible, and things are undoubtedly assuming a somewhat more favourable aspect. There are whisperings afloat of the probability of a reduction in the Income Tax, though we believe with little foundation. We trust that the rallying of trade in consequence of the favourable termination of the war will be universally felt throughout the country.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Saturday, 26th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 173 one-half.—India Stock, 205.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94 five-eighths.—Three per Centa. Reduced, 94.—New Three and a Half per Centa. 101 three quarters.—Exchequer Bills New, 1000l., 2d., 54s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 10 three quarters.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three quarters.—Spanish, Five per Centa. Acct., 17 one-eighth.—Dutch 5 per Centa. 100 one-eighth.—Portuguese New, 57 three-eighths.—Brazilian, 66 one quarter.

MONEY MARKET.—The probability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being able to carry into effect the reduction of the rate of interest upon the three and a half per cent. annuities, has been much canvassed among city men. Though the measure is a bold one, yet that circumstances favour it is not disputed. But the public attention has been all at once engrossed by the auspicious and unexpected intelligence of the happy termination of our war with China, which has produced great excitement in the money market. The immediate consequence has been a rise in the funds. The difficulty of employing capital advantageously having induced holders to leave large investments in the stocks, the opening of opportunities in which it can be more profitably engaged is followed by a corresponding increase in value. When, however, the first excitement shall have ended, no farther advance is looked for, but rather a tendency to subside. In the Foreign market, Spanish stocks have also been materially affected by the news of the successful insurrection at Barcelona.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	40-46	29.99-29.96	S.W. & W.	.46	Generally cloudy, rain in early part of morning.
24	29-44	29.11-29.45	N.W.	.62	Cloudy till the evening, rain about noon.
25	29-46	29.54-29.31	S.W.	.015	Raining generally during the day.
26	27-43	29.46-29.56	S. by W.	.72	Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
27	34-47	29.59-29.65	W. by S.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
28	33-47	29.58-30.01	S.W.		Clear.
29	24-45	29.70-29.66	N.W.		Clear.
30	24-46	30.00-30.09	S.W.		Clear till the evening.
31	30-51	30.13-30.16	S.W.		General overcast till the evening.
Nov.					
1	34-49	30.13-30.09	S.W. & N.W.		Clear.
2	32-51	30.04-30.00	N.b.W. & N.E.		General overcast till the evening.
3	31-51	29.92-29.89	N. by E.		Generally cloudy, except about noon, rain in even.
4	31-43	29.93-30.00	N. by E.		Morning clear, aft. cloudy, a shower about 2 P.M.
5	29-46	30.09-30.03	N. by E.		Generally clear till the evening.
6	30-42	30.09-30.01	N.	.065	Generally cloudy, rain and snow in the morning.
7	33-47	30.04-30.05	N. by E.		Cloudy, except noon, a little rain in the aft.
8	36-46	30.05-29.95	N. by W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
9	37-47	29.77-29.65	S.		Cloudy, rain from 6 to 9 in the evening.
10	41-50	29.63-29.52	S.	.15	General cloud, rain about 11 A.M.
11	43-55	29.19-28.91	S. by E.	.045	Cloudy, rain in morning and aft., evening clear.
12	40-50	29.04-29.45	S. by W.		Morn. clear, noon clear, aft. showery, even. clear.
13	43-51	29.45-29.22	S. by W.	.03	Raining gently during morning, evening clear.
14	37-49	29.62-29.60	N.W.	.1	Morning clear, aft. cloudy, rain in the evening.
15	40-45	29.59-30.01	E. b. N.	.57	Raining generally during the day.
16	41-43	29.66-29.79	N.E.	.43	Raining during morn., aft. cloudy, even. clear.
17	34-44	30.08-30.32	N. by E.		Generally cloudy.
18	29-42	29.43-29.26	N.E. & S.E.		Generally cloudy till the evening.
19	28-46	30.13-29.83	S.	.1	Raining generally during the day.
20	42-48	29.75-29.70	S.	.6	Generally cloudy.
21	33-44	29.71-29.76	N.		Morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy.
22	39-35	29.41-29.25	S.E.	.18	Snow and rain morn., aft. cloudy, even. clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 25, 1842, TO NOV. 18, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

OCT. 25.—R. Evans, J. Foster, S. Z. Langton, and T. Foster, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, East India merchants.—J. Allen, Much Wyndley, Hertfordshire, cattle dealer.—H. Blackman, Cranbrook, grocer.—J. Wyatt, Plymouth, upholsterer.—J. Davison, Marton, Yorkshire, farmer.—T. Allen, Macclesfield, silkman.—J. Alexander and H. Gibbons, Wolverhampton, chemists.—H. Hedger and J. Hedger, Coventry, watch manufacturers.

OCT. 28.—S. White, Lamb's Conduit-street, surgeon.—T. Corulish, Great Marlborough-street, wine merchant.—W. Lyon, jun., Cambridge, chemist.—A. M. Terry, New Broad-street, City, cook.—J. Buckley, Higher Compton, Lancashire, coal master.—H. Folford, Birmingham, draper.—E. Bussey, Sheffield, broker.—J. Pepper, Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, tailor.—W. Thorpe, Thorne, Yorkshire, scrivener.—J. Greaves, Sutton, Yorkshire, factor.

NOV. 1.—E. Fennell and R. Fennell, Aldermanbury, Postern, yarn-merchants.—A. Fricour, St. Martin's-lane, hotel-keeper.—W. Hopper, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, carpet warehousemen.—D. Lawson, Marylebone-street, Piccadilly, woollendrapers.—J. France, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.—Joshua Wood, James Wood, Joseph Wood, Richard Wood, John Wood, and Charles Wood, Denby Dale, Yorkshire.—J. P. Starling, Blakeney, Norfolk, coal-merchant.—T. Smithson, York, tobaccoist.

NOV. 4.—E. Hague, W. Millar, and W. T. Grant, New Crane Iron Works, Wapping-wall, engineers.—J. Beaumont, Tottenham-court-road, surgeon.—S. Davis, Church-lane, Whitechapel, linen draper.—H. S. Winter, Regent-street, milliner.—J. Brown and R. H. Barrett, High-street-place, White-horse-lane, manufacturers of ship controllers.—W. Whapshott, Crosby-row, Southwark, engineer.—J. Maddell, Freemason's-court, Cheapside, wine merchant.—J. Hall, Winsford, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Sorby, Sheffield, steel manufacturer.—H. Miles, Southampton, woollendrapers.—S. A. Guddard and R. Hill, Birmingham, merchants.

NOV. 8.—E. Massey and R. Lambert, Watling-street, City, warehousemen.—J. B. Lodge, Gerrard-street, Soho, bath proprietor.—G. J. Marshall, Wood-street, Cheapside, woollen warehouseman.—J. Lindon, Plymouth, merchant.—J. O. Burnley and J. Auty, Heckmond-wicke, corn millers.—J. M. Frances, Gosport,

grocer.—T. A. Goodall, Epworth, Lincolnshire, chemist.—W. Tomkinson, Stoke-upon-Trent, wine merchant.—J. Cranbrook, Deal, draper.—J. Froste and I. Ashlin, Liverpool, merchants.—J. H. Anderson, Manchester, printer.

NOV. 11.—C. Yandel and G. Field, Beaumont-street, Marylebone.—R. Steuart, Grosvenor-wharf, Wilton-road, Pimlico, manufacturer of artificial granite.—H. Bunday, Upper York-place, Portland-town, St. Marylebone, builder.—G. J. Marshall and W. C. Hall, Wood-street, Cheapside, woollen-warehousemen.—S. Ray, Duke-street, St. James's, bookbinder.—R. J. Webb, Piccadilly, tailor.—H. Charlton, Regent-street, milliner.—G. T. Knowles, Stockport, cotton-spinner.—T. B. Fehr, Dudley, wine merchant.—R. Lindon, Snapes, Devonshire, corn factor.—E. B. Roblason, Nottingham, printer.

NOV. 15.—W. Capon, New Bond-street, hatter.—J. Vanderlyn, Houndsditch, tailor.—J. N. Chapman, Upper Holloway, licensed victualler.—J. Cranbrook, Deal, draper.—T. J. Lancaster, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, merchant.—D. Smith, Bucklersbury, merchant.—J. Ashworth, Rochdale, worsted manufacturer.—J. Brennard, Blackburn, linen draper.—G. Souter, Birmingham, japanner.—J. Hepworth, New Malton, Yorkshire, woollen draper.—J. Grant, Bristol, baker.—J. Suffolk, Birmingham, bridle cutter.—W. Collings, Devonport, baker.—T. Frith, Stafford, shoe manufacturer.—J. Lindon, Plymouth, merchant.—W. Street, Rickingham Superior, Suffolk, grocer.

NOV. 18.—T. Fisher, Camden Arms, Camden-town, victualler.—J. Jay, London-wall, builder.—G. Savage, Winchester, Hampshire.—S. Waters, Edenbridge, Kent, draper.—B. Lawrence, Crown-court, Old Broad-street, merchant.—T. Gilson, Bucklersbury, coffeehouse-keeper.—J. Alpin, Bicester, scrivener.—C. Bailey, Berkhamstead-St. Peter, plumber.—T. Bignell, Chatham, liendrapers.—R. Pinkerton, Mark-lane, merchant.—G. Deane, Upper Tooting, livery-stable-keeper.—W. Bayley, Hastings, wholesale grocer.—G. B. Brown, Liverpool, commission merchant.—W. Mason, Boston, Yorkshire, corn dealer.—W. Ball and F. Turner, Birmingham, printers.—T. Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tea dealer.—S. Butler, W. Butler, and J. Butler, Birmingham, ironfounders.—R. Lindon, Marlborough, corn factor.—W. Collings, Devonport, baker.

NEW PATENTS.

E. Bell, of the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, Professor of Practical Mechanics, for improvements in applying heat in the manufacture of artificial fuel, which improvements are applicable to the preparation of asphalt, and for other purposes. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

S. Henson, of New City Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive apparatus, and in machinery for conveying letters, goods, and passengers from place to place through the air, part of which improvements are applicable to locomotive and other machinery to be used on water or on land. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

W. Smith, of Grosvenor Street, Camberwell, Gentleman, for improvements in treating certain animal matters to obtain products applicable to the manufacture of candles and other purposes. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. Rand, of Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, Artist, for improvements in making and closing metallic collapsible vessels. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. Hyde, of Dircinfield, Cheshire, Machine-maker, and J. Hyde, of the same place, Cotton-spinner and Manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in the machinery used for preparing cotton, wool, silk, flax, and similar fibrous materials for spinning. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. Ridsdale, of Leeds, for improvements in preparing fibrous materials for weaving and in sizing warps. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. F. Wilkey, of Mount Vernon, Exeter, Commission Agent, for improvements in carriages. Sept. 29th, 6 months.

J. G. Shipley, of Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, Saddler, for certain improvements in saddles. Oct. 6th, 6 months.

J. O. York, of Upper Colehill Street, Eaton Square, for improvements in the manufacture of axles for railway wheels. Oct. 8th, 6 months.

W. G. Turner, of Gateshead, Durham, Doctor in Philosophy, for improvements in the manufacture of alum. Oct. 8th, 6 months.

C. E. Deutsche, of Fricour's Hotel, St. Martin's Lane, Gentleman, for improvements in combining materials to be used for cementing purposes, and for preventing the passage of fluids, and also for forming or constructing articles from such compositions of materials. Oct. 8th, 6 months.

S. Dotchin, of Myrtle Street, Hoxton, Jeweller, for improvements in paving, or covering and constructing road ways, and other surfaces. Communicated by his son, Samuel Dotchin, jun., recently deceased. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

C. T. Holcombe, of Valentines, near Ilford, Essex, Esq., for an improved mode of using certain materials as fuel; also an apparatus or method for collecting the smoke or soot arising from the combustion of such fuel, which apparatus or method is applicable to collecting the smoke or soot arising from the ordinary combustion of fuel; and also the application of the products arising from the combustion of the first mentioned materials as a manure, and for other useful purposes. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of artificial fuel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

R. W. Sievier, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in looms for weaving, and in the mode or method of producing plain or figured goods or fabrics. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

P. Kegenbusch, of Lyth, in the county of York, Dyer, for certain improvements in the treatment of the alum rock, or schist, and in the manufacture and application of the products derived therefrom. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

H. Brown, of Selkirk, Manufacturer, and T. Walker, of the same place, Manufacturer, for improvements in woollen carding engines. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

T. Seville, of Royton, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery used in the preparing and spinning of cotton, flax, and other fibrous substances. Oct. 20th, 6 months.

J. P. Budd, of Ystalyfera Iron Works, Swansea, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. Oct. 20th, 6 months.

W. Longmaid, of Plymouth, Accountant, for improvements in treating ores and other minerals, and in obtaining various products therefrom, certain parts of which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of alkali. Aug. 20th, 6 months.

J. Statham, of West Street, Saint Giles, Venetian Lock-maker, for improvements in the construction of locks for Venetian blinds used in carriages. Oct. 20th, 6 months.

G. C. Alzard, of Tichborne Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in bread, biscuits, macaroni, vermicelli, and pastry, and the mode of making the same. Oct. 22nd, 6 months.

G. Hazeldine, of Lant Street, Borough, Coach Manufacturer, for certain improvements in omnibuses. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

G. Gardner, of Banbury, Oxon, Ironmonger, for improvements in cutting hay, straw, and other vegetable matters for the food of animals. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

J. Mullins, of Battersea, Surgeon, for improvements in making oxides of metals, in preparing silver and other metals from their compounds with other metals, and in making white lead, sugar of lead, and other salts of lead, and salts of other metals. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

R. Williams, of Manchester, Fustian Shearer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for raising, shearing, and finishing velvets or other piled goods by power. Oct. 27th, 6 months.

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